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Page: 1

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X-PN 4827

THE TORCH.

Volume 1.

Number 5.

Sag-Harbor, L. I., New York, May, 1873.

[Written for the Torch.]

Acrostic.

Most worthy editor! accept my
greeting
Upon the favor your bright Tones
is meeting;
Success attend it! May its light
and truth
Glow in the homes of our Long
Island youth;
Rouse in each heart a laudable de-
sire,
And perseverance in pursuit, in-
spire.
Vagrants and idlers then no more
we'll find,
Each having with a Torch lit up
his mind.

M. A. V.

It is said that a little Rail-
road at Bayou Sara, La., runs to
Woodville on a very uncertain
schedule. A stranger came one
day and inquired how often the
steam cars made trips. The party
interrogated said, tri-weekly. What
do you mean by tri-weekly? The
answer was, it goes up one week
and tries to come down the next.

[Written for the Torch.]

Our Picnic.

BY GUIS.

We immediately commenced
gathering together our dishes and
so forth. At last we were ready
to embark, (it was raining hard
then); however we managed to
get off. Unfortunately, we had
not provided ourselves with any
wrappings in case a storm should
come up, so we were completely
unfit for an emergency like this.
The waves were running very high
and the wind was blowing a ter-
rible gale. We were in hopes that
our friends would send off a boat
to assist us, as we were afraid it
would prove too much for us.
At every lurch of the boats the
girls would catch hold of us boys,
thereby hindering us, who were
trying as hard as we possibly could
to row the boats against the wind
and waves, which were unfortun-
ately driving us back almost as
fast as we were going ahead.

4927



The
TATTLER

Amateur

Donor

FOR JULY 1966

IN LIBRARY OF
DOWNEY
MAY 1966

APR 28 1966

RECEIVED

X-PN 4827

#3

The Texan

Published Quarterly in the interest of Amateur Journalism
and The United Amateur Press Association of America by

Claude Farley
Box 141
Estelline, Texas

LIBRARY OF
CONGRESS
SERIALS
ACQUISITION

Free to UAPA members. To others 15c per year

Advertising rates upon request

Entered For 1933 Laureate Competition

"To a man who hath both heart and soul there is no
greater vocation than journalism" — W. J. Bryan

APR 28 1934

VOL. 1

WINTER 1932

NO. 3

America's First Newspaper

THE HISTORY of the printing of newspapers in America properly begins on September 25, 1690, for it was upon that date that Richard Pierce, of Boston, issued the first number of what was to have been a periodical publication. Strange as it may seem, however, this first American journalist was endowed with a sense of originality of which even the makers of modern sensational newspaper might find reason to be proud for, in his salutatory, he stated that as there were many false rumors being circulated in Boston which were constantly doing a great deal of harm, he requested his readers to furnish him a list of those people starting such stories that he might advertise them in succeeding

X-PN 4827

#10

The Texan

An Amateur Journal

VOL. I

SPRING 1933

NO. 4

"MY HERITAGE"

I want a rose beside my door
Alade with scented bloom,
And love, that will forever more
Abide in every room.

And then, the scent of turned sod
And tulips in a row,
And poplar trees that reach and nod
To highest winds that blow.

It is then, the sun in yonder sky
And moon-drenched stars above,
May speak of wealth no king can buy
My heritage . . . of Love.

—M. SCHAFER CONNELLY

THE LIBRARY OF
CONGRESS
TEXAS HISTORY
APR 28 1944

M-PN 4827

#11

The Texan

An Amateur Journal

VOL. I

SPRING 1933

NO. 4

"MY HERITAGE"

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—M. SCHAEFFER CONNELLY

IN LIBRARY OF
SOUTHERN
CALIF. STATE
APR 28 1944

X-PN 4827

#12

THE TEXAN

"From the Plains of West Texas"

Vol. 2

Autumn, 1933

No. 1



"Back to the Farm"

X-PN 4827

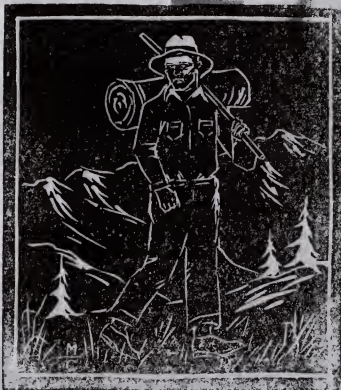
#13

THE TEXAN

Vol. 2

Winter, 1933-34

No. 2



K-PN 4827


#14

The
TARHEEL REVIEW

 - AND A LOTTA THINGS - 

APR 28 1944

*An Amateur Magazine edited and printed
occasionally by Bevan Williams at
Monroe, N. C.*

Number Two  June 1933



In the good ole summer time.

X-PN 4827

The

TARHEEL REVIEW

[- AND A LOTTA THINGS -]

*An Amateur Magazine edited and printed
occasionally by Bevan Williams at
Monroe, N. C.*

Number Three

1953

APR 1953

A BOY'S EYE VIEW OF A NEW BOOK

THE WEREWOLF of PARIS

by Guy Endore

One of the most powerful stories of weird and horrible fiction ever written. It makes one's hair stand on end, cold shivers play up and down one's spine. It makes one glad that no such creatures exist or we hope they don't. The author makes his plot so plausible and well drawn that we find ourselves believing that such things could happen. The story is based upon the theory that people can change into wolves at times. It was supposed to be a disease and couldn't be cured, but the victim lived to make his and other people's lives unhappy. He goes out at night, springs upon unwary travelers kills them and drinks their blood. He is a sort of vampire except that he can be killed by ordinary means. Every page is filled with action, mystery and horror. What a thriller this would be for a talkie.

Reviewed by Newby Crowell.

X-PN 4827

#16

THE TATTLER

An amateur that knows and tells all

VOL. 1

MAY, 1933

NO. 1

APR 28 1944

HELLO everybody! this is the Shadow who tells all in the first issue of the *Tattler* which will only be published when the editor thinks it necessary to tell the members what is being done and what the editor doesn't like—

First of all we have two quitters within our association—two good members, members who were going to do a lot of things and who did nothing. Yes I mean you Babcock and you Anderson, just when the association needed you both you up and quit for no good reason whatsoever. Of course you both were appointed by President Thomson, who by the way had to be coaxed to take the job as president of the National. He is finding time for his job; why couldn't you two?

It's fellows like you who make others lose heart.

Continued on page 4

All the Print
That's
News to Ft

THE TIMES

#17
LATE
CITY
EDITION

VOL. I No. 1

TODAY'S THE DAY,—1933

PRICE—TOO (MUCH) SENSE

SMITTY SURPRISES, OUTFOXES N. Y. CLIQUE

'Curses,' Says Joey Miller, Apparently Fagan-Villian in Stop Library Moving to Philly

Edwin Hadley Smith finally got his well-deserved break.

And are Messrs. Joe Dana Miller and Charles Heuman nonplused?

Smith and Fossil President Michael F. Boechat, realizing that the Fossil library removal to the Franklin Memorial Institute must not be delayed, especially by Heuman, who heretofore has been in favor and advocated the removal of the library to Philly, and Miller who houses the library in his office for \$10 a month rent. Evidently Miller doesn't want to lose the rent, claims Smith for he can see no other reason to delay the moving to the magnificent permanent structure in Philadelphia.

President Boechat will call a special meeting of the Fossils on December 2 to determine the opinion of the group and to hear the report of the library committee.

Boechat and Smith ask what right the New York clique has to stop the removal when the indirectly Heuman appointed library group of Curtis, Beck and others approved the moving, Cyrus Curtis even visited the library in New York and made a report to Dr. Howard McClenahan, of the Franklin Institute, who was enthusiastic about the removal and addition to the museum.

If Heuman, says Smith, were anxious for the removal he would not let Miller gum up the works.

BABCOCK AT CARNEGIE; MOSHER AT SUSQUEHANNA

To most everyone's chagrin and disappointment, no Red Rooster or New Amateur has appeared since the convention.

But this can be easily explained.

Ralph Babcock of the Rooster Babcocks, the less editor of that news sheet, is at Carnegie Tech, Pittsburgh, taking a course in printing.

Likewise, Robert Mosher of the New Amateur Moshers skipped off to Susquehanna University at Selinsgrove, Pa.

We're hoping for an issue from both these fellows this Christmas and if none is coming President Segal ought to get out his big stick.

MICHIGAN CHAPTER TO HOLD CONVENTION

The first convention of the Michigan Amateur Press Association, an affiliate of the N. A. P. A., is to be held in Grand Rapids on December 2.

Ten members are on the roll at the present time.

Temporary officers who are expected to be retained are: Chester F. Bradley, editor of the Perspective Review, president; Clyde Townsend, vice-president; Margaret Nickerson Martin, secretary; and Robert B. Tuttle, official editor.

A committee of three has been appointed by President Bradley to draw up a constitution.

TUESDAY NIGHT

VOL. II.

DECEMBER, 1933

NO. 1

UNDER WHICH FLAG, BEZONIAN?

This statement has been written dispassionately and is published reluctantly, its only purpose being to controvert the misleading statements which appear in the recent issue of *The Boys' Herald*, and to acquaint our brother-Fossils with the deplorable situation which has been maliciously created by a few malcontents.

For nearly thirty years our beloved organization has been a synonym for harmony and goodfellowship. A unique band of affection, developed by a half century of friendship, has united us. We lived in an Eden, as it were, and never dreamed that an enemy lurked, and waited patiently to inject his poison.

EDWIN HADLEY SMITH

Edwin Hadley Smith had the instincts of a collector, and chose to collect amateur papers instead of postage stamps, butterflies or souvenir spoons. When he completed his "labor of love," he sold the collection for two hundred and fifty dollars to The Fossils.

He became a member of The Fossils at our first meeting in 1904, and was elected secretary because he was presumed to have acquired information valuable to us in the course of his work. There is no record of his attendance at any reunion from 1904 to 1933, and it appears from the treasurers' reports that from 1904 to 1929, inclusive, he paid dues only in 1911 and 1921, a total of two dollars in 26 years!—a record that surely does not constitute him a representative, or even an interested member.

It is significant, in the light of subsequent events, that he did pay dues for 1930, 1931 and 1932, the very period during which he organized a rival association and laid subterranean plans for submerging The Fossils in it.

About two years ago he organized the Alumni Association of Amateur Journalists, the only qualification for membership being that one had engaged in amateur journalism from the remotest period to the present time, and was able to pay a dollar a year for the privilege of being enrolled.

He set forth the advantages of belonging to his Alumni Association and the disadvan-

tages of belonging to The Fossils in parallel columns in his *Boys' Herald* (shades of English and Hall!) and solicited every member of The Fossils to join his rival organization. It should be noted that we had prior to this, advocated the formation of a junior organization of those engaged in amateur journalism after 1890.

He who had been a disinterested and notoriously delinquent member of The Fossils now tried insidiously to discredit and disrupt us.

It was suggested at the time that measures be taken to expel him from The Fossils, but it was thought inadvisable to ruffle even the surface of our placid career.

The transfer of the Fossil Library to the Franklin Institute was tentatively agreed upon for the middle of November. And this same Smith sees an opportunity for self-aggrandizement. With a callous disregard of his standing with all loyal Fossils, he gets into communication with Dr. McClenahan and cries to arrogate to himself the leadership in the presentation of the Library to the Franklin Institute, thus proclaiming himself as our representative! We dare say that if our members had been called upon to pick out the one man least qualified to represent us, friend Smith would have polled a heavy vote. Unfortunately, President Boe-chat could not be made to understand that Smith's attempt "to steal the show" would be resented, and sided with him.

And so Smith devotes an issue of *The Boys' Herald* to his alleged grievances. Let us examine these.

The first page contains a copy of Dr. McClenahan's letter to Heuman, and a letter from Miller to Smith, headed respectively in type so large that it almost slaps one in the face:

HEUMAN'S AGREEMENT OF 1931 AND MILLER'S REPUDIATION OF 1933

This is artfully designed to convey the idea that Heuman and Miller are at odds. Miller repudiates Heuman! Damon repudiates Pythias!

But if one will read the Agreement and the Repudiation, he will find that the Agreement specifies no particular time when the transfer is to be made, and that the Repudiation simply

X-PN 4827

18

THE LIBRARY OF
CONGRESS
SERIALS ACQUISITION
APR 28 1944

X-PN 1927



VOL 6, NO. 2 APR 28 1944 NOVEMBER, 1934

AMATEURS: WHAT THEY HAVE SAID

The more one has to do with amateur journalism the firmer and more strongly rooted becomes one's sense of its worth and fascination. —Truman J. Spencer.

The Investigator, Dec., 1894

There are two important types of art—the higher, which is for all time, and the lower, none the less needed, which meets the demand of the present, and generally perishes with the generation which gave it birth.

Hyperion, Apl., 1892 —James F. Morton, Jr.

Although the minds and imaginations of men are torpid, their sympathies are alive. Let a disaster overtake a town, and all America quivers with emotion. But why, in the universal chorus of misery which beats its constant measure on the ear, should one note here and there arrest us, while the full diapason passes almost unnoticed. —Joseph Dana Miller.

The Investigator, Christmas, 1893.

It is useless to toil without an object, and to journey without a goal would be equally fruitless. No labor attains proper reward unless begun with a clear understanding of the proposed end. —Clossey and Hosey, Editors. Our Free Lance, Dec., 1876.

Neglect of duty is one of the hindrances to success in amateur journalism.

—Zelda A. Swift—Jessie Dillon, Editors. Gold Foil, Sept., 1890.

Chas. A. Bow, 401 S.W. 6th Ave., Portland, Ore.

X-PN 4827

#20



Ye
TOWNE
PRESS



VOL. I

MAY 1934

NO. 7

Special Features

Selecting Type Faces

Strange Actions

Mail Order Notes and News



May-June U.A.P.A. Edition

X

127

THE TRYOUT.

21

Vol. 16.

MAY, 1934.

NO. 5.

JUDGEMENT.

FAR be it for me to say what somebody else
should do.
I must not judge another from my point of view:
For each one has a standard just for himself
alone.
And each for his own sad failures must for
himself atone.

We n'er can do another's work nor blaze
another's trail.
For some would be successful and others surely
fail;
And some to right and some to left to journey
swift or slow;
Yet there is only One to judge, and only He doth
know.

So keep your armor burnished and your own
trail straight and true,
For the ones who cometh after to see may
FOLLOW you.
And what to us may seem but a human strag-
gling line,
In God's all-seeing eye may prove full worthy
and DIVINE!

Florence Grow Proctor.



C. W. SMITH,

HAVERHILL, MASS.

X-PM 4827

THE TRYOUT.

#22

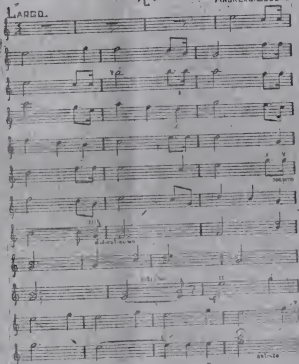
VOL. 16.

OCT. 1934.

NO. 9.

DREAMS.

ANDREAS DE SEBASTIAN



Copyright 1933 Andreas de Sebastian

C. W.

Smith.

Haverhill, Mass.

X-711 4027

#23

MYER ZABLUDOFF PURCHASES TIMES FROM HAROLD SEGAL

Defeat the
\$2 Dues
AmendmentTHE
TIMESN
E
WTHE
TIMESBULLDOG
EDITION
Grr-r-r

VOL. II No. 1 APR 28 1941 MAY 1. 1934

PRICE—FREE TO YOU

C. W. WALTON NOMINATED FOR PRESIDENT

Phooey! Segal, Trainer
Meet; Not Even a Fight

Tarrytown, N. Y.—(APNS)—President Harold Segal and Secretary George W. Trainer, who have been knocking heck out of each other in their papers, met at the APC meeting—and nothing happened. They even shook hands! Is this a scrap or "ain't" it. Now, neither can alibi that they bumped into a door in the dark, as they have nothing to show for their meeting. Gee whiz.

The incidental part of the March 25th meeting was the election. Segal opened the meeting and immediately declined to accept any office. In two shakes before they could decline, the club "stuck in" Trainer and Stevenson as president and secretary quicker than a flash of greased lightning.

Odds 10-1 Against Two-Buck Dues
Wall Street, N.Y.—(APNS)—Professional gamblers and 1929 bankers have posted odds at 10 to 1 against the two dollar dues amendment.

Inside The Times (and Outside)

Heywood BROUNDOFF.....Page 3
Walter LIPPMANDOFF.....Page 2
O. O. McINTYREDOFF.....Page 3
Walter WINCHELLOFF.....Page 4

Times Supports N.C. Man;
Pursell Starts Political Boom

St. Louis—(APNS)—Ta-ra ta-ta-ra-ta-ta. Boom!

Following the fanfare of trumpets and the cannon's roar, John D. Pursell nominated Clarke W. Walton for the National presidency, in the Spring issue of Much Ado.

Monroe, N.C.—(APNS)—Clarke Walton, genial editor of the Bookmark, Tiny Tim and the Manettism, is apparently the association's best choice in the present presidential campaign.

Walton's work in editing these three papers is nothing short of splendid. His amateur record demonstrates conclusively that he is better fit than either of the other mentioned candidates.

The New Times will support Walton's candidacy for we know he is deserving and competent.

A.P.C. to 'Flivver' to Chi Convention

Jersey City, N.J.—(APNS)—The Amateur Printers Club is making arrangements to motor out to the Chicago conclave. George Andersen has it all figured out that if four go in his Ford, transportation charges would be only \$7 a person. "Ridin' to Heav'n on a Mule" will be "Riding to Chi in a Flivver." We're off!

X-PN 4827

#24

THE TEXAN

Vol. 2

Spring, 1934

No. 3



"FAR—LANDS"

PN 4827

#25

THE TEXAN

LIBRARY OF
CONGRESS

Vol. 3

Autumn 1934

No. 2

APR 28 1944

Will We Be These Great Men?

By Edward F. Reed

In all the great newspapers of today can be found column after column of interesting comments, views, etc., written by the world's greatest journalists. Commentators like Brisbane, Hill, Lippman, Barton, Mallon, Wile and many others fill our papers with up-to-date newspaper matter. But these men cannot go on forever commenting on the happenings of the day. Some day they are bound to grow old and, perhaps, dry to the public. After their columns are history, who will take their places?

Live wire members of the United Amateur Press Association should take their places. We are being elementarily prepared to lead a journalistic life, aren't we? We are contributing regular manuscripts, writings, columns and the like to various amateur journals. As the years roll by and we become more experienced in the writing field, we will be in a better position to follow Brisbane, Hill, Lippman, Mallon and Wile. They, like we, were formerly amateurs. Perhaps some of them formerly belonged to our United. But we, today, do belong to an amateur journalistic organization. Don't you think that if you were some day a great news commentator, members of the United would be proud to say that you were once a United fellow-brother?

Don't give up, journalists. Let's keep fighting and prove that someday we can give the American public some first-class newspaper columns.

PROGRESS

By Claude Farley

Which way are we going? It is a generally accepted fact that we do not stand still in this life; we either go forward or backward. The direction that we go is determined by our own desire and initiative. (Concluded on page 4)

The Texan

#26

VOL. 3

SPECIAL EDITION 1934

NO. 1

Where The Heart Is

(There the mind is also)

APR 28 1934

Lauren R. Geringer

With the precious package in his pocket, Rae Scott gave a smiling smile to the understanding clerk and left Boyser's and Roscht's a very well-pleased young man. Nothing but the perfect craftsmanship of one of the biggest jewelers in the city would have satisfied him. None other was good enough for Ethlene. She was a girl whose very personality demanded the best. He felt it from their first acquaintance. With always a score of admirers—many of them rich—about her, she had accepted only the best as her escorts. And now he, Rae Scott, from among them all was to claim her as his own. He would go to her right now with this diamondset band that would seal the bond. She had already given him subtle assurance, and she could not but promise when she saw this exquisite bit of gold, with their two sets of initials engraven within.

He took the package from his pocket. The prominent, embossed Boyser-and-Roscht seal was beautiful to see. The ring, too, would be all anyone could anticipate. But he would not look at it yet. Let Ethlene be the first to behold it, just as it came from the jewelers.

He was not sure of just the best way to present it to her. It must be done in the most approved way. If it were Mary, now, he would feel she would understand, no matter how clumsy he might be at proposing. At least she always had understood him, from their schooldays together. She was a mighty fine girl, Mary Yancy was. Everyone had taken it for granted she would be

his wife someday. He had even thought that himself. He had teased her often about her initials, M. Y.—called her my Mary. That was before he became acquainted with Ethlene and the Van Nobel social circles. It was taking all he could get together to pay his way with them. But Ethlene was worth it.

It did not surprise him to find one of the other suitors—one of the wealthiest of them all—at the Van Nobel home. Only by clever strategy did he get the beautiful young woman to himself for a time. Dramatically, he drew the colorful box from his pocket.

"This," he stated with emphasis "is for the only woman in the world deserving such a symbol of unending love. See, it comes fresh from the maker's hands! To you is the honor of breaking the seal."

She hesitated for only an instant before graciously opening the box he held out to her.

"Within," he continued, "you find the emblem; engraven forever with the initials of the one whose name must be forever linked with mine."

He lifted the ring between thumb and finger, flashing the diamond deftly, then turned the inner lettering toward her. She gasped, just perceptibly. Various emotions flitted across her face. Her eyes, when they lifted to his, were puzzled, yet amused.

Then, laughing, she turned her hand and revealed a diamond already upon the decisive finger.

Numbly, Rae Scott turned over in his hand the precious jewel from Boyser and Roscht. He glared at the engraving within. Slowly it dawned upon him he was seeing there the initials "R. S. to M. Y."

The Top Drawer

Of The Western Manuscript Bureau

LAUREN R. GERINGER, MANAGER
VIDA, MONTANA

Fall 1934

APR 28 1944

AMATEUR MANUSCRIPTS

In the past year I have come to see for myself, and have been trying to get over to you, just how important the writing side of membership is. It takes material to fill all the journals the publishing and printing members put out. Editors do a good deal of head-scratching to find enough material—really suitable material. Some do not have the ability to write their own; some do not care to have their work published without first being edited by others; and some want to give each article a by-line without it being their own.

There is a place for your writings. Or there is if your writings are worthy of you. Don't be too hasty about dashing off a piece. Digest your topic before writing. Give it the benefit of several revisions. First-drafts may be good, but fifth-drafts conscientiously done are better. In this great game of writing, quality gains more than quantity. Make your name stand for writings worth reading. Even though recognition may seem to come slowly, it comes if you write regularly.

BE YE BREFE

In such condensed writing as is used in the amateur field one must give careful attention to unity of thought. Do not try to include everything that might be said on the subject. Take one viewpoint, express it clearly, and close with that.

0 0 0

DON'T BE PREACHY

None of us like to read stuff that has an I'm-tellin'-you tone to it. It gets stale as soon as we sample it. And yet we are often guilty of sitting down and writing in a superior way something we feel the other fellow ought to observe, whether we do or not. The same theme handled in a friendly, considerate way would be read with pleasure by even those who do not agree.

0 0 0

A STAMP ACT

A Stamp Act neither editors nor manuscript managers object to, is the act of including three centers in each script.

The Top Drawer

Of The Western Manuscript Bureau

Lauren R. Geringer, Vida, Montana, Manager

IN LIBRARY OF

JOHNS HOPKINS

WINTER 1934

APR 28 1934

THE BETTER PART

Don't let the political parleying divert you from the main intent of our organization: publishing journals. There is plenty of part each one can play in that. There is writing and editing and printing to be done. And the writing is what matters most to your "mess" man. When I get a mss. call from an editor I like to feel "I have just what he asks for." So much of the time I lack the variety to do that. So if you are interested in the progress of the United—and what member isn't?—you can help produce more and better material for the papers.

What is wanted? Just whatever you write best, so long as it is of interest to most all of our hundreds of journalists, and kept very brief. I feel, with others, that the moralizing essay type of writing is used too much. But they are easy to write—at least I fill my part of THE COMMENTATOR with them—and as long as they are used someone must write them. Personal experiences are good if written to interest Mr. Average Amateur Journalist. Comments on current happenings must be timely and self-explanatory. Historical and scientific facts are often called for. Anyone likes clean fresh humor. And fiction! "The story's the thing!" With the popularity of short-shorts, it should be fairly easy to learn to write for our limited space. Most of us "chew off a bigger bite than we can swallow," as a member wrote of story-lengths. Condense that beginning. Don't let it take more than introductory space. Make the rest of the story speak, plainly, for itself.

Choose the better part, of writing, and play it well!

#29

TODAY'S YOUTH

An Amateur Quarterly

Spring 1934

Vol. II No. 3

ARMS OF MILO

By REXFORD EIDSON

THE LIBRARY OF
SERIALS
APR 28 1944

SHE was beautiful and he called her Venus de Milo—yet cold and without arms . . . passionless . . . a lovely woman who held stubbornly, haughtily aloof from the serious world—and him.

Wenton had long ago determined to prove to himself—if not to the whole world that Marie Rochhurst was human and potentially of the feminine gender. It had developed into his strongest desire, his life ambition, his guiding star . . .

Yet Marie Rochhurst calmly resisted his every advance. His efforts went for naught; he might just as well have been a thing of wood for all the attention the beautiful woman paid him, beyond impersonal cordiality. 'Madam' she was called; a mystery. Many were the whispers about a disappointment in love . . . fundamental lack of the divine urge in her make-up . . . missing flame of affection . . . monstrous pride . . . To Wenton these were just so many old wives tales. He scorned them. He couldn't explain her behavior, but he was sure it was something relative to self-consciousness. So he sought to draw her out of her shell . . .

They spent enjoyable evenings together; just friends of the 'come today, gone tomorrow' type.

Wenton was a man of means. He had a comfortable income. Not rich, exactly yet he owned a fine house with extensive gardens bordering on a river and within easy distance of the city. He detested golf—although he spent one afternoon a week on a neighboring course. To him bridge was an abomination—yet he played quite intelligently. He enjoyed reading light fiction; his library, however, was made up largely of the world's masterpieces. Although he possessed real musical talent he seldom played . . . Sometimes when he was very lonely or tired he derived a certain pleasure—rest—from slouching on the piano bench and running his long tapering fingers over the keys . . . or when he felt disgusted with the world the violin comforted him . . .

Yet to Madam Rochhurst he never mentioned his gift for music. Singularly enough he never talked to or played for anyone.

One rainy afternoon Wenton felt unusually depressed. He paced restlessly to and fro in his study, pausing now and then to stare disconsolately into the brave fire he had built upon the hearth . . . Oddly, it seemed that he was worrying about his age



Continued on Page 3

TODAY'S YOUTH

An Amateur Quarterly

Spring 1934

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SHE was beautiful and he called her Venus de Milo—yet cold and without arms . . . passionless . . . a lovely woman who held stubbornly, haughtily aloof from the serious world—and him.

Wenton, had long ago determined to prove to himself—if not to the whole world that Marie Rochhurst was human and potentially of the feminine gender. It had developed into his strongest desire, his life ambition, his guiding star . . .

Yet Marie Rochhurst calmly resisted his every advance. His efforts went for naught; he might just as well have been a thing of wood for all the attention the beautiful woman paid him, beyond impersonal cordiality. 'Madam' she was called; a mystery. Many were the whispers about a disappointment in love . . . fundamental lack of the divine urge in her make-up . . . missing flame of affection . . . monstrous pride . . . To Wenton these were just so many old wives' tales. He scorned them. He couldn't explain her behavior, but he was sure it was something relative to self-consciousness. So he sought to draw her out of her shell . . .

They spent enjoyable evenings together; just friends of the 'come today, gone tomorrow' type.



Wenton was a man of means. He had a comfortable income. Not rich exactly yet he owned a fine house with extensive gardens bordering on a river and within easy distance of the city. He detested golf—although he spent one afternoon a week on a neighboring course. To him bridge was an abomination—yet he played quite intelligently. He enjoyed reading light fiction; his library, however, was made up largely of the world's masterpieces. Although he possessed real musical talent he seldom played . . . Sometimes when he was very lonely or tired he derived a certain pleasure—rest—from slouching on the piano bench and running his long tapering fingers over the keys . . . or when he felt disgusted with the world the violin comforted him . . .

Yet to Madam Rochhurst he never mentioned his gift for music. Singularly enough he never talked to or played for anyone.

One rainy afternoon Wenton felt unusually depressed. He paced restlessly to and fro in his study, pausing now and then to stare disconsolately into the brave fire he had built upon the hearth . . . Oddly, it seemed that he was worrying about his age

Continued on Page 3

TODAY'S YOUTH

An Amateur Quarterly

Winter 1934

Vol. II No. 2

A \$30,000 SHOVE

By PEARL ADOREE RAWLING

THE LIBRARY OF
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SERIALS ACQUISITION
APR 28 1944

Valena Varner opened the door of the Hazel Studio on Main Street and threw a quick glance around. When Mr. Hazel appeared, his step as light and soft as June, she let out her usual airy "Good Morning, Mr. Hazel."

"It is—a good morning that brings you into my studio, Miss Varner. How are you?"

"Alive and healthy, and brimming over with an idea," the slim girl answered, stepping to one of the Venetian mirrors that hung above small tables in the Hazel Studio, giving a deft touch to the little thing which served as a hat saucily tipped over one eye, and exposing much of the glory of natural wavy hair.

Mr. Hazel, near by, hoisted an eye brow that was slightly arched indicative of artistic ability. "Tell me quick," he whispered teasingly. He had always teased Valena.

"Well—I came down to be photographed—oh, many poses," her brown eyes laughed in their necklace of dark lashes.

"I see nothing unusual in that as an idea. You've been photographed here in my studio many times since you were five weeks old. Baby s ow

prize winner, dancing, spelling, bee champion, editor of your school paper, graduation; and now I'll bet you're engaged—" Mr. Hazel grinned as he finished counting on his fingers the times Valena had been photographed.

"But you're wrong. I want these pictures to be used in a hundred papers, all over the country. You see, I'm going to advertise, in a way, for a very rich husband."

"That is unusual—for you," Mr. Hazel looked sad and shook his head. He'd always given Valena credit for being sensible and above cheap stuff. Maybe she was fooling.

"Suppose the papers refuse to use such advertising?"

"They'll use it, never fear. Ever know of a paper that wasn't on its ears to publish stuff like that, as you call it. Of course not, you dear old goof. Just wait until I tell them how my father is dead and my mother has eloped with a man I simply cannot tolerate as a stepfather; how lonely and homeless I am, with old Depression having recently snatched my last position from me, and how I'll marry

Continued on Page 3

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#32

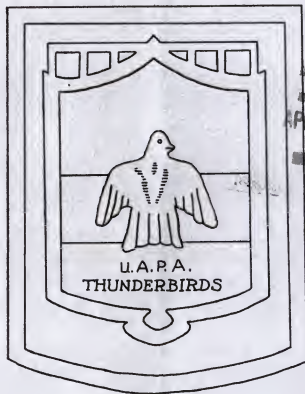
THE THUNDERBIRD

OFFICIAL ORGAN OF THE THUNDERBIRD LETTER-GROUP

Volume I

Summer, 1934

Number 1



LIBRARY
COMMERCIAL
APR 28 1944



X-PN 4827

#33



VOL. 6, NO. 3 FEBRUARY, 1935

WESTWARD HO TO OAKLAND

Many years ago I attended a convention of the Napa in San Francisco. I shall never forget how I looked forward to the time, anticipating a long-awaited meeting with a number of my eastern and mid-western fellow amateurs. National conventions for those of us living in the far west were few and far between, as it was only occasionally that meetings were held away from the Atlantic seaboard. Imagine my keen disappointment when I found I was the only delegate from outside the state. Nevertheless, it was a wonderful gathering. So, at this time, I am making an earnest plea for a good attendance at Oakland this year. Eastern and mid-western amateurs owe it to the California contingent to make a supreme effort to partake of western hospitality. I can assure the delegates that the reception they receive will more than repay them for the trouble and expense. There is another point I wish to stress. This strip of the U. S. bordering on the Pacific is a wonderful country in every way and is fast becoming a vital part of our nation. Amateurs are wide-awake individuals and if they once visit this coast they should recognize its possibilities and take steps to make it their future home. Buy a one-way ticket and stay!

Chas. A. Bow, 401 S.W. 6th Ave., Portland, Ore.

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#34

Ye Towne Press

VOL. II

MARCH 1935

NO. 3

PR 291944



Spring

X-PN 4827

735

Ye Towne Press

VOL. II. JUNE 1935 NO. 4

We regret

That due to lack of time and pressure of business, Ye Towne Press will be suspended indefinitely after this issue.

We feel that lack of time will hurt the contents more than any thing else. We have enjoyed publishing YTP and hope you have enjoyed reading it. Perhaps if we had more time to devote to it we could have improved it a lot.

Those of you who are cash subscribers will find a refund attached to this page in the form of stamps, 3c for each month of unexpired subscription. Thank you all for your good-will and support.

G. A. Choquette, Editor.



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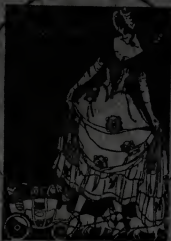
De Towne Press

VOL. II

WINTER 1935

12 PAGES 25c

APR 29 1944



Just an old fashioned
Christmas Greeting to You

X-PN 4827

#37

Ye Towne Press

VOL. III WINTER 1935-36 NO. 2

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#38

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SERIALS DIVISION

APR 28 1944

AMATEUR
TYPE LICE



DECEMBER
1935

CHRISTMAS
ISSUE

X-PN 4827

#39

THE TRYOUT.

VOL. 16. MARCH, 1935. NO. 12.



MARION BLODGETT.



C. W. SMITH, HAVERHILL, MASS.

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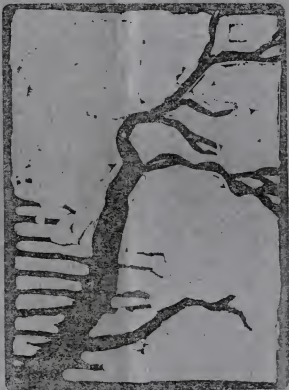
THE TRYOUT.

#40

Vol. 17.

AUG, 1935.

No. 4.



C. W. SMITH. HAVERHILL, MASS.

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#41

THE TOM-TOM

Volume I

June, 1935

Number 1

THE RED ONION

By Robert Rolley



Last call for dinner! Last call for somebody else, not me. The dining car did not lure me nor never will as long as I can eat in a lunch room at a stop-over point or between trains where grub is sold at reasonable prices and no one is shocked if I choose to dunk my doughnuts or make a noise with my soup. I waited till 1:15 this day, at which time I had to get off the highliner (main line fast passenger train) at Corn Center, where, at 1:45, I was to leave on a branch line plug (one horse passenger train) for Bunionville.

The liner (passenger train) pulled into CornCenter at 1:17 by my railroad watch. I grabbed my suitcase and jumped off the rubberneck car (observation car). Looking around, I found that I was in a small yard. There were several sidings and at the eastern end was a pig-pen (roundhouse). A shunting-boiler (switch engine) was spotting a crummy (caboose) on a near-by spur. Not far from where I stood was a railroad eating house with the name Red Onion painted in glaring red letters on a sign on its roof. Most of the railroad employees ate there—pinheads (brakemen), captains (conductors of passenger or freight), tallow-pots (locomotive firemen), hoggers (locomotive engineers), ops (telegraph operators), gandy dancers (track laborers), the mudhop (yard clerk), etc.

As I entered the hash house I espied, in a corner, an eagle-eye (locomotive engineer) wearing a con-

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APR 28 1944

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#42

THE TOM-TOM

Number Four

December, 1935

THE RED ONION

Chapter III--by Victor A. Moit

APR 28 1944

(Editor's note: After having consulted many authorities, we have come to the conclusion that a serial story is "not quite the thing" in an amateur paper that only appears every month or so. We therefore decided to wind the story up in short order for those of our readers who remember what has happened so far.)

When I returned to consciousness, I was choking for lack of air. I noticed that the position the car had taken was such that I was wedged between two seats, with my head projecting into an air space formed much like an upside down box would contain if it were submerged. However, there having been a little air imprisoned, and it having supplied me with oxygen for I knew not how long, it was very stuffy and suffocating.

Then occurred the strangest set of events that I ever heard tell of. I finally succeeded in wriggling out of my imprisonment between the two seats with a desperate surge of energy. Almost unconscious, I slipped from my former position of safety, and slid down to the lower end of the car, completely under water. Seconds later my lungs were filled with water and I experienced for the first time in my life the pangs of a drowning soul. Then as the last bit of



Merry Christmas,
Happy New Year



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The Top Drawer

Of The Western Manuscript Bureau
Lauren R. Geringer, Vida, Montana, ~~Editor~~

SUMMER 1935

APR 23 1944

Are Agents Any Good?

A member who writes for professional publications suggests that some warning should be put in the literary assistance items of THE TOP DRAWER about literary agents. That the way they ask big fees and then return manuscripts as unsalable discourage would-be writers into thinking a literary career cannot be begun without spending lots of money.

There are racketeers who do not intend to do more than enough to get the fee. And as even a good agent cannot sell what is not written right, a lot of money is spent on agents without any real results. A writer should be sure his work is worth spending money on before he spends any on it. If help is wanted it should be from a critic-agent— one who can help build a story to a salable quality and has contacts with publishers that will assure a sale. One also wants to know his money is going to a person competent to work in his field. Good as a critic may be in one line, as love

stories, he might not understand how to help with a historical novel. It pays to know literary service people before they get any money.

Please Give Your Address

In spite of all the information for writers about how to prepare manuscripts, some very good writers overlook small but important matters of construction. Amateur contributors have a bad tendency to put their name in the upper corner, but no address. That is hard on editors (and mss. managers!). for occasions arise when the address should be known. And it is too much to expect them to look it up, even if the membership list or some other source makes that possible.

Mudge Producing Directory

The combined directory of East and West UAPA publications Dave Meskill and I were planning has failed to materialize for various reasons. When we learned that George Mudge, of

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#44

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READ ROOM

APR 29 1944

Ye ♦ ♦
TOWNE
PRESS



FALL 1936

X-PN 4827

#45



THE TOWN CRIER

[AN AMATEUR JOURNAL]

Published *semi-occasionally* at Los Angeles, Cal.

Vol. 1 MAY, 1936 No. 5

"Dribble of Drool"

"Of all fields of entertainment," says O. O. Mc Intyre, "it strikes me radio programs have made the least progress. The symphonic concerts, lectures and public addresses at times are splendid but they do not outweigh and make us forget the dribble of drool we hear about 95 percent of the radio time."

The smaller stations are the worst offenders with their endless dribble of inane, "canned" da-de-do; and most of the large stations' program time is devoted to the same sort of junk! What wonders could be done with entertaining, educational programs in place of so much of this nerve-wrecking "dribble of drool," which at its best is best described as moronic stimulus!

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#46

Today's Youth

50¢
Year

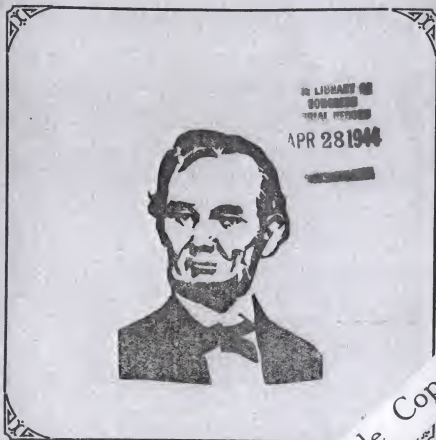
The Magazine for the Younger Generation

5¢
a
Copy

JAN-FEB. 1936



VOL. III, NO. 2



Sample Copy

Today's Youth

50¢
per Year

The Magazine for the Younger Generation

5¢
a Copy

The Bizarre Trio

By Pearl Adoree Rawling

Author of "A \$30,000 Shove" "Four Decades"

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SERIALS
APR 28 1944

"ARE YOU GOING to give me a chance to get in front of the mirror pretty soon?" Mollie Burke spat out, coming into the dressing room of the four room apartment which Joan Good shared with her on the fifty-fifty plan. Joan, pinching waves in her shoulder-length hair, turned from the small vanity at the other girl's evident impatience. Mollie, of late, had been having things pretty much her own way and it was wearing Joan's patience down at the edges.

"I must keep kissable, too, young lady," Mollie said, less impatient now. She went to the closet and took down a dark flannel dress.

"There!" Joan darted up in her own good time. "You may don your other face now, Mollie, I'm off to the Hallowe'en party—" picking up her overnight bag. Her costume was in it; she would change at the home of her fiancé, Warren Wilcox, where the party was to be.

"Sorry you're not going, Mollie, old thing," Joan called from their narrow corridor, then let herself out, silently as usual. Mollie had often mentioned this uncanny quality of her roommate to Ernie Baird and Chick Hammon. "The way she 'gum-shoes' about, you

'd think all her ancestors were detectives," she had said.

Ernie Baird, blond and of medium build, aspired the professional "jug-heavy" whose specialty was blowing banks. But just now he was biding his time and tiding himself over the depression by small robberies where little or no risk was involved.

Chick Hammon drove the car, a sedan of rather spic appearance in spite of its age. Mollie wasn't exactly an "outside Moll" in the regular lingo, for she didn't stand watch. She merely waited, like any girl for her sweetheart, at an appointed place and she made no effort to hide it. When the loot was "glommed" she served their purpose again and in some bizarre fashion, usually, and the trio had been dubbed "The Bizarre Trio" by the newspapers. As yet they had not been captured.

Joan, of course, knew nothing of Mollie's activities in crime. Mollie had called in answer to Joan's ad for a girl to share the apartment and as she was unemployed, her parents out west were sending her money. Joan had not doubted the truth of Mollie's words.

Continued on Page 6

PLEADS FOR QUIET TERM

Unity Essential, President Says; Bradofsky, Boston Win; AJ Lauded

All the News that's
worth knowing

Tattler
Amateurism's Feature Paper

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CINCINNATI
APR 29 1944
IN 1938

CINCINNATI, JULY 1936 NO. 2

PRESIDENTS' FIELD DEDICATED WITH IMPRESSIVE CEREMONY MARTIN, SUHRE HEAD MYSTERIOUS "LICE"

GRAND RAPIDS, (Sp1)—Mrs. Margaret N. Martin was elevated from Secretary to President by the overwhelming total of 103 votes.

In her inaugural address, made shortly after she was inducted into office by former president Jennie K. Plaisier, Chicago, Mrs. Martin pleaded for a harmonious administration. "I am YOUR President," she said, "I'll answer your letters, help solve your aj problems. If you're in a hurry wire me, I'll answer. If you want to criticize me, phone me, I'll talk to you!"

No definite plans for the future were announced. President Martin stated, "I shall not outline proposed plans here; I shall carry them out." The chief executive of the NAPA was visibly moved during these remarks, evidencing sincerity.

Also elected were: Vice-President John Coolidge, Milton; Secretary, Walter Stevenson, Tarrytown; Treasurer, Marion Morcam, Oakland; Editor, Hymen Bradofsky, Pomona; Executive Judges, G. W. Macaulay, Grand Rapids; Helm Spink, Louisville; Edw. Suhre, St. Louis. Two Smith amendments defeated, third withdrawn. Segal amendment also removed by the writer. Boston chosen for next convention seat.

Other speeches marked the session. Retiring President Bradofsky thanked his officers and the members for their

GRAND RAPIDS, (Sp1)—Rows of sturdy but small pines, formed into the letters NAPA, enclosed by a fence, and marked by a bronze plaque embedded in a stone pylon, composed the President's Field, highlight of the 61st convention. To each tree was fastened a flag, and of these half bore names of past presidents and the remainder were dedicated to the present and future executives. On the morning of July 3, an impressive dedication ceremony was held, marked by the oratory of Hon. W. O. Wylie, president of the National 53 years ago.

Michigan Room

GRAND RAPIDS, (Sp1)—One more feature of the National's convention was the Michigan Room, in which visitors found a display of the work of Michigan members, including framed poems, books, and professional magazines to which MAPA members had contributed. Amateur publications of Michiganders were also on exhibit. The room was the charge of Harry B. Martin.

co-operation during his term. Others stressed the fact that no man is barred from aj, or looked down upon, because of difference in age, politics, or religion. New members will receive papers for a while from the Recruiting Committee.

GRAND RAPIDS, (Exclusive)—The lowly louse was raised at the NAPA Banquet to a position of honor. With a party hat upon his brow, and a bandanna around his neck, Head "Louse" Edw. F. Suhre stood, looked around, and gestured to his cohorts.

A weird incantation began the ceremony. Responses and salams were obtained from subordinate "lice" Mrs. Jennie K. Plaisier, Helm C. Spink, Clyde G. Townsend, and Harry Martin, but the final and climaxing effort came as a part of President Martin. So senseless were the lines assigned to her, that she almost joined the audience in their howls of amusement. Her statements concluded the ceremony, to the subordinate's again salamed to their leader.

The truth will out. It is said that those concerned were in conference until 3 o'clock that morning, conceiving the idea and writing the intricate dialog. An interesting, but increasingly tedious session was thus livened, and those present were put in a more attentive mood for the remaining talks.

Odd Journal

QUEER, a new magazine, will present odd theories, suggestions, hints and bits of writing. It is published in New York by D. A. Wollheim.

X-PN 4827

#49

T I N Y N E W S

No. 1 January, 1937. One Cent

G O L D B E R G I S H E R O

Marshall Goldberg was a football hero last fall. He played for Pitt.

H I S F I R S T B I T T E R P I L L

Uncle Glenn Teter managed to swallow his first pill whole at 40, he said.

O D D C L O C K

An odd clock was made of parts of a speedometer by Stanley Russell.

— o —

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CONGRESS

TYPE TALKS

JUN 26 1939

Vol. 1 ~~September, 1937~~ No. 2

What Is Type?

By Wesley Wise

TYPE is an alloy of tin, lead, antimony, and sometimes copper. The percentage of each is as follows:

Lead.65 Percent

Antimony.20 Percent

Tin.15 Percent

Copper in small quantities.

Lead is used because it is cheap and easily cast.

Antimony has the peculiar quality of expanding when changing from a molten mass to a solid. When mixed in the proper proportions with lead and tin, the expansion of the antimony offsets the shrinkage of the lead and tin. As a result, a perfect cast is made. It also gives brittleness.

Tin is tough and smooth. It supplies those properties to type in the mixture with the other metals.

Copper is added in small quantities where extra strength and wearing qualities are needed.

The list above gives the average percentages of metals used in hard foundry type. Monotype or Linotype metal contains much more lead, and is therefore not nearly so durable and accurate.



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TOPIX

NUMBER 3

MAY, 1938

• EVENING CALM •

By Albert Chapin
11 Hillcrest St., West Roxbury, Mass.

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APR 28 1944

When sounds of ocean waves in slumber die,
As in some cove where peace and solitude reign,
No plaintive murmur and no winds that sigh,
And stars are restless on the sleeping main,
At that still hour the mariner will keep
His vigil, toward the dim horizon; bound
Where gleaming shore is rising from the deep;
But sky, and sea, and solitude around.
Then on the lonely deck with silent helm,
Still homeward borne, with fancy unconfined,
He sees the grandeur of another realm
That leaves the dreary ocean far behind. . .
As lightning flashes on its brief career,
So swiftly come the scenes to him so dear.

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▼ The Texas Horntoad ▼

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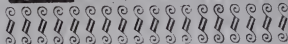
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SPRING 1938

Vol. 1

No. 1



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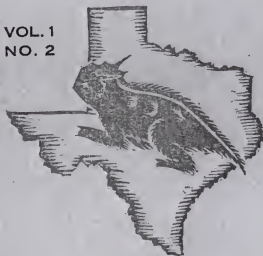
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#53

T H
TEXAS
HORN TOAD

JUN 26 1963

VOL. 1
NO. 2



APRIL 1 MAY 3 JUNE 8

... and best wishes for success
during 1938

V-BN4827

#54

THE TRI-STATE TIMES

From the Valley of the Delaware River

VOL. 2

Port Jervis, N.Y., January, 1938

No. 1

MY LOVE

Born of the spirit's wild medley
Of emotions unleashed, set free
From patterned, cramping order,
My love plunged the cataract,
Dashed headlong upon the rocks--
Foam and mist of rainbow hue--
Dangerously devastating.

Lillian M. Pierce

New York World's Fair to Exhibit A.J.

Plans for an exhibit of amateur journalism at the New York World's Fair in 1939 are now under way.

With probably the largest attendance of any World's Fair, the New York Fair exhibit will be of immense value to the cause of amateur journalism.

This worthwhile exhibit of amateur papers will be made possible because of the work of several of our more energetic amateurs.

NEW YORK FOR N.A.P.A. CONVENTION IN '39

X-PN 4827



Treasure Trove

Vol. 1, No. 1

Spokane, Washington

September, 1938

A WEEK'S VACATION FOR 97c NEXT CONVENTION

EVERY ONE is talking or writing about the Convention just past.

Well, I was not as fortunate as a lot of you U. A. P. A. members—I wasn't even a member when you had that national meeting.

Since I am unable to write or say much that hasn't already been said or written about this Convention, I would like to tell you about my vacation. I feel that I made a record at least, a record in my own mind. My work is that of a secretary, and I have a husband too. While working I don't have much time to keep house and so on my vacation that is just what I did. I baked cakes, cookies, bread, and cooked nice big meals, and I tried to fatten up that husband of mine. My expenditures consisted of 51c for a book, 25 cents for lunch; and 21c for a picture show, thus making a total of 97c for a week's vacation.

Now you are forming in your own minds that I must be a little "scotch." (I am when I think that I ought to be.) All the money that I saved on that vacation is safely stored away in a savings account toward a trip to the next UAPA convention at Jersey City, N.J. Now is

the time, fellow members, to begin saving and planning for that next national convention. —JOAN BARK.

AN INTRODUCTION

It was merely coincidence that Wm. Chelcie Stryker, Seattle, looked me up while passing thru Spokane on his vacation trip. I had not seen him for nearly ten years, nor had I heard from him, and lots had happened to us both.

In speaking of our writing hobbies "You know, Mr. Stryker, that I really haven't written very much, since I left school, till lately. Finding jobs, and getting married took up most of my time. I am on the road again, however, but I do wish that I might join forces with some organization in which I would have an outlet for my work, and also the competition of quality and quantity production. I know that then my writings would again become just as prolific and perhaps even more so, than in the past."

"Now, Willette," Mr. Stryker calls me by my given name as he has known me since age three, "you ought to join the United Amateur Press Association of America."

"Yes!" I was interested indeed. Mr. Stryker drew forth his U.A.P.A. Membership card and with it, his

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NO. 1000000
COLUMBIA
SERIAL RECORD
APR 28 1944

#56

Treasure Trove

Vol. 1, No. 2

Spokane, Washington

December, 1938

...WRITER'S COMA...

THAT WRITER'S Coma has me again in its grasp as an octopus entwines its prey. There must be some thing that can be done to bring my latent tho'ts down to paper. There is.

Not being a professional writer, and having such as a hobby, I class myself among the amateurs. Since the age of twelve, I have been writing and writing as "practice makes more perfect, the writer." Having won a contest at the very beginning of my writing career and, incidentally, the very first story I ever wrote, I was very much encouraged and won several other contests. Then, I was Editor-in-Chief of my high school paper and special correspondent for a couple of newspapers.

For four years, in high school, the students were required to write something each Monday, which I did. I wrote and wrote prolifically, because I had a definite goal in view. It was something that had to be done. It is true that I stewed and I fumed and made it unpleasant for my family because I just didn't have any ideas, but somehow I always turned out something and really surprised myself at what I really could do by just getting down and thinking. All writings must be thought about be-

fore they are actually written.

Not long ago I was asked to write a poem of commemoration for a tenth anniversary of a lodge to which I belong. I didn't think I could do it but knew that it had to be done and completed to the best of my ability, if I were to keep my self-respect and my reputation as a would-be poetess. Yes, the poem was completed and was published in the organization's national magazine.

Now I have a brand-new idea and it works. During the time that I graduated from high school up until just a few months ago, my writings had ceased. I had ideas. Yes. Did I put them down on paper and make something of them for the entertainment, enjoyment and educational benefit of others? No. Why didn't I? The answer is: — I had no definite goal. I knew that I had nothing at stake. I was still young. I had my whole life ahead of me in which to write. I was too busy with other things.

It was a God-send that a writer friend of mine from Seattle, Washington looked me up and as I told him my troubles in getting myself down to the business of writing, he suggested that I join an organization of amateur writers and printers. The

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JUN 28 1940

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OUT

Treasure Trove

Vol. 1, No. 2

Spokane, Washington

December, 1938

...WRITER'S COMA...

THAT WRITER'S Coma has me again in its grasp as an octopus entwines its prey. There must be some thing that can be done to bring my latent tho'ts down to paper. There is.

Not being a professional writer, and having such as a hobby, I class myself among the amateurs. Since the age of twelve, I have been writing and writing as "practice makes more perfect, the writer." Having won a contest at the very beginning of my writing career and, incidentally, the very first story I ever wrote, I was very much encouraged and won several other contests. Then, I was Editor-in-Chief of my high school paper and special correspondent for a couple of newspapers.

For four years, in high school, the students were required to write something each Monday, which I did. I wrote and wrote prolifically, because I had a definite goal in view. It was something that had to be done. It is true that I stewed and I fumed and made it unpleasant for my family because I just didn't have any ideas, but somehow I always turned out something and really surprised myself at what I really could do by just getting down and thinking. All writings must be thought about be-

fore they are actually written.

Not long ago I was asked to write a poem of commemoration for a tenth anniversary of a lodge to which I belong. I didn't think I could do it but knew that it had to be done and completed to the best of my ability, if I were to keep my self-respect and my reputation as a would-be poetess. Yes, the poem was completed and was published in the organization's national magazine.

Now I have a brand-new idea and it works. During the time that I graduated from high school up until just a few months ago, my writings had ceased. I had ideas. Yes. Did I put them down on paper and make something of them for the entertainment, enjoyment and educational benefit of others? No. Why didn't I? The answer is: — I had no definite goal. I knew that I had nothing at stake. I was still young. I had my whole life ahead of me in which to write. I was too busy with other things.

It was a God-send that a writer friend of mine from Seattle, Washington looked me up and as I told him my troubles in getting myself down to the business of writing, he suggested that I join an organization of amateur writers and printers. The

X-PN 4827.

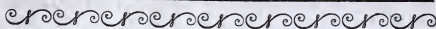
#58

T O D A Y ' S
YOUTH

Vol. IV

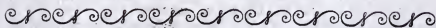
SUMMER, 1938

No. 2



THE LIBRARY
OF THE
WOMAN'S

APR 28 1938





TYPES



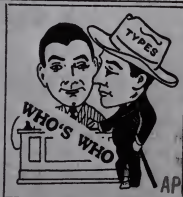
The Publication that speaks the truth. A Square Deal or no Deal.
Members of The Owl Mail Dealers League.

— Printed in U.S.A. —

VOL. 2

OCTOBER 1938

NO. 2



The Editor Speaks

● Certified Mailers League are offering the following for new members:
100 commission circulars, free imprints.
Co-publish Paramount Syndicate, —
FREE inch ad at 50 percent off.
100 Certified folders, 30 word ad free.
200 6x9 circulars mailed FREE.
Free listing, advertising discounts, no
fixed mailing rates. Write to:
Certified Mailers League, 128 Lexington
Ave., New York City.

Your News Must Be The Truth.

● Richardson, 446 W. 6th. St., Wyoming, Pa. in addition to making drastic slashes on engraving prices, now offers two Great Specials. A FREE signature cut to new customers with an order—amounting to \$2.50 or more, and Small cuts at low as 35c each. And don't overlook their offer of 10 sq. in. line cut at \$1.00 each. Stamp brings details.

● Index Press Service, Box 463, London, Ont. Canada, also know as V. D. Rowell, same address, are Exchange Ad Space Grafters.

● Watch for our Stamp Column in — Nov. issue, by a well know writeralong The Stamp News.

● Burn's By-Weekly Advertiser, published by Burn's Publishing Service, 17 S. Smallwood St. Baltimore, Md. is now issued Monthly, instead of By-Weekly.

● NOTICE — The ad of Nation's Forum is VOID on page 6 of this issue. We are informed it's know longer published. Mail has been returned to Mr. LaRose the adv. agent for several years

● Out of the Sky comes "Weiser World", 19 Edgewood, Schuylkill Haven, Pa. "Weiser World" is new in the M.O. Field, but has many features not found in other M. O. Paper. 3c brings sample copy.

● The Writer of this Column had the opportunity of meeting personally, Mr. Garza, of the Garza Press Exchange, 159 Harvard St. Cambridge, Mass. several times and find him a mighty fine fellow, to do business with. Mail a 3c stamp his price list. You won't regret it. Read his ad on page 6.

● Specialty Sales Co. Glen Raven, N.C. are real live M. O. Dealers and will give you a Square Deal. Read their ad on page 3.

X-PN 4827

#60

THREE CIRCLES

Vol. I Winter - 1939 No. 1

AMERICA

There is a date that seems to **CONFIDENTIAL**
Most famous in history, **CONFIDENTIAL**
The day on which our land was found
By men from out the great beyond **CONFIDENTIAL**

From foreign shores came in bands
And explored these uncharted lands,
To find a route by which to go
Eastward for their indigo.

Soon here towns began to form
Into states they were born,
Only thirteen at the start
Formed a Union ne'er to part.

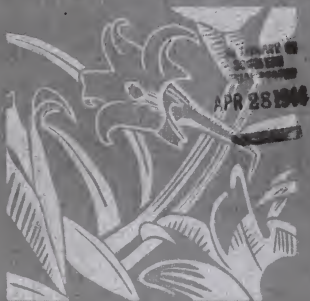
From then to this much later date
They total in number, forty-eight,
Under the flag red, white and blue,
Bound in union, strong and true.

—Chester Warakomaki.

APRIL 1939

#61

TOPIX



NO. 5

APRIL, 1939

X-PN 4827

#62

TOPIX

NO. 6

JULY, 1939

APR 28 1944



X-PN 4827

TOPIX



An amateur journal published quarterly by The Yankee Press, N. Y.

♦ ♦ ♦
William Haywood, Editor.



REMARK

Our Editorial Column

THE LIBRARY OF
CONGRESS
SERIALS ACQUISITION

APR 28 1944

SEVERAL factors are responsible for the fact that The Yankee Press adopts at this time. We are not satisfied with the space limitations of four pages. The carelessness of 'occasional' publishing offends us. The waste of issuing a journal to each of two amateur press associations is a constant source of annoyance.

We are therefore pleased to announce that TOPIX will be enlarged to combine both our journals and will be mailed quarterly to both ayjay groups.

♦ ♦ ♦

Our sincere thanks to those who helped elect us to the Vice-Presidency of the National Amateur Press Association, and to those who sent such kind congratulatory messages.

♦ ♦ ♦

We'll try our hardest to attend the Oakland convention next year. We'll expect you in New York in 1940.

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10c Copy

The

50c Year

Trading Post



APRIL

1939

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10c Copy

The

50c Year

Trading Post

APR 28 1944



MAY, 1939

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THE LIBRARY OF
CONGRESS
SERIAL RECORD
JUN 28 1945

#66



Treasure Trove

Vol. 2. Nos. 1-2.

Spokane, Washington

March, June, 1939.

VOTING IMPORTANT

When you receive your ballots, fellow members, take them seriously and put on your 'thinking cap.' By all means, do not fail to take advantage of your opportunity to place or replace in office those worthy ones who have faithfully done their duty, to our organization.

Bessie Barnes is being boosted for election as Second vice president of the national UAPA. Miss Barnes indeed, would be a worthy one for such a position, as without her, it would have been impossible for the organization of the Spokane Chapter of the UAPA. With her several years' of experience as a member of this literary association, and having had the fortunate opportunity to be an attendant of the last national UAPA convention, at Seattle, Wash., she is amply able to fill a position such as this one, to which she has been recommended by many of our United members.

Miss Barnes is the secretary for the American Machine Works, Spokane, and has the opportunity for the contact of new members and new clubs. She is a REAL live wire in both her correspondence and her activities in

our local and in the national. Having known Miss Barnes, personally, now for nearly a year, I do not believe that any voter will make any error in casting his ballot for her.

DO NOT FORGET TO CAST
YOUR VOTE FOR SPOKANE AS
NEXT CONVENTION SEAT, and
HAVE AN OPPORTUNITY TO
SEE THE WORLD'S GREATEST
WONDER, GRAND COULEE
DAM.

TELEGRAPHED BOUQUET

A sweet-faced mother, old and gray
Sat in her chair on Mother's Day,
And sighed.

On her lap a white bouquet
Signed: "Your son;" from Monterey.
She cried.

An armful of daisies picked one day
Gathered hurriedly anyway,
For her.

Choice pansies in brilliant array,
Sweet and fresh for her birthday
They were.

Flowers are fresh but for one day
But Mother's love endures for aye,
So dear.

If arrived on Mother's Day,
Flowers sweet their message say,
"Sincere."
-Joan Bark.

X-77 1821

#67

THE LIBRARY OF
CONGRESS
SERIAL RECORD
JUN 28 1945

COPY _____
BY _____

Three Circles

Vol. I Summer, 1940 No. 3

The American's Creed

William Tyler Page

I believe in the United States of America as a government of the people, by the people, for the people; whose just powers are derived from the consent of the governed; a democracy in a republic; a sovereign nation of many sovereign states; a perfect union, one and inseparable; established upon those principles of freedom, equality, justice, and humanity for which American patriots sacrificed their lives and fortunes.

I therefore believe it is my duty to my country to love it; to support its constitution; to obey its laws; to respect its flag; and to defend it against all enemies.

TOWN THE CRIER

CO-PUBLISHED in A.A.P.A. BY

Dick Page and Jim Williams

VOLUME I JUNE - 1940 NUMBER 1

THE TOWN CRIER CRIES

Hear ye! Hear ye! With apologies to the real "Town Crier", Alexander Woolcott, we hereby submit for your kind approval this humble facsimile of a newspaper.

Flash! I - - The Eastern A.A.P.A. Convention will be held in Syracuse, July 5-6-7. A galaxy of sjaevers are expected to attend the three day meet which has arranged an entertainment of gab-fests, speeches by local journalists, and a banquet at an exclusive restaurant. The Syracuse Chapter puts out its welcome mat to any sjaevers in the East who would like to attend. Anyone who is interested may write to: Francis S. Caliva, 510 Prospect Ave., Syracuse, N.Y. Especially asked to come are members of the Metropolitan Chapter of the A.A.P.A.

Concluding My Cries, I remain

Obediently yours,

Dick Page

Three Circles

Vol. I Spring - 1940 No. 2

The Dying Soldier

Blood dripped from his broken bruised body-

Bombs burst over head,
He dragged his bleeding form, to lie,
Among those already dead.
He moaned and trembled, but
Pulled after him a crippled form,
That in the combat of that day
Limb from limb had been torn.
He crawled among the dead an wounded;
He prepared himself to die-
He uttered his one last prayer,
To a roaring, fire-filled sky.
They found ere the next morning
His face was buried in the dirt and grime,
The war was over, ended, but that soldier
Had died in battle, before that time.

—Margaret Wilder.

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TYPE-HIGH

#71

Volume One

July, 1940

Number One

Our Name

The name Type-High was chosen by Ye Ed (that's me - which reminds me of a joke - A stranger stood knocking at the gates of heaven; St. Peter called out: "Who's there?" Stranger: "It is I." St. P.: "Go away, we don't want any more school-teachers.") as I said, I chose this name because my street number is 918 and type is .918 inches high. Also, all type must come up to certain standards, and I want this journal to come up to the standards set by the other AAPA journals.

The Editors

Both of us are newcomers to the AAPA ranks. Ronald Anders, who writes the stamp column on the back page, lives at 227 W. Chase Street, Macomb, Illinois. He is 18 years old and 5 feet, 6 inches tall. He works as apprentice for the McDonough County Times, and he writes 'Live Stamp News' which is carried by three papers printed at the Times office.

I am Henry B. Vinkemulder, 17, 6 feet even, live at 918 Pinecrest, East Grand Rapids, Michigan. I graduated from high school last month. I have an 8x12 Challenge with which I print Type-High. Our school did not have a course in printing, so I had to learn what I could from books and from the best teacher, experience. I have a dozen hobbies; a few are: printing, sailing, amateur radio, magic, and corresponding. I might add an apology for all the letters I have left unanswered during the last four or five months. Now that school is out I will find time to write you all. I will correspond on any subject about which anyone wishes to write.

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THE LIBRARY OF
CONGRESS
SERIAL RECORD

#72

The Trinket

JUN 28 1945

Vol. I

APRIL 1940

No. 1

My First Effort

As a newcomer to the ranks of the amateur journalists, I am publishing my first paper. My initial contact with the amateur press movement was thru Maurice E. White, who was at that time Pres. of the United. From then until this day I have been deeply interested in the hobby. In fact, my interest has reached the point where I want to be one of the most active.

I enjoy receiving the bundles of papers from the mailer. They are quite interesting. Some are very inspiring. I've seen some high quality material from the pens of the amateur scribes. I hope that I enjoy the hobby in the future as much as I have in the past. I have already realized that it is the greatest hobby of all hobbies, proving both profitable and enjoyable for all who participate in its activities.

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THE LIBRARY OF
CONGRESS
SERIAL RECORD

#73

JUN 28 1945

~~TOP SECRET~~

Published, edited, and printed by William Haywood at 2986 Briggs Ave., New York, N. Y. Member of the Metropolitan Chapter, American Amateur Press Association. The type handset, 250 copies printed on a handpress. Founded 1937, published quarterly.

NO. 8

JANUARY, 1940

PRESIDENTIAL ANNOUNCEMENT REGARDING THE 1940 CONVENTION

DETROIT or Milwaukee? The final decision rests with members who have any hope of attending. There is little difference geographically, and both the Michigan and Wisconsin chapters are prepared to show you a good time. Tentative dates suggested are the second week in July or August, but the choice is up to you. Send me your choice of city and date within the next three weeks on a postal card so that it will be settled definitely in the first issue of the official organ and we can plan accordingly.

Helen A. Vivarttas

X-PN 4827

#74
THE LIBRARY OF
CONGRESS
SERIALS RECORD

TOPIX

JUN 28 1945

copy

No. 10

SAFETY, 1940

An Unusual Edition

This edition of TOPIX may look a little peculiar to those of you who are familiar with the probably too recognizable printing style of the publisher. This effect is achieved by having Mr. Kay print the first and last pages. The inside two pages were printed by the publisher prior to his selling the press with which TOPIX has been produced in the past.

Our retirement as a printer member of the AAPA is forced by the change of address you will observe in our coming October number. Our new residence will be a small apartment, in which a printing press could not find what Adolf would call "living room." We do not have time, either, to devote to what has always been a slow process with us, as we are unfamiliar with many technicalities of printing, and very methodical and precise in our work.

We will, however, continue to appear in the bundles of this organization as a publisher, and it is to be hoped that, with the cooperation of Mr. Kay as printer, and the AAPA members as contributors, we will be able to enlarge TOPIX considerably.

It is with this hope in mind that we start a new period in the career of this publication.

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THE LIBRARY OF
CONGRESS
SERIAL RECORD

#75

JUN 28 1940

THE TURNER INQUIRER

Vol. 2

September 15, 1940

No. 2

Back to school again and more issues of The Turner Inquirer. I hope I can have it as a monthly amateur. On with the Inquirer to a bigger and better year.



New York Worlds Fair

Recently I had a chance to see the fair. It was very beautiful and educational. I enjoyed it very much and in my opinion the General Motors exhibit was most interesting. The man-made lightning is in color as it is chemically colored. It is all very interesting and well worth seeing.

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THE LIBRARY OF
CONGRESS
SERIAL RECORD

#76

Merry Christmas! — Happy New Year!

The Turner Inquirer

Christmas Issue

Vol. 2

December, 1940

No. 3

STARS OF THE FUTURE

By Wayne Williams

Success is funny...it may come to you on a moments notice, or it may come after years of hard work. Not long ago Fred Waring's gang made the picture "Varsity Show" featureing Dick Powell and Rosemary Lane. Everyone agreed that Miss Lane was good, but her sister (also in the picture) Priscilla stole the show. Producers began to take note of Priscilla and soon she was featured in many movies. Rosemary made few flickers but the public soon forget her. Now Rosemary gets her big chance in "The Boys from Syracuse." Will she make it? We hope so!

Hollywood is full of cases similar to that of Miss Lane... Ruth Hussey, an outstanding eyeful, did a small part in "Northwest Passage." Then followed larger roles,

(Continued on Page 3)

X-PN 4827

THE LIBRARY OF
CONGRESS

#77

the TYPELICE

From The TexChap

Vol. 1

AUTUMN, 1945

No. 1

PARABLE OF THE ISMS

Socialism: If you have two cows, you give one to your neighbor.

Communism: If you have two cows, you give them to the government and the government then gives you some milk.

Fascism: If you have two cows, you keep the cows and give the milk to government; then the government sells you some milk.

New Dealism: If you have two cows, you shoot one and milk the other; then you pour the milk down the drain.

Nazism: If you have two cows, the government shoots you and keeps the cows.

Capitalism: If you have two cows, you sell one and buy a bull.

—Supervision.

Only Two ISMS In The AAPA!

Journalism



Americanism

X-PN 4827

THE LIBRARY OF
CONGRESS #78

THE TEXAN JOURNALIST

JUN 28 1945

VOL. 1

JUNE, 1940

NO. 1

Cost Will Hinder Texas Attendance At The Milwaukee Convention

The minimum cost for Milwaukee convention Aug. 17-19, for members starting from Houston, is \$49.20, according to estimates. The round-trip bus fare is \$29.70; hotel room rent, \$7.50; board, \$5.00; convention fee, \$2.00; and incidental, \$5.00.

All Texas members planning to go to Milwaukee should contact Tom Barnhouse, 6712 Fairfield, Houston. Tom is '41 convention director, and he is gathering information about the '40 Texas delegation to Milwaukee. Houston "propaganda" will be disseminated and all willing delegates will be decorated with ribbons reading, "Houston Next."

OVER THE PLAINS

League City—Johnnie Vaglianti, new A.A.P.A. member, plans to buy a press next month. The Texas Star will appear in bundles soon after. Also, The Hobby Journal will be placed on a metal basis. His Journal is a monthly hecto paper covering all principal hobbies. This paper is undoubtedly one of the largest hectoed papers in existence—20 large pages last issue.

Garland—Bill Bradfield has released membership cards for the up-and-coming Pals Correspondence Club. The second issue of the club organ is now in preparation. He is working on an A.A.P.A. paper to be called—of all things—The Typelice.

Houston—In referring to some of the rather doubtful humor and language that has seeped into ajay publications of late, Ethel Cook says, "I read awhile; then I must stop to blush awhile."

X-PN 4827
THE TEXAN JOURNALIST

THE LIBRARY OF
CONGRESS

#79

JUN 25 1945

VOL. 1

SEPTEMBER, 1940

NO. 3

'Friendship and Activity' to Mark Texas Chapter; while CAJC Favors Closer Inter-chapter Relationships

A representative group of ajayers of the Texas Chapter who met in Houston in mid July resolved that the Texchap would stand for "friendship, and activity" in ajaydom. Vice-chairman Bill Bradfield was in charge of the gathering as Chairman Ralph Brandt was unable to attend. There was a general discussion on amateur journalism in the great southwestern state.

With by-laws pending acceptance, a growing membership just short of the quota for a chapter charter, the most influential convention campaign, and unexcelled literary and publishing activity for a new club, the Texas Chapter, with six-shooters and quills ablaze, is vying for top laurels. The Metchap and the Badger State club, two of the best, will soon have another occupant in the high ranks.

The California Amateur Journalist Chapter held a meeting in July, at which time members accepted a donation of several hundred amateur journa's, and they went on record as favoring a closer relationship among the different chapters.

All publishing members have agreed to support Houston, Tex., as the 1941 convention city.

:: :: :: ::

On to Houston in 1941, ajayers,

And let that be in your prayers;

So we'll make it the best convention yet,

Therefore, Texas, here we come all set—

This could go on and on, but what's the use

You know you'll go; why an excuse.

The above poetic sentiment comes from David Leabell of far off Seattle. He and Arthur Rodinson will prepare a report of "Amateur and Professional Journalism in the Northwest."

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TIME LIBRARY OF #80
CONGRESS
SERIAL RECORD

THE JOURNALIST
VOL. 1 JULY 1940 NO. 2
- x - x - x - x - x - x - x - x - x -

OVER THE PLAINS

Houston--In the June 23 issue of The Houston Chronicle there appeared a 30-inch informative feature story concerning Houston members of the A. A. P. A. An amateur journalism exhibit was held recently at the Houston Public Library. Ralph Brandt will co-publish with Merton Hiatt of Dryden, Washington, a journal devoted exclusively to the work of new members. From the Fort City will go three delegates to Milwaukee; they are Thomas Barnhouse, Ralph Brandt and Dick Fowler. The campaign platform of Thomas Barnhouse for second vice-president will be presented soon for general discussion.

Garland--Bill Bradfield, 13-year-old ajay prodigy, is working on the first issue of The Typelice. His Pen-Pal News is the largest paper ever sent through the mailing bureau, and The Cub Reporter is destined to provoke much thought among A. A. P. A.'ns. Bill attended the annual conventions of the North-East Texas Press Association at Mineral Wells, and the Texas Press Association at Lufkin.

Rio Grande City--Prospective member Lino Perez, Jr. will serve as the cog for recruiting activity in ajay development of the Rio Grande Valley.

Palestine--"An amateur writer of short stories who has never yet passed the editor's desk . . ." is Mrs. Walter Price, who is becoming an A. A. P. A. member.

Attend the HOUSTON Ajay Jamboree, July 10-12, 1941

The TEXAS STAR #81

X-FN 4827



VOL. 1

AUTUMN 1940

NO. 1

The Editor Speaks an Introduction

The editor has been a silent member of the American, very close to a year. After viewing all the fine publications in the bundles he determined to be active. After writing a few manuscripts he is going to begin publishing. The editor was 16 August 3rd, is 5 ft. 6 in. tall, has blue eyes, and brown hair. He hails from the Lone Star State. His hobbies are philately, journalism, and pensoratory. There are also seven other minor ones. To prove his interest in ajay he offers his record as editor, publisher, and printer of The Hobby Journal.

Members of the AAPA may have a copy of THJ for a 3c stamp.

And last (ho-hum), but not least, the editor's title is John F. Vaglianti.

FOUR TYPES OF AJAYS

As seen by Bill Bradfield, Jr.

First type - is the member who just rides the hobby. He is classified as inactive. He "just likes to get the bundles of little papers" and is the kind who gives active members the headaches.

Second type - is the guy who uses the ajay association to give his

(Continued on page 5)

X-PN 4827

#82
THE LIBRARY OF
CONGRESS
SERIAL RECORD

THE TEXAS STAR

JUN 8 1945
COPY _____
GIFT _____



Vol. I

Winter, 1940-1941

No. 2

Capone Vs. Dillinger

By Francis W. Miller

ABOUT twenty years ago it was revealed in a magazine article by a British Lord to the people of this nation that they had been the victim of a terrible hoax. Great Britain had deliberately spent millions of dollars to fill our newspapers with a steady stream of propaganda against the Kaiser and the German people for the purpose of embroiling us in a conflict in which we had no stake. The white crosses in Flanders and the veteran's hospitals full of maimed and shell shocked men bear mute evidence to the success of this propaganda.

Today, we find history repeating itself. Once again we are flooded with British propaganda, and even the President has cooperated in the insidious attempt to destroy

(continued on page eight)

Treasure Trove

VOL. 3 No. 4

SPOKANE, WASH.

DEC. 1940

You Must

You must experience the voice of thy Master to bid thee know life's many pathways that tower upward toward a truer understanding and conception of love at its height of reverence for the love of God. Each of you children need the blessed apartness of sameness in conventionalities of the people of the physical world below you. You do not stand alone in the struggle of right.

Go forth and sin no more against thine inner being; guide and guard of thine eternal life which has been entrusted to you for guidance and right living in your so called physical world. You, too, will pass into oblivion of love at its dawn in true colors of like sympathy and understanding. Go always to your guide for strength and peace — forever be guided by the inner light.

Be still and know that "I" am God.

("I" is always capitalized. "He" is capitalized when referring to God or Christ. The "I" is your part of God, so it too is always capitalized.)

— SUZANNE DAUGHERTY

"Let us so live that when we come to die, even the undertaker will be sorry."

—Mark Twain

The Little Things That Count

A little gift can mean so much,
A smile can give a thrill,
A heart will gladden by a gentle touch,

And joy may come at will
To one who looks for happiness
In every hour each day,
To one who drowns all sadness
And finds the better way.

— SUZANNE DAUGHERTY

Truth

One must exhaust all questions that reason may bring up and completely answer them to the serene satisfaction of his own individual consciousness. When all have been answered, and completely understood, there can be nothing but truth left; thus doing away with any possible opposition or opposite conception. Truth is that which is. That which is not, is not.

"Ye shall know the truth: and the truth shall make you free." The truth that will make you free of any possible doubt, is the truth that you are free. One must become intensely aware of this truth. Free of all doubt, one becomes aware of the absolute. The true self, is that which knows the truth. The true self is the "I" deep within yourself, that is divinely conscious of the

TODAY'S YOUTH

November—1940

TOUCHDOWN!

By Robert H. Price

TIMMY had not intended to do any celebrating. He was glad that the Junior College had won, of course, but he was not much for celebrating. An attack of infantile paralysis had left him with a slight lameness in his left leg and while it was scarcely noticeable any more he was still sensitive about it.

But after Kenny Walker had snarled an ugly, twisting pass in the end zone and turned what appeared to be defeat into victory someone had suggested weiners and buns at the local picnic grounds. Jimmy had no intention of going but a couple of his acquaintances in high good spirits, both alcohol and otherwise, had prevailed upon him to go, mainly, Jim reasoned because they saw in his car a means of transportation, he half-humoredly consented.

He sat apart from the others at one of the stone tables and watched the commotion that always accompanies such a repast. He envied the enthusiasm—their love of living.

He was just lighting his old pipe when Lois Lanning dropped from nowhere onto the seat beside him.

"Lo, Jimmy," she said, "Enjoying yourself?"

"Sure," said Jim. "D'y mind?"

"Don't be like that." She made a face at him. "Here, have a sandwich."

"No, thanks," he said briefly. "I'm smoking." He finished filling his pipe and applied a match to its bowl. It wasn't that he disliked Lois. As a matter of fact, there were times he half-admired her. Not so much for what she was as for what she could be. And yet when he stopped to think it over, he wasn't at all sure just what she was. But since her father was the richest man in town it was more than likely she was a spoiled, self-willed, little brat.

He could feel her eyes upon him as he sat puffing on his pipe. But when he looked at her she had glanced away and was watching the group around the fireplace. The firelight played over her features and there was an odd expression on her face as she laid the buns on the table and turned to him.

"Jimmy," she said. "Will you do me a favor?"

"Maybe," he said. He was rather surprised at her tone. People said Lois Lanning never asked for favors—she demanded them.

Continued on Page 3

TENNESSEE VALLEY AMATEUR

NO. 1

THE TENNESSEE VALLEY
CONGRESS
SERIAL REPORT

JUN 2, 1940

JULY 1940

IN THE NIGHT

Etzel Phillips

Listen !!
Soft rustling in the air,
Still black everywhere.
Patter
Of rain on the house-top,
Chatter
Of birds in the tree-top,
Tails
Of a wolf at bay,
Halls
Of his mate far away.
Rounds
Of flashing beacon light.
Sounds
In the still of the night.

DRIFTWOOD

Ernest E. Allford

They sat at the table just as the young man had left them--the women who didn't know and the man who didn't care.

They were near the window and people stooped to stare. He sat on the edge of her chair, her face void of all expression. He lay sprawled in his chair with an old felt hat over his ear.

People gathered in little knots on the street and watched them with interest but if either knew or cared they did not show it.

The young man had been gone a long time - they sat and waited patiently. People drifted on, but others soon replaced them.

Steps sounded on the bare floor, the young man was returning. He paused and looked about the bare little alcove - then out the window at the curious.

"You sure are drawing attention," he told them, "----but dummies in a

store window just naturally seem to draw the eye." He gave a deep sigh. "Joe is me! A poor window dresser."

THE TENNESSEE VALLEY CHAPTER AND HOW IT CAME ABOUT

Lydia Ruth Farrer

"Yea, for the Alabama Chapter"- so said we all. But alas it could not be. Amateurs are not noted for surplus cash so a meeting in Birmingham came to nought with only the Birmingham member, Richard Schleihauf, present. But try again was our motto, so we scheduled a meeting in Decatur, from which a new chapter was born. Schleihauf had promised to be present but failed to appear. A new member, Cornelius Jones, was first to arrive with a folder under his arm and a head full of ideas. Then came Miss Phillips and Allford. A hurried phone call brought Cook - (in overalls and mud up to his ankles) who exclaimed that he had just returned from a trip to the lake and rather than miss the meeting came as he was. With five members and one prospect present we formed the Tennessee Valley Chapter and made plans for an official paper.

As to the future, we have lots of pep and are up and coming fast so we are warning the rest of you amateurs to look to your laurels.

ELECTION NOTES

In 1941 vote for Cornelius Jones for Club and Chapters Mgr. and for Lydia Ruth Farrer for a member of the board of directors.

TENNESSEE VALLEY AMATEUR

1938-1939
CONGRESS
SERIAL NUMBER
JUN 28 1945 #56

Number 2

September 1940

NAMELESS

Ernest E. Allford

His eyes were bright - unutterably bright
And his hair was a silvery grey
But he had a smile as bright as a child
Which softened his eyes and took the wild look away.
He never nodded, he never spoke or paused by the way
to jolly a friend or pass the time of day.
Though he was never rich - he was never broke.
His voice was soft and pleasant whenever he spoke.
If in unguarded moments, his face you chanced to see
You had a glimpse of Paradise--whatever that may be.
To all the friends and neighbors of my childhood town
He was but a hermit who tilled the stony ground.
But in my youthful heart, I could easily see
That he was but a picture of what shattered dreams can be.

THE SERENADE

Geraldine Farrer

I heard Schubert's Serenade
Last night on the radio and I
couldn't help sliding down just
a little further in my chair,
closing my eyes and living again
one of the most beautiful moments
of my life.

Birmingham, Alabama - March 1,
1938-----how well I remember that
night. Music lovers by hundreds
were streaming into the Municipal
Auditorium and no wonder, for the
great Nelson Eddy was to be heard
there in concert. The highest
priced seats were down front --
the orchestra row and dress circle.
Dashing lords and jeweled ladies
of Southern Society occupied these.
Balcony U, where we sat, was very
high up and very far back. Oh,
yes, those people in the dress
circle had better seats no doubt,
but there was something they miss-
ed something the balcony and
gallery had. It was that haze or

mist (caused by the lights) that
hung low over the main floor like
a London fog. How entrancing it
was and how it added to the beauty
of the songs as they seemed to
roll out over it straight up to
Balcony U, leaving the main floor
far below.

Mr. Eddy sang the Serenade that
night - sang it as it had never
been sung before, as it could
never be sung again. The mist
grew and grew and the audience
below seemed to drop completely
from sight. The walls of the great
auditorium faded away and it was
as if you were all alone, high,
high above the clouds - just you
and the serenade. I can see it
now as I saw it then, as I shall
always be able to see it when I
hear Schubert's immortal master-
piece.

Douglas Cook, a new member in
the AAFA, is a senior in High
School and plays a cornet in the
school band. Hi, Doug!

TENNESSEE VALLEY AMATEUR

#87
THE LIBRARY OF
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SERIAL RECORD

JUN 28 1943

COPY
1943

Number 3

November 1940

MY WORLD

Lydia Ruth Farrer

I built a world, 'twas all my own.
Its walls were made of friendship stone.
Within this world my friends and I
Watched the days and years go by.
I felt secure; I knew no fear.
None but friends could enter here.
But alien forces caused the fall.
The hand of fate has jogged my wall:
Two stones pulled out, against their will,
No other friends their place can fill.
The world I built through all these years
Now comes tumbling 'round my ears.
I find that I've survived the shock.
But there's my pile of tumbled rock.
With tear-dimmed eyes; my heart in pain
I stoop to build my world again.

MEN HAVE BEEN ROBBED

Geraldine Farrer

Near midnight a sudden gust of wind sent the dry leaves from the gutters scurrying along the desolate street and swirling around Jim Collins' legs as he crossed under the dim light at the corner of 15th and Elm.

"Holy cats! Matta night!", muttered Jim. "If this should blow up a storm--"

But he couldn't get his mind off that fellow he had passed several blocks back. The man was standing by the sidewalk when Jim passed, and when he looked back a few minutes later, he was still there - just standing. "That could he have been up to?--'en have been robbed on brighter nights!" This wasn't a very pleasant thought, and that was why he looked back again as he stepped onto the sidewalk at Elm Street. No one was coming. He was

glad to feel again that he was alone. The feeling did not last long, however, for before he had taken ten steps he heard a sudden loud gasp, and peering into the darkness saw that two figures were only a few feet from him. They had walked up a side street and had nearly bumped into Jim before they saw him. One of them had taken a step backward, for seeing someone so suddenly had startled him.

"Jim Collins!" exclaimed the other. "You frightened us!"

They had stepped out of the shadow now and Jim recognized the one who had spoken as Bob Allen, a boy he had known in high school.

"That in thunder are you doing out at this hour?", Jim asked.

"We're patrolling the neighborhood. There's a burglar around here you know. He's been breaking into houses up and down this street for several nights. We're going to catch him. It'd mean a big front

(continued on page 2)

X-PN 4827

THE LIBRARY OF
CONGRESS
SERIAL RECORD

#88

JUN 28 1941

TANACOVIO

No. 3

March, 1941

Autobiography of Burton Jay Smith

It is difficult to write even a brief autobiography. Our thought are so clouded with memories and prejudices that we cannot see clearly those incidents whereon our lives have turned. Others, viewing our progress more dispassionately, are better able to judge our worth. Still, let me try to tell you something of myself.

My early years were spent in Adrian, Michigan, where I was born January 11, 1916. I was happy; I had many friends. I delighted in hiking and often camped out near the creek for long days of loafing and living.

I attended the public schools of Adrian and graduated satisfactorily. I enjoyed much of school life and participated in many activities. The especial interest which I had in history led me to concentrate on that subject when I entered Adrian College. After four pleasant swiftly flowing years I graduated, receiving my Bachelor of Arts *cum laude*. I served for a year as assistant professor of History under Dr. H. K. Fox. From Adrian

K-PN 4827

THE JOURNAL OF
CONGRESS
SERIAL RECORD

JUN 26 1945

**THE
TEXAS
STAR**

COPY

OFF



Summer, 1941

Volume One



Number Four

X-PN 4827

THE LIBRARY OF
CONGRESS
SERIAL RECORD

#90

TROUVERE

JUL 2 1945

GIFT

Volume One

Initial Issue

Number One

September, 1941

X-PM 5827

#91

TOPIX

SECTION OF
JAN 21 1943
RECEIVED
JAN 26 1943



NO. 14

JULY, 1941

X-PN 4827

TOPIX

DIVISION OF ACCOUNTS

JAN 21 1943

RECEIVED

#92

No. 15

JAN 26 1943

OCTOBER, 1941



X-PM 4827

#93

THE LIBRARY OF
CONGRESS
SERIAL RECORD

JUN 28 1945

THE TEXAS STAR

Volume Two

Winter, 1941-'42

Number Two

Penny Papers

by Joseph W. Curran

With the establishment of the penny paper newspaper journalism changed. The penny publications were forerunners of the papers we have today. They instituted the following into the newspaper world: namely, low price, wide circulation, financial stability, human-interest news, and wide news coverage.

The first permanent penny paper was the New York Sun, started by Benjamin H. Day in 1833. Within the next two years the Transcript and Morning Herald were started in the city. Boston, Baltimore and Philadelphia also published these papers.

The news carried in these papers were generally police court news, suicides, murders, trials, and other sensational news. These papers had little to do with politics.

Up to this time most newspapers ran on a credit basis. Day, however abolished this. He inaugurated the use of street sellers. The success of these papers was evident. At one time it is to be noticed, the Sun's circulation was greater than that of any other paper in the world. These penny papers made a small profit on circulation but as they increased in size and volume they depended more and more on advertisements.

The penny papers were a new era in newspaper journalism and the forerunner of the newspaper that we now know.



How's Your Checks Appeal?

by Pearl R. Franklin

Are we writing with our minds solely on those perforated crisp checks as a goal and livelihood? Definitely not! After many gayly-colored unperforated-edged rejections which say: "Here are your sails with the wind gone," we decide, if we are wise, that it is better to expect nothing and then we'll not be disappointed. It's then that we get down to

The Toledo Spectator

ON THE BANKS OF THE MAUMEE RIVER

VOL. 2, No. 2

TOLEDO, OHIO

SUMMER 1941

Gems of the Alps

Stresa on a summer day is an Edenic garden of loveliness and quietude never to be forgotten. It is one spot on earth that the traveller remembers with pleasure and hopes to be able to visit again, - and again.

Situated on Lake Maggiore in upper Italy it is not very far from Milano nor is the distance to Switzerland great.

The deep blue waters of the lake are dotted with sail-boats and motor craft of all sorts darting hither and yon in the brilliant sunshine. Majestic hotels, separated from the water by a broad promenade edged with gorgeous gardens, cater to the care-free guests with the finest of food and drink, and music that inspires one with a desire to live forever, - in Stresa!

Passing through the Simplon tunnel you soon see Interlaken stretched between mountains and lakes with the Jungfrau dominating land, water and sky.

And then on to Lucerne of unsurpassed beauty in the lap of the Alps. From across the river Reuss frowns Mt. Pilatus but the little city is ruffled not

one whit by the colossus and goes happily on its way.

Lucerne's finest monument is the Lion of Lucerne, in memory of the heroic Swiss who died in the Tuileries defending the King of France, Louis XVI, and the royal family.

A Genius and an Angel.

Peter Ilyich Tchaikowsky, a composer of much of the very finest in the world of music owed a great part of his success to a lady he never met.

Madame Nadejda von Meck was a lady of fabulous wealth who, hearing of Peter's poverty, arranged to send a handsome check to him each month so that he could devote his full time and talent to the creation of those masterpieces which we enjoy so thoroughly today.

This subsidy continued even after he became world famous despite severe financial losses in her own fortune.

Nadejda passed from this world in 1894, the cause being tuberculosis. Tchaikowsky had preceded her in death by three months. When you hear his music, remember Nadejda!

The Toledo Spectator

ON THE BANKS OF THE MAUMEE RIVER

VOL. 2, NO. 2

TOLEDO, OHIO

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APR 23 1944
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The Toledo Spectator

ON THE BANKS OF THE MAUMEE RIVER

VOL. 2. NO. 3

TOLEDO, OHIO

SUMMER 1941

Hospitality in Quebec.

We stopped on a Sunday afternoon in Sherbrooke, Que., to rest over night. The leading hotel directed us to the nearest garage where Pierre, the proprietor, was busy washing cars. Yes, by Gar, for \$2. he would wash our car and store it for the night. Good enough!

Then, in an outburst of good spirits, he insisted upon showing us his adjoining grocery and the cellar with its stock of choice wines, beer and ale. Of these he gave us generous samples and the car washing industry ceased for the nonce.

Between bottles he took us to the second floor which was being subdivided into small rooms to be rented to a select clientele not much concerned about the law and conventions. Yes, this would be an immense source of profit as such facilities were sorely needed in the city, he said.

Before we departed from this hive of activity Pierre learned that Howard and I were Elks and he became delirious with joy. Not that he belonged to the "herd", but, he had an abiding faith in the good works

of those who carry the "tooth" on a gold watch-chain.

At American prices in 1926 a fair sum to pay for the drinks consumed would have been \$6. but Pierre would have none of such foolishness and to prove his love for us he pulled three more corks.

In the morning we went to get the car but the master had undergone a metamorphosis. In a black suit and high, silk hat he was ready to conduct the funeral of a local celebrity.

He explained that there was good money in the "planting" business and that it was up to him to pick off the shekels wherever he found them.

His final gesture of good fellowship was a fervent plea that we return to Sherbrooke for interment. He promised to give us the finest funerals you ever saw and, —ABSOLUTELY AT NO COST TO US!

We knew that he had nearly succeeded in embalming us the night before, at no cost, so we believed him!

Without a doubt Pierre was the most generous soul in the wide, wide world. What says Brudder Bill down in Atlanta?

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APR 28 1944

#96

The Toledo Spectator

ON THE BANKS OF THE MAUMEE RIVER

VOL. 2, No. 4

TOLEDO, OHIO

SUMMER 1941

APR 28 1944

Europe's Cathedrals.

St. Paul's in London, designed by Sir Christopher Wren, was begun in 1675 and completed in 1710. It follows the lines of St. Peter's but is much smaller. In front of it stands a marble effigy of Queen Anne, the mother of many children. Her eyes are directed at a bar across the street. She was a famous drinker and eater.

The Cologne cathedral was started about 1200 and the first part was finished in 1322. Its spire is 512 ft. in height, the tallest in Europe. During the centuries it has undergone many alterations and additions but its Treasure Room contains the architect's original drawings, which is remarkable to say the least.

In Prague the Church of St. George houses the tomb of St. John which is made of pure silver and weighs 6500 lbs.

The Cathedral in Florence dates from the 14th century. Its dome was built without the use of scaffolding by Brunelleschi. The Baptistery, another church, witnesses the baptism of every Catholic child born in Florence. Its huge bronze doors

depict in high relief scenes of Biblical history and required the highly skilled labor of one artist a period of 17 years in the making. In most Italian churches only the aged and infirm are seated during services. Another 14th century church is Santa Croce. Here were interred Michaelangelo, Rossini, and Macchiavelli.

St. Peter's in Rome is so vast that any church in Europe could easily be placed within its walls. It stands on the site of an earlier church built by Constantine to mark the spot where Peter, the Apostle, was buried. Its dome is Michaelangelo's greatest conception.

As you approach the venerable Notre Dame de Paris it seems that Quasimodo, Hugo's hunchback, must be waiting in one of the towers to sound a call to the faithful. Or, it may be that Napoleon and Josephine will be leaving the coronation rites with the world at the new Emperor's feet.

She has seen many strange sights since 1163 and her gargoyles must be snickering now at the arrogant goose-steppers on the pavements far below!

X-PN 4627

#98

The Toledo Spectator

ON THE BANKS OF THE MAUMEE RIVER

VOL. 3, No. 2

TOLEDO, OHIO

NOVEMBER 1941



ANSCO F 7.5

Auntie King and Virginia.

The Editor took this picture of Mrs. King and her little niece, Virginia Boyer, away back in May, 1919.

Virginia is now a handsome young lady and has changed her name to Mrs. Jerry White. The little new-comer came to the Boyer farm during our absence in the Army and it seems that Auntie King is quite pleased with her.

THE LANTANA
PUBLISHED
BY THE LANTANA

APR 28 1941

Treasure Trove

VOL. 4, Nos. 1 & 2

SPOKANE, WASH.

MAR. & JUNE 1941

Springtime

There's magic in the Springtime!
It wakens in my blood
A glorious renewal,
A sweet symphonic mood.
My days are joyous, happy,
My heart and soul in rhyme
With purple, pink and crimson
Of rhododendron time.

—HEATHER HASKIN

Just A Moment

Be faithful to me for the moment
While I am alone with you,
Be worthy of all that I meant
For our moment will soon be
through.

Be mine alone with soul full-bared
To claim a love near reality;
Memory alone will know we shared
One deathless moment — eternity!

—SUZANNE DAUGHERTY

The World

The world is always with us
Here and now;
Demand all that it has for you
But never to it bow.

Demand, and in the getting
Great or small,
Keep faith with yourself always
'Tis only the morons who fall.
—SUZANNE DAUGHERTY.

The Noble Experiment

"And so," concluded Mr. Stowell, "that fine experiment of grafting a tail on Mr. Jon Backman the orchestra conductor, was a success as in that instance."

"Say, I'll tell you about a very noble experiment," said Mr. Gravil, "which I read about in the March Country Gentleman the other day. Did any of you happen to read 'Dr. Baer, the Bone Mender,' by Paul De Kniff?"

"Who?" replied the others.

"But, said Mr. Kaif, a doctor by the name of William Stevenson Baer, was over in France during the World War. I suppose it was the same man. Dr. Baer was one of the doctors that we, America, loaned to the French during the war. He surely was noted by everyone on his skill for mending broken bones."

"Just a minute," said Mr. Roberts the host, who had invited a number of his war buddies to spend the week-end with him at Miami Beach. "I'll have some cocktails and light lunch brought."

After they were again comfortably seated at a table under an enormous umbrella, Mr. Gravil began:

"Dr. Baer was an orthopedic surgeon who worked in a hospital just behind the bloody shambles of the Chemin Des Dames, in those black

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Treasure Trove

Vol. 4 No. 3

SPOKANE, WASH.

Sept. 1941

The Tune Changes

We of the Spokane group have lost a national president; we have gained a director and adviser. We cherish the memory of a successful year for Amateur Journalism. We respect the honor and distinction made possible by our own Bessie Barnes.

Now the tune changes. We had become accustomed to the pleasant humming of the busy Bs that guided us on a bee line toward success. But now we must give way to a different music — music through the Reed. We are ready and eager to listen. May it, too, be harmonious. —SUZANNE DAUGHERTY

My writings are recordings of my pathway through life.

— JOAN BARK

Thank You

I thank the following for their card and signatures from Louisville: Roy Erford, Bessie Barnes, Ed Reed, Harold Smoot, Anne Warren, Unk Ebenezer, Arthur F. Harrison, Buddy Johnson, Mary Lou Holden, Harold Leachnar, Clare A. Sisson, Mary Lucy Friebert, John Boan, Fred and Bessie Nagel.

— WILLETTE KING

Correction

In Vol. 4, Nos. 1 & 2, for March and June 1941 Treasure Trove, on Page 1, Column 2, the following was omitted: "and grotesque days of '17. One day, two men were brought to him, for him to mend their broken bones."

The Leader

Organizer of labor, dreamer of dreams,
Drinker of whiskey, and schemer of shemes;
Driver of workmen, lover of life,
Adjuster of problems and hater of strife.

Give to the world your courage,
Give to mankind a desire;
Take silently all that you forage,
But leave your power to inspire.

You, demander of action, traveler of highways,
Wanton wanderer of secret byways;
Lonesome and happy — alone at your best,
A thinker, a sinner or saint, on request.

— SUZANNE DAUGHERTY

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THE LIBRARY OF
CONGRESS
SERIALS ACQUISITION

#102



the Typelice



From The TexChap

Vol. 1

SPRING, 1941

No. 3

WERNER OKAYS HOUSTON

"May I Present--"

The newest addition to the Texchap--June Wilkins of Dallas, Texas. June is editor of one of the best high school papers in Texas, the Highland Park High "Bagpipe". She is 16, 5 ft. 8, and 135 is her weight. At Hi Park she is classified as a Senior, and besides being editor of the "Bagpipe", she is president of the Travel Club and a member of the National Honor Society, Quill & Scroll, the Student Council, and other school organizations. She plans to enter Southern Methodist University this summer.

"The Student's Quandary"

Lots of little zeros
Not so very quaint
Make my graduation
Look as if it ain't.

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Amateur News

"News While It's Still News"
Published bi-weekly by Johnnie Vaglianti, P.O. Box 92, League City, Texas.

4 issues--10 cents

Date Not Yet Decided Upon By Convention Committee

Garland, Texas, April 5--In a round-robin message to the Texas division of the convention committee President Werner announced that he thought it best to award the Texas Chapter with the convention site. Preparations will begin immediately for the big Houston Ajay Jamboree. The convention committee is composed of Bob Kunde (Chairman), Bill Bradfield, Johnnie Vaglianti, and Tom Barnhouse.

A SCOTCH LOVE STORY

Donald McCautious sat with his arm around Mary McThrifty. It was a night for love.

His heart was stirred by sentiment. He longed to do something wild and bold; to say something startling. Suddenly he was swept romantic and passionate and from all reasoning by a wave of overwhelming inspiration.

"Mary," he gasped, before he could resist the frenzied impulse of the idea. "Mary, a penny for your thoughts."

The girl's heart fluttered. So he loved her as much as that. She, too, would do something noble and heroic; he would know his love was requited.

"Na, na, Donald," she whispered, "keep your penny."
Such is true love.

TIM



NOVEMBER 1941

GOSSIPTOWN MARY
TIMMIE

Have you ever heard of Gossiptown
 On the shores of Falsehood Bay,
 Where Old Dame Rumor with her rustling gown
 Is going the livelong day?
 It isn't far to Gossiptown
 For people who want to go.
 The idleness train will take you down
 In just an hour or so
 The principal street is called "They Say"
 And "I've Heard" is the public well
 And the breezes that blow from Falsehood Bay
 Are laden with "Don't You Tell." Selected

APR 28 1944

While Congress is passing all these laws as to what should and should not be done, they should go just one step further and pass a bill as to what should be done to gossipers or persons who seem to get pleasure out of talking about other people.

Appearance, manners, habits and actions are all targets for someone's meanness. If there isn't something already wrong with you, it is a very easy matter for some people to manufacture a failing.

For years, it has been the source of numerous jokes and bright sayings to attribute this quality to women.

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#105

the Texas Star

1940

Second Anniversary Issue

Volume Three

Autumn, 1942

Number One



THE MAIN BUILDING
UNIVERSITY OF TEXAS

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SERIAL RECORD
JUN 20 1945

#106

The Turner Inquirer

VOL. 2

MID-SUMMER 1942

NO. 8

THE LEAST WE CAN DO

By Jack Burke

The other day I heard someone say, "Being sick is a crime and being well is the common duty of every good citizen." In my estimation, this is (in many respects) a very wise statement.

Today, more than ever before, good health is essential, if we, the American people, are to build up what we hope to be the strongest, most self-sufficient, and best nation in the world. America has little room for the "always complaining about his illnesses" type of person. We must be strong, intelligent, willing to work, and cooperate if we are to fulfill successfully the numerous tasks set before us.

We must try, to the best of our ability, to eat the right kinds of food in the eternal effort to remain physically fit for our jobs.

Being sick is not always the fault of the ill person, but not getting well might be. One who is potentially ill is a direct burden and handicap to his country.

It is the common duty of every citizen to keep well, because that seems to be the least we can do for the country as a whole.

X-PN 4827

The Turner Inquirer

Vol. 2

WINTER, 1942

GIFT No. 9

My Idea

I'm longing tonight for a spot of my own
Just a little farm house to call my own
I am so tired of a crowded street—
And the stuffed shirts, that one will meet

I long for a spot by a nice cool brook.
A tree shaded cottage in a tiny nook
Just to feast my eyes on fields of grain
Would make me feel to home again.

Oh, yes, I'm longing for that tiny farm.
Wreathed in the valley in all its charm
Most folks don't like a quiet little place
They prefer the city's hectic pace

But, give me the cottage, shaded by trees
Let me hear the birds, and the buzz of bees
Let me fish and swim in a shady brook
Nature's handiwork, my only book.

—Nina M. Benka

#107
THE LIBRARY
CONGRESS
SERIAL RECORD

JUN 28 1943

THE TURNER INQUIRER

VOL. 2

FEBRUARY 1942

NO. 6

WINGS OVER INDUSTRY

By Shirley E. Turner

While our nation is in a turmoil and we have slogans pertaining to our air force such as "Wings over America," "Keep 'em Flying" etc. we come to another phrase for our air minded aspirants. What about industry? What effect do you think all this has on various industries?

Take the motion picture industry, for example. When air planes were first introduced by the Wright Brothers in 1903 everyone immediately went "air minded" for an era. Motion pictures took the lead in promoting an interest in aeronautics, and since that time has kept the public eye up to the minute in aviation. Lately, however, in such pictures as "I Wanted Wings", "Forced Landing," and similar pictures of this type an inevitable crash has taken place. Although crashes are exciting and keep the audience tense, what effect do you think all this has on aviation... and industry. Millions of audiences abroad as well as here in the U.S. see these aviation pictures, and in these audiences set mothers who have sons in that branch of the service, also in these audiences are found over a million of our youth who have been spirited in an aeronautic sense. The form of stabilization on which the sport, occupation and life of "men with wings" is based would show a definite drop if our "American wings" were discouraged. Maybe our motion picture directors could find a solution to this problem so that wings over the motion picture industry will have some effect as to motion pictures over wings.

"Wings over industry," also includes many occupations which air-planes have given us. In order to have planes we must have steel, we must have propellers and other essential airplane parts. To get these things, we must make them. Steel workers, machinists, etc., will promote industry in that field to give wings so that we may have a "flying army". Many industries are affected by the great need for airplane parts and airplane pilots. As you can easily see our nation depends a great deal on our industries to get our wings, as well as see the "Wings over industry".

X-1-N 4827

409

The Toledo Spectator

On the banks of the Maumee River

VOL. 4, NO. 1

TOLEDO, OHIO

APR 28 1942
MARCH 1942

It Happened In Horthy's Regency.

Cardinal Pacelli—the present Pope—some time before his elevation to the Papacy made an address in Hungarian during the Eucharistic Congress in Buda-Pesth. This language is said to be most difficult to master, but the Cardinal was a linguist of extraordinary ability.

The first line of his prepared address read, "I am very happy to be here today." Fine, but how did it sound when orally delivered? Some villagers listening on the radio burst into laughter when they heard the Prince of the Church utter his words of greeting. Questioned as to the reason for this unseemly levity, they explained that His Eminence had made a slight error in the inflection of the word "happy". In reality, he had said, "I am very crazy to be here today!"

Remember Pearl Harbor And The Maginot Line!

A cultured young lady, while sight-seeing in Paris a number of years ago, asked a gentleman in the party for some information. "Tell me, Doctor, if you can, the meaning of those letters 'RF' we see on so many public buildings?"

"Those letters, my dear young lady," said he, "mean nothing less than Republic of France!"

That happened in 1929. What do they mean today? Nothing more than RUINED FRANCE, and why is France in this condition? Your answer is as good as the next. But the shattered remnant of the once proud sister republic should ever remind us—the citizens of the USA—that if we really desire to continue as free people we must FIGHT, WORK and PAY!

Buy Defense Stamps And Bonds Today!

The Toledo Spectator

On the banks of the Maumee River

VOL. 4, NO. 2

TOLEDO, OHIO

MAY 1942



Oh, Death, Where Is
Thy Sting? Oh, Grave,
Where Is Thy Victory?

Listen, Ye, To One
Man's Misfortune!

Henny had spent the afternoon and early evening at the bowling alley where he finally succeeded in getting into serious difficulties with some of the competing keggers. He had overestimated his ability as a ten-pin artist with a resulting loss of eighty dollars which he emphatically refused to pay, for some technical reason of his own invention. Harsh words followed and some of them were designed to portray the utter contempt in which the alleged winners held him. In fact, expletives without number were used to indicate how much cleaner the world would be after his departure with a one-way ticket for a region where automatic stokers are eternally banned.

Stabbed to the depths of his altruistic soul by these vile invectives, he persuaded two of his friends to take him home

where his instantaneous death could be witnessed in the privacy of the kitchen. (The Mrs. was attending a church social.)

Pouring three glasses of old champagne, he was about to put the "black drop" in his own drink when the door-bell rang.

Cursing such untimely interference with the finale of his life's drama, Henny answered the summons. A few moments later he returned to the impatient friends in the kitchen and announced that his act of self-destruction would have to be postponed until a future date. It seems he had forgotten an engagement to play pin-ochle this particular evening and the guests had just now arrived,—three clerics.

Henny played the part of host in his usual lavish manner, forgot the earlier impulses of the day and when the pastors departed he was again on good terms with the world. Nor did he do any talking in his—



The Toledo Spectator

On the banks of the Maumee River

VOL. 4, NO. 3

TOLEDO, OHIO

JUNE 1942

UNITED AMATEUR PRESS ASS'N OF AMERICA

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APR 26 1944
CONVENTION CITY FOR 1943—NEW YORK CITY

MAIL YOUR BALLOTS AS SOON AS RECEIVED!

KEEP THIS TICKET HANDY FOR REFERENCE!

The names of these candidates are submitted for your earnest consideration in the election of officers at the convention to be held in San Francisco on July 3, 4, and 5, 1942.

All sections of the country and all age groups are represented and each nominee stands unswervingly for loyalty, harmony and progress in our United Amateur Press Association of America.

A-PH 4921

#112

The Toledo Spectator

On the banks of the Maumee River

VOL. 4, NO. 4

TOLEDO, OHIO

AUGUST 1942



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APR 28 1944

Human Projectiles.

By Harry E. Gail

Practically every endeavor has its trade paper. In the field of amusements "The Billboard," affectionately known as "The Showman's Bible," depicts the daily doings of the Carnival world. Recently, under the typical heading, "The Final Curtain," appeared a five line obituary recording the death of "The Human Cannonball."

For years stunt men, dare-devils or crackpots—the classification depending on the I. Q. of the spectators—have been presenting the "Cannon Act" as the grand climax of a night on the Midway.

A mechanical device resembling a huge gun hurls the performer in graceful arc from its phoney mouth to a net some distance away. It has been done successfully many times but in this instance there was a miscalculation—the human projectile fell short of the net—a sudden thud—a broken back—and death claimed the man who cancelled the earth to satisfy the thrill hunger of a motley crowd of curiosity seekers. A few relatives will mourn his passing and he will be missed, for a time, by his carnival associates but the world will little know or quickly forget the human cannonball. Five lines in a trade publication reflect his fame.

Intrepid Colin Kelly plunges his flaming plane into a Jap cruiser—a human projectile—and the nation's press proclaims the glory of the man who gave his life that you and I might live and enjoy the freedoms and security that we count as our heritage. His act will live in history's pages forever.

Pause a moment. Shall we continue to spend our dimes and dollars seeking thrills and buying amusement, or shall we invest them in U. S. War Bonds and Stamps and back up the Colin Kellys who are fighting the battle for the survival of my America and yours and yours and yours?

K-28 4827

#113

The Toledo Spectator

On The Banks Of The Maumee River

VOL. 5, NO. 1

TOLEDO, OHIO

SEPT. 1942

Puzzle Picture — Find The Dog!

THE LIBRARY OF
CONGRESS
RENTAL RECORD

APR 28 1944



This was intended to be a picture of Defiance dogs, for the edification of Pvt. Bob Myers, in Orlando, Fla., but our Staff Photographer, Howard Squire, aimed too high and well-nigh missed his objective. To non-residents of Defiance it may be said that the snappy fellow on the left is Dr. Paul Newcomb and the urbane gentleman on the right is Mr. Carl Sprigg, the owner of Old Honey Boy, the cat that refused to accept an untimely death by chloroform. Some of our older readers may remember the Newcomb-Sprigg Co. and its futile efforts to dig a water-well with a teaspoon. Well, they don't look like well-diggers, do they? Well, they are not and that's WELL enough for them.

At any rate, Bob, this will serve as a greeting and expression of good wishes from the "drug-store gang" and you can see that at least a part of it is still functioning. As for the apothecary, his schedule remains the same; 18 hours of work, 4 hours devoted to a review of the past, and contemplation of the future, and two hours of sleep. Lester never changes, you know, Bob!

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The Toledo Spectator

"On The Banks Of The Maumee River"

Vol. 5, NO. 2

TOLEDO, OHIO

NOV. 1942

Do You Remember When
Dad arose early on cold, winter mornings to thaw the frozen kitchen pump so that the family could perform the matutinal ablutions with rain-water from the cistern?

Mother treated your tonsillitis by applying a neck collar of red flannel lined with bacon rinds? Ugh!!!

Certain folks with chronic indispositions bought "Peruna"—a so-called tonic—by the case because its high alcohol content gave them a "kick"?

You could exercise your vocal apparatus by chastizing the telephone operator? And how she could hand it back! Wow!

The butcher would "throw in" a couple of weiners when you bought a pound or two of pork chops? Yes, that is going back quite a few years.

The Government issued proprietary and documentary tax stamps to help pay the cost of the Spanish-American War?

The Sunday-school teacher, once or twice a year, presented chromos to her GOOD boys?

J. Ulysses Fauster pilfered a keg of perfectly good ale from a fellow townsman who had it cached for his private use? No, you don't, but he does.

A set of tires was guaranteed for 3000 miles and the gas lamps and windshield were sold as extra equipment?

It was urged that every family should have at least two cars to stimulate the auto industry?

Somebody thought we had a surplus of little pigs in the U.S.?

The Nips were our best customers for scrap metal?

Grand-Nephew Number 3!

BORN OCTOBER 4, 1942
AT DEFIANCE, OHIO
CHARLES ADAMS CLEMENS
SON OF
MR. AND MRS. ROGER CLEMENS

Flash!!!

Just at press time I learned that my sister-in-law, Mrs. L. G. Adams, (grandma of the new arrival) will have returned from an "inspection tour" of the Eastern seaboard in time to entertain Maybelle and the Editor on his birthday.—Hallo'een. Goeh, I hope to live through it all; Defiance is noted for hospitality!

X-PN 4827

#115

Treasure Trove

VOL. 5 Nos. 1 & 2

MAR. & JUNE 1942

Spokane, ID 28194 Washington

PRINTER: C. F. COPELAND, HOLDREGE, NEBR.

Blessed Eastertide

With this sincerest wish:
That those most dear to you,
Will share your happiness
With one so tried and true.
O, blessed Eastertide,
May it for you abide.

—ANNA RAPFOLD

Magic Voice

How I loved the voice
That entered my room tonight
It drifted on ether waves,
And thrilled me with delight.

Gripped a heart in anguish wrung,
The words, the music, and song
Brought to me a world so fair—
For love and beauty centered
there.

Vanquish the darkened night
For silv'ry beams of light,
Softened sorrow, lessened pain,
When o'er the air the magic
came.

Like wisps of silv'ry moonlight,
It came from out of the night,
Softly floated on wings of song,
Then faded and was gone.

—ANNA RAPFOLD

The Wet Meeting

Jim had spent all morning 'sprucing up' so he would look fit to meet his cousin Ellen and her chum Christine, from Dartmouth College. They were coming by train to Trumet to spend their vacation at Ellen and Jim's grandparents' home, the L-Bar ranch. He just had to hurry up and get to his grandparents' so he could see his cousin and her chum. This would be the first time the cousins had ever met. He wondered if the girls were good looking and if they would be up when he arrived there.

The morning's activities of Jim's were extremely funny. He would put a high-heeled cowboy boot on one foot and a sport oxford on the other. He just could not decide whether to make his appearance as a cowboy riding his pinto pony, or a college chap driving his roadster. He would look into the glass and wonder if they would be shocked if he wasn't shaved. He didn't want to shave as he was proud of his new whiskers because he 'felt like a man' as he expressed it; then again, he would like the experience of shaving. He finally decided he didn't care whether they were shocked or not, but underneath he really did care.

The TOUCHSTONE

NO. 1 Published Occasionally by MARION BLODGETT, New York SEPTEMBER, 1942

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DRIFTWOOD

By LORENE MARSHALL

APR 23 1944

Don't feel sorry for yourself because luck seems to be against you. Until you have gone through fire and flood, seeing all your cherished possessions become flotsam and jetsam, or else go up in smoke, you have not suffered hardships.

Years ago there was a family that built a three-story house by the river-side. Occupying the second floor themselves, they rented out the first and third stories. One of their tenants became careless and the house burned to the ground.

They then put up a large metal garage and with their four children moved into it. The mother became ill and underwent an operation. Later another baby came, born in the garage. Then the father of the children died.

Eventually they moved into their now rebuilt home, once again consisting of three stories.

Then came the flood.

The water arose to the second floor and it arose suddenly. There was no loss of life, but you should have seen those newly painted walls and the furniture. Perhaps you have seen a house smeared with mud inside and out, and

the yard filled with debris from a receding river?

In the back yard the boys found a few boards nailed together on which could be seen the word, "Driftwood." This had once been a part of a railroad station wall located many miles up the river. The "Driftwood" sign had traveled many sodden miles before coming to rest on their property.

But those boys and the mother did not become driftwood! In a nearby treetop, somewhat bedraggled to be sure, they found a United States Flag, and with Old Glory, they once more commenced to rebuild their home.

She did not become bitter, that woman. She didn't whine about her hard luck. She just took up the threads of her life and commenced to weave a new pattern. Her smile was like a thread of gold among the grey and brown strands of a tapestry.

It's not easy to break the habit of complaining about your illness, your poverty, or any of the many difficulties which assail mankind. But you CAN break it!

Don't feel sorry for yourself. Don't become driftwood.

The TOUCHSTONE

Published Occasionally by
No. 2 MARION BLODGETT and MERLE B. DANA, New York .NOVEMBER, 1942

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"DISORDERLY CONDUCT"

By MERLE B. DANA

I went into that store to buy a hat! That's my story, so help me, and I'm going to stick to it.

It all began when that saleslady stuck the wrong thing on my head and told me it was "chic." She's a woman of my own age and should have had better sense and not tried to pull that old line on me. But as the old saying goes, "you can't teach an old dog new tricks." She was bent on selling me that thing she called a hat, and I was just as determined that she wouldn't.

It was a bright red straw, that perched right on the top of my head, with a profusion of vari-colored posies topped by a large satin bow of a deeper hue with the ends streaming down the back of the head.

"Advanced style," she chirped, as she adjusted it on top of her bleached-blond curls. Then picking up the hand-mirror she strutted up and down the store viewing herself from all angles.

"Maybe your style, but not mine," I retorted, scanning the other models, in order to shut out the moving picture before me.

"But, Madam——"

"Please don't call me madam. Will

you please show me something that looks like a hat?"

Her face was a mask of indignation as she slowly backed away from me and bumped into a table holding several hats perched on long slender stands. The stands toppled over and the hats soon found new resting places. The saleslady stepped on one of them before she realized what she had done.

It was such a ludicrous situation that I laughed out loud in spite of the slowly rising storm within. But this only added to the confusion before me. Then a sudden pang of conscience gripped me and I bent down to help her to pick up the hats. But I went the wrong way about it — result, another tableful of hats on the floor!

That exploded the bombshell!

The enraged saleslady rolled over on the rear part of her anatomy, leaned back on her hands and sent a volley of oaths in my direction. I reciprocated with another volley. Whereupon that lady, with the red hat still perched at a precarious angle, suddenly seized that crimson atrocity and with an uncanny aim landed it right on top of my head.

(Continued on page 2)

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WINTER 1942

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My
OLD
Kentucky
Home

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• THE TIDEWATER ADVERTISER •

A Monthly Leaflet for all Those trying Their Hand at Mail Order
Published by E. C. Wood, Printer, Hampton, Virginia

VOL. I

HAMPTON, VA., JULY, 1942

NO. 7

Check and Double Check

Old timers in the mail game will tell you this: Check and double check—test, test, test—every circular you mail. Make certain that you never regularly mail a “dead head.”

Every time you place a circular in and envelope, a circular that isn't more than just paying for itself, you are losing—Money—Time—Energy!

Have a six-month check-up on all circulars you mail. To make certain that they are pulling in those orders. Keep books. Know just how your various offers (circulars) are doing, at any given time. It means a little extra work and it means more than a little extra profit, when you remove a “dead” circular!—KAY BENTON, Ohio.

Good Results

C. J. Torian, mail dealer of this city writes us the following regarding his ad in The Tidewater Advertiser—

“.....I'm getting better results from the ad in the Advertiser than from any other medium I have yet used.Its costing me 20c a month for that ad and I'm getting around \$5.00 in orders from it consistently each month, to say nothing of the repeat orders I receive from my follow-up letters to those who originally ordered from the ad.”

Come in, results are fine. You can not get as much bonafide circulation any where for this small sum.

WANT A “HOT” NOVELTY?

These are really spicy. If you blush easily do not send for one. Nuff said 10c brings it postpaid in plain wrapper

UNIQUE SUPPLY CO.

212 Armistead Ave. Hampton, Va.

PRINT YOUR OWN

Circulars, letters, announcements, etc with simple home-made Press costing less than \$1.00 to make. Uses real printer's type. Does good work. Illustrated instructions only 10c coin.

NATIONAL MAIL SALES CO.
304 S. Cherry St. Richmond, Va.

STAMPS EXCHANGED:

Will give 250 clean mixed foreign, for 100 clean mixed precancels.

JACOB H. KIESEL MANN,

5031 Margaretta Ave

St. Louis, Missouri.

3

JUST OFF THE PRESS!

Authentic, inspiring story—“General Douglas McArthur, Fighter for Freedom”—over 300 pages, profusely illustrated, \$1.35 postpaid. Stamp brings descriptive circular. Write PUBLISHER, Box 055, Newberry, Michigan,

PRINT SHOP FOR SALE

Completely Equipped

6x9 side-lever press, paper cutter, lead and rule cutter, type, border, etc. A complete shop. \$110.00. If interested send 3c stamp for lists, invoice and samples of work. The Dawn Service, TA.
Bedford, Kentucky

LET OUR TYPES TELL IT

X-PN 4827

The Texas Star

#120
THE LIBRARY OF
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SERIAL RECORD

JUN 28 1945

★ FROM DEEP IN THE HEART OF TEXAS ★

Volume Two

Summer, 1942

Number Four

Only A Dream

by Russell Louis Paxton

TO BETTY

It is only a dream that comes to tease,
Of that summer night that I met with you,
When your kiss I felt as a star-blown breeze
As soft as the dawn and as sweet as dew.

It is only a dream, your being there
In the shadowy nook of my room
Where the charm of your loveliness is rare
As the sweetest of flowers that bend and bloom.

It is only a dream, but memories bring
Your voice in a whisper so sweet and low
That I know my life is a worthless thing
Since I was so foolish to let you go.

Courtesy of the Manuscript Bureau

Keeping A Diary

by Savilla J. Slothower

To my knowledge, few amateurs have mentioned the keeping of a diary. Some professional writers have regretted that they had not kept a diary. Once the habit is formed the day is not complete unless a thought has been written down.

At first, my diary seemed to me like a weather report until I got used to changing statements and facts into thoughts. With only four or five short lines in a five-year diary, the thought must be brief yet complete. On paper you will see your moods and contacts. It is easy to write a paragraph be-

cause you know the subject so well, for instance:

1941—Jan. 30; Several persons said when they take their dog out for a ride they take him all the way to Dover. The idea!

1942—Feb. 29; This is a day that isn't. It's funny. In my diary but not on the calendar. It does not count.

Some dates reflect sadness, while others are pleasant recollections and experiences.

Of greater importance, a record or a journal is necessary where there is a story.

X-PM

#121

The Twain

VOL I

OCTOBER, 1942

No. 1

Western Autumn

If I have forgotten a little . . . not much . . .
 The cool autumn wind like a lover's soft touch,
 The scent of the pines in the crisp atmosphere,
 The concert of birds so sweet to the ear,
 The view of the sun, rising over the dawn,
 And evergreen mountains stretching endlessly on,
 If I have forgotten a little . . . not much . . .
 Then let me remember, and remembrance be such
 As to bring surcease of this haunting, this ache,
 That floods like the tide in my heart and will make
 Me surrender to glories of autumn out west,
 Where beauty was born and beauty will test.

By CATHERINE TERRY HURD



Vaslav Nijinsky

(A Biography)

By FRANK FILZEK

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APR 28 1944

In the life of this man, the greatest ballet dancer of modern times, there is enough romance, beauty, and tragedy to fill many novels. His was a greatness that should be revealed to all.

Vaslav Nijinsky was born in Kiev in South Russia on February 28, 1890, according to the Russian calendar. He was the second son of Thomas Nijinsky, a perfect classical dancer, and Eleanora Bereda, a student of the Warsaw School of Dancing. Vaslav was a real child of the stage for the Nijinskys wandered from city to city exercising their beloved art and earning their livelihood as best they could.

At the age of nine his mother, partly to take the burden of his education from her shoulders after being deserted by her husband and partly to fulfill her long-cherished dream, took Vaslav to the Imperial School of Dancing. After thorough examination he qualified and was accepted for training. His mother relinquished all rights as his parent and he was virtually "adopted" by the Tsar. Here his educa-

(Turn to Page Three)

#122

The Twain

VOL. 1

DECEMBER, 1942

NO. 2

Our Music

By CATHARINE TERRY HURD

You think that you are gone from me
But you are wrong,
The music that is you and I is hushed
But still a song,
The symphony of hours shared with you
Is symphony as yet,
Our overture, prelude and finale
Can you forget?
The dreams that we both knew in rhapsody
Are bitter sweet,
The fate that toned our eyes with tears
Will not repeat,
Should you let distance put behind you
Our memory's melody
Then I shall weep, and grief will lend discord
To our chose harmony,
You think that you are gone from me
But you are wrong.
The music that is you and I is hushed
But still a song.

1. 2. 3. 4. 5. 6. 7. 8. 9. 10. 11. 12. 13. 14. 15. 16. 17. 18. 19. 20. 21. 22. 23. 24. 25. 26. 27. 28. 29. 30. 31. 32. 33. 34. 35. 36. 37. 38. 39. 40. 41. 42. 43. 44. 45. 46. 47. 48. 49. 50. 51. 52. 53. 54. 55. 56. 57. 58. 59. 60. 61. 62. 63. 64. 65. 66. 67. 68. 69. 70. 71. 72. 73. 74. 75. 76. 77. 78. 79. 80. 81. 82. 83. 84. 85. 86. 87. 88. 89. 90. 91. 92. 93. 94. 95. 96. 97. 98. 99. 100. 101. 102. 103. 104. 105. 106. 107. 108. 109. 110. 111. 112. 113. 114. 115. 116. 117. 118. 119. 120. 121. 122. 123. 124. 125. 126. 127. 128. 129. 130. 131. 132. 133. 134. 135. 136. 137. 138. 139. 140. 141. 142. 143. 144. 145. 146. 147. 148. 149. 150. 151. 152. 153. 154. 155. 156. 157. 158. 159. 160. 161. 162. 163. 164. 165. 166. 167. 168. 169. 170. 171. 172. 173. 174. 175. 176. 177. 178. 179. 180. 181. 182. 183. 184. 185. 186. 187. 188. 189. 190. 191. 192. 193. 194. 195. 196. 197. 198. 199. 200. 201. 202. 203. 204. 205. 206. 207. 208. 209. 210. 211. 212. 213. 214. 215. 216. 217. 218. 219. 220. 221. 222. 223. 224. 225. 226. 227. 228. 229. 230. 231. 232. 233. 234. 235. 236. 237. 238. 239. 240. 241. 242. 243. 244. 245. 246. 247. 248. 249. 250. 251. 252. 253. 254. 255. 256. 257. 258. 259. 260. 261. 262. 263. 264. 265. 266. 267. 268. 269. 270. 271. 272. 273. 274. 275. 276. 277. 278. 279. 280. 281. 282. 283. 284. 285. 286. 287. 288. 289. 290. 291. 292. 293. 294. 295. 296. 297. 298. 299. 300. 301. 302. 303. 304. 305. 306. 307. 308. 309. 310. 311. 312. 313. 314. 315. 316. 317. 318. 319. 320. 321. 322. 323. 324. 325. 326. 327. 328. 329. 330. 331. 332. 333. 334. 335. 336. 337. 338. 339. 340. 341. 342. 343. 344. 345. 346. 347. 348. 349. 350. 351. 352. 353. 354. 355. 356. 357. 358. 359. 360. 361. 362. 363. 364. 365. 366. 367. 368. 369. 370. 371. 372. 373. 374. 375. 376. 377. 378. 379. 380. 381. 382. 383. 384. 385. 386. 387. 388. 389. 390. 391. 392. 393. 394. 395. 396. 397. 398. 399. 400. 401. 402. 403. 404. 405. 406. 407. 408. 409. 410. 411. 412. 413. 414. 415. 416. 417. 418. 419. 420. 421. 422. 423. 424. 425. 426. 427. 428. 429. 430. 431. 432. 433. 434. 435. 436. 437. 438. 439. 440. 441. 442. 443. 444. 445. 446. 447. 448. 449. 450. 451. 452. 453. 454. 455. 456. 457. 458. 459. 460. 461. 462. 463. 464. 465. 466. 467. 468. 469. 470. 471. 472. 473. 474. 475. 476. 477. 478. 479. 480. 481. 482. 483. 484. 485. 486. 487. 488. 489. 490. 491. 492. 493. 494. 495. 496. 497. 498. 499. 500. 501. 502. 503. 504. 505. 506. 507. 508. 509. 510. 511. 512. 513. 514. 515. 516. 517. 518. 519. 520. 521. 522. 523. 524. 525. 526. 527. 528. 529. 530. 531. 532. 533. 534. 535. 536. 537. 538. 539. 540. 541. 542. 543. 544. 545. 546. 547. 548. 549. 550. 551. 552. 553. 554. 555. 556. 557. 558. 559. 560. 561. 562. 563. 564. 565. 566. 567. 568. 569. 570. 571. 572. 573. 574. 575. 576. 577. 578. 579. 580. 581. 582. 583. 584. 585. 586. 587. 588. 589. 590. 591. 592. 593. 594. 595. 596. 597. 598. 599. 600. 601. 602. 603. 604. 605. 606. 607. 608. 609. 610. 611. 612. 613. 614. 615. 616. 617. 618. 619. 620. 621. 622. 623. 624. 625. 626. 627. 628. 629. 630. 631. 632. 633. 634. 635. 636. 637. 638. 639. 640. 641. 642. 643. 644. 645. 646. 647. 648. 649. 650. 651. 652. 653. 654. 655. 656. 657. 658. 659. 660. 661. 662. 663. 664. 665. 666. 667. 668. 669. 670. 671. 672. 673. 674. 675. 676. 677. 678. 679. 680. 681. 682. 683. 684. 685. 686. 687. 688. 689. 690. 691. 692. 693. 694. 695. 696. 697. 698. 699. 700. 701. 702. 703. 704. 705. 706. 707. 708. 709. 710. 711. 712. 713. 714. 715. 716. 717. 718. 719. 720. 721. 722. 723. 724. 725. 726. 727. 728. 729. 730. 731. 732. 733. 734. 735. 736. 737. 738. 739. 740. 741. 742. 743. 744. 745. 746. 747. 748. 749. 750. 751. 752. 753. 754. 755. 756. 757. 758. 759. 760. 761. 762. 763. 764. 765. 766. 767. 768. 769. 770. 771. 772. 773. 774. 775. 776. 777. 778. 779. 780. 781. 782. 783. 784. 785. 786. 787. 788. 789. 790. 791. 792. 793. 794. 795. 796. 797. 798. 799. 800. 801. 802. 803. 804. 805. 806. 807. 808. 809. 810. 811. 812. 813. 814. 815. 816. 817. 818. 819. 820. 821. 822. 823. 824. 825. 826. 827. 828. 829. 830. 831. 832. 833. 834. 835. 836. 837. 838. 839. 840. 841. 842. 843. 844. 845. 846. 847. 848. 849. 850. 851. 852. 853. 854. 855. 856. 857. 858. 859. 860. 861. 862. 863. 864. 865. 866. 867. 868. 869. 870. 871. 872. 873. 874. 875. 876. 877. 878. 879. 880. 881. 882. 883. 884. 885. 886. 887. 888. 889. 890. 891. 892. 893. 894. 895. 896. 897. 898. 899. 900. 901. 902. 903. 904. 905. 906. 907. 908. 909. 910. 911. 912. 913. 914. 915. 916. 917. 918. 919. 920. 921. 922. 923. 924. 925. 926. 927. 928. 929. 930. 931. 932. 933. 934. 935. 936. 937. 938. 939. 940. 941. 942. 943. 944. 945. 946. 947. 948. 949. 950. 951. 952. 953. 954. 955. 956. 957. 958. 959. 960. 961. 962. 963. 964. 965. 966. 967. 968. 969. 970. 971. 972. 973. 974. 975. 976. 977. 978. 979. 980. 981. 982. 983. 984. 985. 986. 987. 988. 989. 990. 991. 992. 993. 994. 995. 996. 997. 998. 999. 1000.

Puzzle

By CATHARINE TERRY HURD

I gazed long in your eyes
And thought my favorite color
Blue.
- Blue of the skies,
Blue of your eyes.

But now I look down
Long hours away from you
Serenely.
And, wondering, I frown—
Are your eyes blue or brown?

JUN 26 1945

TOPIX

A monthly publication devoted to the hobby of amateur journalism.
Published and edited by William Haywood, 1540 Unionport Road,
New York City. Charter A-46, American Amateur Press Association.

NUMBER 23

OCTOBER, 1942

DIAMONDS AND ONIONS

BY HORACE H. KNIGHT

Jo Pinn was looking out of the window next to his bench on the twenty-first floor of a midtown skyscraper. His optometrist had advised him: "When you feel an eye-strain, gaze at disant objects." Before him on the bench was a piece of jewelry, almost completed.

It was Jo's birthday. He was fifty-three—in good condition, too—conscious that the years were passing, but satisfied he could do many things as well as, and some things better than, he ever could. At his trade, for example, he was unquestionably an expert.

The new executive vice-president of American Gems, Incorporated, Watchley Springs, entered on rubber heels.

"What are you doing, Pinn?" he enquired.

"I'm resting my eyes, sir," replied Jo, turning.

Mr. Springs sputtered, looked around a bit, then went out. A half-hour later he summoned the cashier.

"What's Pinn's salary, Mr. Graype?" he asked.

"One hundred, sir, without overtime; an average of one-hundred and fifty-five with overtime," was the answer.

"Thank you."

The following payday Jo had a notice of dismissal—"for reasons of economy." It was a staggering blow. He sought and obtained an interview with Mr. Springs, but got no satisfaction. It seemed that the combination of cutthroat competition from numerous fly-by-night, corner novelty-jewelry stores; people not buying; and "that man" in the White House taxing all the profits out of free enterprise had forced him, reluctantly, to wield the axe. His mind was made up. "Maybe later things will pick up again; keep in touch; give me a buzz," were his final words, embellished by a frozen smile.

Jo examined his assets. He had two thousand dollars, good health, thirty-five years experience as a jeweler, a small circle of friends—without business influence (as far as he knew), and guts. His wife had passed on years ago and his near relatives, with the exception of his daughter, Dawn, were in a foreign country.

First, he made the rounds of the other manufacturing jewelers. He discovered that the tale of woe delivered by Mr. Springs was just the beginning: other craftsmen—good men he knew, were also pounding the sidewalks; the jewelry game

(Continued on page two)

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T O P I X

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TOPIX

Ordinarily a quarterly publication-- this is a special edition-- devoted to the hobby of amateur journalism. Published and edited by William Haywood, 1540 Unionport Road, New York City. Charter A-46, American Amateur Press Association.

No. 17

FEBRUARY, 1942

INTER-ASSOCIATION LAUREATE COMMITTEE

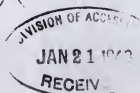
TO untie any knots that may be tying up the conduct of the Inter-Association Laureate Contests, and to lay a foundation for governing them, President Trainer of the NAPA and I have named a committee. Burton Crane and Robert L. Smith, Jr., are members of both great amateur press groups, and are thereby equipped with a knowledge of the problems present at both ends. With assistance from the Presidents of each organization, they should be able to make certain that the contests will be conducted with benefit to both Associations and with partiality to neither. When details are worked out, they will be presented to the members of our respective bodies, and a friendly rivalry will be on! Now's the time for all good AAPA-ers to start turning out winning material!

Edwin Hadley Smith has been appointed Honorary Librarian of the AAPA. Members are requested to supply him with material for inclusion in the Library of Amateur Journalism at the Franklin Institute.

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#126

TOPIX



No. 19

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Central Serial Section
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1942

TOPIX

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Published and edited by William Haywood, 1540 Unionport Road, New
York City. Charter A - 46, American Amateur Press Association.

ET CETERA IT was our intention last
January to present you with
a genuine, unadulterated Latin title.
Somewhere between the copy and the type
form our printer lost the thing, and our
second paragraph last time looked rather
silly. Sillier than our paragraphs
usually look, which is going pretty far.
Just in case he should think the words
above are something else, we'll say
right here that the new title is ET CET-
ERA.

Our poetic contribution this quarter
comes from the pen of one of our co-
workers. He is outside the pale of ama-
teur journalism, but he frequently reads
and occasionally is provoked to flatter-
ing comment on this journal. If you
want to help us square things up with
him, you can write to him (in care of
The News, New York City) and tell him
what you think of his poem. Mr. Bourne
has for years been one of The News' first
artists, and his byline on maps is a
familiar one. As a hobby he paints
excellent water colors and sometimes
dashes off poetry like the sample in
ToPIX.

Since Uncle Sam wouldn't accept us
in his armed forces, we're compelled to
do our part in the Victory campaign thru
the medium of Defense Savings Bonds and
by paying our income taxes early. Which
gives us a chance to ring in the latest
poor joke that has occurred to us: Si-
mon & Shuster have published a book
called "How to Live Within Your Income."
(Advt.) We'd be more interested in
something entitled "How to Live WITHOUT
Your Income." --we beg your pardon.

??? DOES this issue look peculiar? We
hope not-- just check on the date,
and you'll see we're not crazy-- late!

***** REVIEW *****
***** By Harry Bourne *****

**

As I lie here in a shell hole,
On the Devil's own terrain,
To watch and wait and
Wait and watch and
Duck a leaden rain

I sometimes get to thinkin' of
The times that used to be.
Of the dear old gang--
The queer old gang
That used to work with me.

That same old gang that mentally
As friend, pal, or foe I rated--
As Prince or rat--
I'll tell you that
To me they're all related.

Right now I'd give up all my pay,
My chevrons and citation,
To once more take
Their hands and shake
Them with elation!

EDITOR'S NOTE DON'T believe that it took us
this long to mimeograph this
issue-- we're slow, but not
THAT much! You see, our printer had the
copy (and the cash, so it wasn't that we
couldn't pay our bills!) for this issue
in plenty of time, but didn't print it.

Actually, this edition is mimeograph-
ed in October, 1943, and from our new
publication offices-- 3-09 Cyril Avenue,
Fair Lawn, N. J.

10-5511g

JAN 26 1943

T O P I X

No. 21

August, '42

A monthly publication, devoted to the hobby of amateur journalism. Published and edited by William Haywood, 1540 Unionport Road, New York City. Charter A-46, American Amateur Press Association

INTER-ASSOCIATION LAUREATE CONTEST

First- and second-place winners in the annual laureate contests of the National and American Amateur Press Associations were entered against each other in the fields of the short story, poem, and essay for the Inter-Association Laureate Contests, and the first winner is a member of the AAPA. Johnnie Vaglianti, of League City, Texas, has been revealed as the author of the essay selected as the best of those entered. The judge of essays was Carl Warren, BA, BS, MSJ, formerly Washington correspondent for the Chicago Tribune and City Editor of the Detroit Mirror, and now Broadcast Editor of the New York News. Mr. Warren has been a professor of journalism at the Medill School of Journalism at Northwestern University, and is author of the popular journalism textbook, "Modern News Reporting."

The winning essay, "My Country 'Tis of Thee," appeared in Texas Star. Second place went to "Ave Atque Vale!" by Edward H. Cole of the NAPA. It appeared in The Olympian. Ranking third and fourth were "Integrity Forsaken" and "Qu-Ex-Ar." The former is by Robert S. Maney of the AAPA and appeared in Pied Type. The latter is by Meyer S. Perlmut, who is a member of both organizations. His essay was published in a NAPA journal.

Of the best essay, Mr. Warren had this to say: "'My Country 'Tis of Thee' wins first place chiefly because of the grasp of the author on his subject matter. His exposition of Americanism, true, is not new. It is an old, old story but it is one which cannot be too frequently retold by each of us in our own words. The article has clarity, coherence. The sentences are, on the whole, simple and direct. But above all, the article hits hard. The author has a message and he delivers it well."

Referring to the runner-up, the essay judge reported: "'Ave Atque Vale!' is too lavish-- too fulsome-- too personal. Yet, I cannot ignore the excellent specific detail set forth, nor the flashes of colorful composition. This author may never be a good reporter-- all three of the others are sound on this score-- but his imagination and depth of feeling may lead him to even greater heights."

Results of the Inter-Association Laureate Contests will be released to newspapers throughout the country by Associated and United Press wires.

TOPIX

September, 1942

A monthly publication devoted to the hobby of amateur journalism. Published and edited by William Haywood, 1540 Unionport Road, New York City. Charter A-46, American Amateur Press Association.

ELECTIONS More candidates have appeared since last month, and the excitement of the campaign is mounting. Now that such a reliable member as Chick Riddle has announced that he is running to succeed Mert Hiatt, we can feel that our funds will be in safe hands-- we're that certain he'll be elected!.. Mike Phelan chooses to run for a post on the Board of Directors, and there is no member who deserves a place there more than does our capable Official Editor... The Printing and Publishing Manager for next year will know he has been in a fight when election results are announced. Both the candidates who have come forward should find favor with voters. One is Jimmie Sellers, Chipley, Florida's lively publisher. The other is Sheldon Wesson, active printer from Forest Hills, N. Y. Jimmie says he'll publish a big paper for printers and publishers if he is elected. Shell is ready to write personal letters to all printers if you vote him in. Both offers sound well, but we're voting for Wesson. He's a sound printer, an enthusiastic printer, and one who will inject a real stimulant into the veins of our printers and publishers if he gains the office. Sellers is a good man, too, so that the Association will have something to look forward to no matter who gets the job... May we add a big boost for Albert for Secretary, Bradfield for Vice-President?

AUGUST BUNDLE Three mimeographers showed up this time. Gator Growl had best appearance of the trio, and is rapidly developing into a top-ranking member of our bundles. Lee Hawes has the old ginger in his front-page editorial... Since you liked it, Lee, we'll modestly admit that WE did the mimeographing on the 1936 Constitution ourselves!.. Wesson contributed a good article on headline construction, and old Gabby a timely number in his series on Public Pests... The introductions to new members in Fort Smith Ajayer were welcome. Pleased to know you, fellow members!.. Count us in on your mimeographers society, Chick!.. Roy Barron may have started something with his colophon for mimeographers. We run ours in this issue, Roy!.. Far and away the best journal in the bundle was The Journal, cooperatively published by Kay and Phelan. More a jay here than in a couple of mailings we can recall!.. Seventeen papers equalled the bundle of a year ago, should you wonder.

COLOPHON Topix is prepared with a Royal portable typewriter, Sovereign stencils, Cheviot mimeo paper. Duplicated on a Speed-O-Print. This issue you get a look at a two-column style-- like it? We'll go back to full-width if you don't!

November 14

TOPIX

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November,
1948

A monthly publication devoted to the hobby of amateur journalism. Published and edited by William Haywood, 1540 Unionport Road, New York City. Charter A-46, American Amateur Press Association.

CONVENTION Our slate in the rapidly-approaching election has had to undergo some revision since the original ticket was drawn up in Hempstead last August. Now, more than ever, it represents a selection of candidates that we can be proud to support--may we present them for your approval? Here they are...

President:- Al Ross
1st VP:- Bill Bradfield, Jr.
2nd VP:- Luther Watson
Treasurer:- Charles Lee Riddle
Official Editor:- Ken Kulziok
Historian:- Johnnie Vaglianti
Mailer:- Karl X. Williams
P & P Mgr:- Jimmie Sellers
Mss. Mgr:- Gordon Rouze
C & C Mgr:- Leland Hawes
Directors:- Haywood, Willard
Smith, Kunde, Clark, & Phelan.
Secretary:- Ray Albert

We urge approval of the Constitutional Revision, all of the way through!

HELP WANTED Members attending high school or college, and willing to distribute circulars there to foster AAPA recruiting, are asked to inform 1st VP Smith of their readiness... A pamphlet designed to interest students in the hobby is in preparation, and the cooperation of members in school is needed to help things along. Will you do your part? Thank!

ELECTIONS The reasons behind some of the alterations in the Convention Ticket,

and the changes in announcement of candidacies, demonstrate the interest being shown in this year's election. Ken Kulziok's announcement that he will be a candidate for Official Editor comes just in time to provide a splendid replacement for Ray, who declined to run. There are rumors that GHK would campaign for the Presidency, but nothing to confirm them... Bob Maney's sudden enlistment left a gap in the ranks difficult to fill, but the return to activity of Karl X. Williams is a timely bit of good news. Karl says he wants the office, and he'll undoubtedly be backed heartily by members who remember him as our first Official Editor. Another departing soldier is our friend Sheldon Wesson, who gives an open field to P & P Mgr. candidate Jimmie Sellters. HAV 's withdrawn from the Directorial race in favor of Bob Kunde, for whose return to activity we are all so grateful.

OCTOBER MAILING Twenty papers filled our package a year ago, and this October proved an exact duplicate... A single mimeographer kept Topix company, the hurried producers of The Cough Drop. Even margin style helps the appearance, but a little more time and care can make a mimeographed paper look even better. Bob Smith worries amusingly about the identity of The Haranguer-- and we'll bet the anonymous publisher is getting a lot of fun out of it!... (Continued on next page)--- ---



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NOVEMBER BUNDLE THE mathematically-minded members may be interested in a few facts 'n' figures pertinent to last month's mailing. So we have assembled data which shows that November this year brought nineteen papers, as compared to a November total of eighteen in 1941. Eleven months of 1941 produced 181 journals, but this year we've had 188 so far. Can we say the war hurts us so much?

EXPIRATIONS THIS MONTH DURING December the memberships of several AAPA stalwarts will expire. We have incomplete records, but we know that Linton Clark, Shirley Turner, Nadine Duncan, Del Forkey, and Harry F. Young, Jr. should renew. Don't you think it may be a good idea to drop a card to these members, and let them know we'd like to have them on the membership list again?

MENTION FOR MIMEOGRAPHERS THE HISTORIAN REPORTS slipped into the duplicator ranks with November, and neatly, too. The report of the Laureates for the third quarter was a welcome one, and should allay some of the qualms of Linton Clark, who seems to think our Laureates are neglected. We're sorry to see Siamese Standpipe neglected in the journal selections, but mighty pleased to find a new member doing so well in the poetry field... The New Criterion does well by the Boy Scouts of Montclair, N.J., but makes us wonder who the publisher can be... The hefty Fort Smith Ajayer drew a groan of sympathy from our duplicator-- what a glutton for work that new Treasurer of ours must be! The work is generally good, although we've seen Chick do better things-- and we still prefer aligned margins! The contribution of Pfc. Dan Harrington we consider a classic. And editor Riddle does all right with his commentary on the bundles, too. William Wilder's early contribution as a new member shows the promise we like to see in our recruits. --And we know how you felt, Bill!

EXCHANGES LAST MONTH TOPIX trades with publishers who do not receive it in the AAPA bundles, and during November we swapped journals with the publishers of The Lost Chord, Vagabond, The Phoenix, The Writer's Guide, and Our Flag.

WANTED-- FOR CASH DO you have copies of The American Dawn in your possession? You can get \$.05 each for them from Helen A. Vivartas, Box 131, Grand Central Annex, New York. The former co-publisher desires back issues to hand out to new members.

X-PN 4827

#32

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SERIALS RECORD
Tropical Moments
JULY 28 1943

Vol. V Miami, Fla.-July '43 No. 1

Killed Instantly in Action

(Reprinted from the 1939 issue of LONE WOLF)

By A. Zimmerman

The guns thundered and hurled lightning
They hurled bursting, hellish flame,
And boys stricken mute were baffled
When sudden, silent darkness came.

Demons from hills cannonaded
Mailing deadly fire and light,
And boys were startled by sudden peace
And a sudden, soundless night.

(Editor's note: This dynamic poem was written many years ago by an amateur poet of the NAPA. His verse so ahead of its time, that we feel it worth re-publication.)

Vice Presidential Candidate

My decision to run for First Vice President of the American Amateur Press Association comes after much deliberation and consultation with older members. President Vivartas's gesture in appointing me to fill the unexpired term of Bradfield shows her confidence in me (or desperation in finding some one who is willing to work!). Anyway, I'd appreciate your vote and support. I'm not planning a large campaign because I think our efforts should be put to literary production.

—Roy Lee Barron, Jr., 1st Vice President
American Amateur Press Association

THE LIBRARY OF
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#133

JUN 28 1945
The Turner Inquirer

"Published When Possible" **OFF**

Vol. 2

July 1943

No. 10

LET'S CHAT

It seems that Washington is famous for its chats, so now as old friends we start TTI's third calendar year in amateur circles.

It's interesting to note the ajayers in active service units now.**There is Fran Weber, one time ardent AAPA printer, who is with the Signal Corps.**Harry Young, formerly of D.C. and of the founders of the Washington Amateur Press Club, who is in the Inf. at Camp Butner, N.C.**Bud Johnson, recent contributor to TTI on the Typical American Girl subject, who is with the Signal Corps attached to the Air Corps in Ark.**Charles Riddle, publisher of the Fort Smith Ajayer is with the "defend what we build" outfit, the Seabees of the Navy. Known as the Construction Battalion, the Seabees have a motto which is "Can Do" (anything)--and don't think they're kidding! Charles is a Y 3-c at Camp Peary, Va.** They are only a few of the many ajayers in Uncle Sams fighting forces.

—Ed.

TULIPA

My Victory

By Askan-Nell Malkasian

Hanky and I didn't like Butch because he was always punching me in the nose.

Butch never used to bother me until my father went to work on the 520 acres his father owned, Butch was not like his kind father, who let my parents and me live in a hut on the farm. Ever since we had moved across the Canadian border, we had had trouble, first my folks, then me.

George Hankoian, Herbert Smith, and I, Emil Lorraine, were in the same room in school--a small country school where six classes assembled under one teacher. George, nicknamed Hanky, and Herbert, nicknamed Butch, were in the fifth grade and I was in the third.

Everyone had a different liking for the last day of school when all the pupils gave recitations and sang songs for the parents. The girls liked that last day because they could wear satin dresses and big ribbon bows in their long unbraided hair. I was glad as Butch couldn't insult me till fall.

Hanky and Butch had new suits, I had only a new tie. My trousers were neatly patched, my socks were darned so that they looked almost new, my faded-print shirt was stiffly starched,

THE LIBRARY OF
CONGRESS
SERIAL RECORD

#135

TROUVERE

JULY, 1943.

COPY

Alonzo Champions A Blemish To Journalism

I was pleased to see Alonzo Leonard's &MPERSAND in the June bundle. The &MPERSAND has been in the past a glowing example of amateur journalism. As much as Alonzo's renewing of activity in the AAPA is to be heralded, it is unfortunate that Alonzo himself blew a long sour note to announce his return.

In his article "Fighting Magazine," Alonzo presents a list of publications that he terms are "some of the few remaining vestiges of that freedom of the press which existed in the U. S. before the big publishing chains, big advertisers and big business perverted the nation's press."

Although I am not acquainted with all of Alonzo's "defenders of the free press," I do know one of the publications well enough to present comment. It has been my misfortune to receive this paper without subscription and without request.

THE AMERICAN FREEMAN, one of the papers on Alonzo's list, is a wonderful example of absurdity, bigotry and obscenity. That sheet is put out by the notorious self-styled atheist and egoist, E. Haldeman-Julius, who has attached to his name a long list of publications which are purveyors of filth and written garbage.

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THE LUSHANKI
CONGRESS
SERIAL RECORD #136

JUN 1943

The Texas Star

Volume Three Spring 1943 Number Three

Goddess of Liberty

*Bedloe's Island
New York Harbor*

by Daniel W. Harrington

I wonder how she feels today,
Proud and lonely in the bay,
With her eyes upon—who knows? Men cannot see
What she sees across blue space
Too clean for mankind to abase
And too wide, too deep, too much for you and me.

The grand old lady looks like stone--
That's all she is to Hitler and his kind,
But to me she's a Goddess.
A Goddess of the one thing America stands for;
Not superhighways or vast wheatlands,
Not the White House or John Paul Jones,
Not a haven for the homeless or the Brooklyn Dodgers,

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THE LIBRARY OF
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SERIAL RECORD

#137

JUN 23 1945

The Texas Star

Triple Edition Summer, Fall & Winter, 1943

They'd Have Us Believe... by the editor

In our daily newspapers during the past few years I have read many anti-Russian articles but none was able to arouse more indignation than a recent statement by Washington columnist Samuel B. Pettingill. This voracious anti-Roosevelt writer has solemnly proclaimed in his syndicated column that Josef Stalin's Communism with two decades of preparation was unable to check Hitler's invasion (with only seven years of power, he comments) until American tanks, trucks, and planes began to arrive in large quantities. The statement the Hoosier ex-congressman makes is very true and at the same time very deceptive and childish, or to the anti-Russian propagandists very shrewd, for taken at its face value, it puts a lot over the reading public. The background facts concerning

(continued on page six)

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SEPTEMBER 1945



BIRTHDAY ISSUE

VOL 1

NO. 5

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IN OF
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SERIAL NO. 139
JUN 26 1945

#139

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UNIT

Number One

La Toronja

AAPA

Price 25 Cents

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#140

The Toledo Spectator

"On the Banks of the Maumee River"

Vol. 5, No. 3

Toledo, Ohio

Jan. 1943

Wanted — A Motive.

(A True Story)

Dan Duffie rated himself as important; had'n't he earned his rank as top teller of the First Bank by dint of faithful performance? Was'n't he on his toes — always? Did'n't he qualify as an expert character reader after nearly a third of a century of experience in dealing with the banking public? And now this had to happen to him.

Word had just come through from the Auditing Department that a check for \$100. which he had cashed for some woman on the previous day had been dishonored. The notation "no account" spoke eloquently of what bothered Dan most.

The smear on his record was disconcerting, certainly, but his hurt pride was the real significance; the fact that he had been duped, the fact that he had cashed a check without proper investigation and that he had allowed a stranger to impose upon him — these circumstances were cause for real humiliation.

A week passed during which Dan was inconsolable and then came a report from the North

0051 1943
End office of a similar transaction. A teller in that branch had cashed a "no account" bearing different names but the procedure was the same as in Dan's case.

Without delay Dan and the North End teller got their heads together to compare notes.

Neither had a mind's eye picture of the woman who had cashed the checks but they did agree on one thing; the operator must be a rank amateur because no professional would risk a return visit to the same bank. Rather, an experienced crook would make a speedy getaway after obtaining money on the first check. Evidently the passer was a localite. This conclusion suggested that the woman might try the same stunt at another one of the Branches, having twice found it so easy to "get something for nothing."

Complete details of both operations were dispatched to the other offices with a warning to be on the look-out for the operator.

Sure enough, one week later, to the day, the Manager of the

(Concluded on last page)

The Toledo Spectator

"On the Banks of the Maumee River"


Vol. 5, No. 4

Toledo, Ohio

Feb. 1943

There's Always a Way.

SOME YEARS AGO a friend of mine, a local bandmaster with an utter disdain for the conventions, sailed first-class by way of the Mediterranean to Nairobi, Africa, where he had a sister engaged in missionary work. Being something of a wag he took along an old band uniform and a lot of odd gadgets to dazzle and mystify the natives. Everything went well the first day out and the professor was in fine fettle until evening.

 It was at dinner that he noticed a marked lack of congeniality on the part of his fellow travellers and for the first time he realized the wisdom of his son's advice, "Be sure you don't forget your tuxedo, Dad!" This injunction had been deliberately disregarded because he hated formality and his self-assurance would overcome all difficulties, anyway. However, this determination to flout the customs of ocean travel received a severe jolt the next evening when even the table stewards assumed a definite degree of hauteur. He sensed then that

the gay company now classified him as something lower than a pariah and after the tasteless meal he readily found solitude and pondered his distressing situation. "Its no use to argue, Gus, you old fool," he mused. "You are up against it and if you don't want to starve you had better get busy with your noodle!" And he did.

* * * * *

The professor's chair at the table was vacant and the diners exchanged sly glances of satisfaction. No doubt, the insufferable plebeian was in the steerage sucking soup with his peers and Mama Finefrock had just said those very words to Papa when the orchestra struck up Elgar's "Pomp & Circumstance" march and in strutted the professor with the majesty of a Prince of Bokhara and seated himself at the table. Gus dined well that night and thereafter. What had wrought this change in his status, you ask? Simply the wearing of his old blue and gold band uniform gaudy with cheap convention badges. The parvenus had been duped by mummery intended for kaffirs!

4-11-42

The Toledo Spectator

142

"On the Banks of the Maumee River"

Vol. 6, No. 1

Toledo, Ohio

March 1943

Rhapsody In Red.

AWAY BACK in the days when home basements were hives of industry Gustave purchased a quantity of blackberries and started to convert them into wine. The rich, red juice was carefully poured into a 10 gallon glass jug and a piece of rubber tubing was inserted in the bung to allow the gas to escape as fermentation became active.

Destitute of parsnips or any other of nature's products that could be converted into alcohol he then tackled the more serious job of redecorating the kitchen. A couple of days later the chore was finished and even his wife was pleased with the beautiful white-enameled walls and wood-work. A compliment from her was something unusual in the Kegler household and little Gus was supremely happy. But his joy was of short duration because while cleaning the paint brushes he discovered that the blackberry juice was utterly dormant and had failed to produce a single bubble of gas.

The Mrs. had always been violently opposed to the use of profane language by her spouse

but when she learned the reason for the uproar under the house she tactfully told Gus that the basement was too cold for the juice to ferment and he should fetch his jug to the kitchen where it was much warmer. It would not be in the way and it would "work" in a very short time, she said. This fine spirit of co-operation restored the Mister's sanity and he accepted the invitation promptly. As a reward for this gesture of good-will he took the wife for a ride to a near-by town where they visited friends during the afternoon and evening.

Laughing and joking as they drove home through the warm summer night Gus said, "I will bet you a nickel the juice has't worked yet, woman!"

Entering the house by way of the kitchen door and turning on the light, the Keglers instantly saw that Gus' pessimism had been absolutely unjustified.

The juice had "worked," the ceiling, walls and wood-work were a crazy patch-work of red on white and the glass jug was EMPTY! Thus ended the wine business in the House of Kegler.

*Director
East Ave. 2nd fl.*

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The Toledo Spectator

"On the Banks of the Maumee River"

Vol. 6, No.3

Toledo, Ohio

Sept. 1943

The Farmer Is Always In Trouble.

OSCAR BOYER, MY FATHER-IN-LAW, was busy hoeing corn when a heavy rain-storm blew up. Across the road lived his neighbor, Allen DeMuth. Allen saw his friend coming on the run and opened the door. Then he produced a jug of grape wine and they sat down for a discussion of politics. An hour or so later the storm abated and Oscar started homeward. It was noon and he was hungry so he decided to take the short cut back through the fields. A few months earlier the wire fence enclosing them had been removed but the posts remained in place. Approaching one of the posts, rather unsteadily, he raised one foot to place it on a strand of wire in order to hop the fence. The foot promptly sloshed down into the mud. Nonplussed, he elevated the other foot and met the same disappointing result. Becoming enraged, he spat out his chew of tobacco, swore as only he could swear and renewed the struggle with the pesky "fence."

Allen had been watching these futile maneuvers through one of the kitchen windows. Suddenly moved by compassion, he called his young son and directed him to take the horse and buggy down the lane and offer to help Mr. Boyer.

Even at that early age the future attorney possessed poise and tact. Slowly driving the old mare into the highway, he drew up on the reins and stopped.

"Hey, Mr. Boyer!" he shouted through his funneled hands. "I am driving over to your house to see Ross and Chet. Do you care to ride along?"

Oscar readily accepted the invitation and climbed into the buggy. Taking a fresh chew of tobacco, he vented his feelings.

"You know, Don, I have been after my boys all summer to get rid of that damned fence. But no, they keep putting it off and putting it off! They will fool around with it until somebody gets hurt some day, mark my words!"

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The Toledo Spectator

"On the Banks of the Maumee River"

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TROUVERE

1945

Volume Two.

May, 1943.

Number Two.

THREE SKIES

I

The dull sad waters of this sky
Come sinking close upon the town
This day. The winds to silence die,
And misty shrouds come settling
down.

II

When dawn burst flaming in this
sky,
This day became a balefire, bright
With glaring heat and sterile dry.
By noon the town is burnt with
light.

III

Eternity of lucid blue,
This sky extends beyond this day
Towards the future. Sailing
through
Its seas, the clouds pass far away.

—Richard B. Dunlop.

RAPTURE

Forever longing! Oh, it seems
I always am without you, dear,
Though always in my yearning
dreams
I long to have you close and near!

Forever longing! Oh, I pause
With misty eyes—I cannot see
Your loveliness that wins applause
With all its charm and witchery!

Forever longing! Oh, the pain
My heart endures from day to day!
Oh, how I hate to see a train
Since one has carried you away!

Forever longing! Oh, to be
With you tonight and all the rest
Of nights and days—just you and
me,
Together, happy, breast to breast!

—Russell Louis Paxton

TO THE PATIENT AUTHOR . . .

To the patient authors who made literary contributions to this journal many months ago, only to pass those months waiting for their efforts to be published, I send my sympathy, and thank them for their patience and forbearance.

My election to the office of Official Editor has made it difficult, though not impossible, to publish an amateur paper of my own. However, as is quite apparent, I have finally got around to getting something out, and I hope to be able to appear again this year.

TROUVERE



September, 1943



ONE OUT OF SEVERAL

Since the July issue of this unpretentious amateur paper was disseminated through the mails, several ("many would be an overstatement) commentary letters have been received. Some of the writers thought well of the last TROUVERE; others complained of a slight irritation of their nostrils. Let it suffice to say that various parts of that 'ssue were reviewed and diverse opinions were presented on them.

It might be noted that only one of the reviewers took exception to my article, "Alonzo Champions a Blemish to Journalism." No, friends, it was not Alonzo, for Alonzo d'd not write. The objector who thought enough of his objection to write was one Mr. Harold Preece.

I was not acquainted with Mr. Preece, so his letter was the first opportunity I had to gain any impression of him. Since receiving his letter I have been informed that he is a professional author of some renown. From the wordage he emitted in characterizing this editor, I do not think he can be a very accurate author; thus, I hope his books are not biographical or historical in nature, for in that event I fear that distortion of character, or of history, would run rampant in them.

Perhaps Mr. Preece might rank as a source of light and frivolous fiction. After terming my article "an intemperate and ill-mannered outburst," Mr. Preece goes on to say that "the net effect is solely to brand yourself as a rather fanatical Puritan who cannot

bear to see his household gods criticized."

Although I think Mr. Preece's statement might serve as a good defamation of character (mine), I don't believe it is an accurate definition. I protest being called a "fanatical Puritan," for I am neither fanatic nor Puritan. My religious, moral and even political views are not overzealous or fanatical, but are in keeping with the sentiments of millions of others. Not only do I reject my classification as a fanatic, I hurl the charge back at its source.

Mr. Preece, in defending E. Haldeman-Julius, coined this gem: "I can't see that Haldeman-Julius is any more sacrilegious than a lot of ranting, canting preachers who'd steal the nickels off a dead man's eyes before they gave him a ticket to heaven or hell." From Mr. Preece, who termed my article "intemperate" and "ill-mannered" and called me "fanatical" comes that paper defiling remark, a strongly tainted, though thankfully brief, display of (his own words are appropriate) intemperate, ill-mannered and fanatical anti-religious bigotry.

To continue to examine Mr. Preece's erroneous character definition is difficult, because the definition is indefinite. When he says that I "cannot bear to have my household gods criticized," he uses the symbol of the deity loosely. E. Haldeman-Julius is also devoted to such practice). My religious belief, as that of most, involves one God, no more or less. Some

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T O P I X

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New York City. Charter A-46, American Amateur Press Association.

NUMBER 26

JANUARY, 1943

WEATHER 6-1212 . . . By Helen A. Vivarttas

Every day an average of 25,000 New Yorkers dial WEather 6-1212 to learn if they should wear rubbers, stock in ice cream, ship fruit, or go fishing. The Weather Bureau touches the immediate needs of more Americans than do all other Federal services combined, with the single exception of the Postal service.

Although our weather is a military secret, the pleasant voice of WEather 6-1212 still answers automatically as in peace time. But something new has been added—"Rain or shine, buy War Bonds and Stamps."

Meteorologist in charge of the New York station is Dr. James H. Kimball, who has been with the U. S. Weather Bureau since 1895. A genial, soft-spoken, Southern-type gentleman—"even more gracious than we are," his cheerful co-workers assured me—Dr. Kimball is responsible more than any other for the success of pioneer transatlantic aviation, because of his specialized work on weather charts for the early ocean fliers. He is the first non-flying American to be honored with membership in the "Ligue Internationale d'Honneur des Aviateurs."

The New York Bureau has changed considerably since the first storm warnings flew over the office on October 28, 1871. Although the war has seriously hindered international meteorology, reports are received daily at the Bureau from planes,

ships at sea, and foreign stations. They are studied; the results distributed by electric teleprinter, tele-meter and teletypewriter services, and other modern equipment.

Reports are received automatically by radio in group codes of five numbers each, transmitting the direction and velocity of the wind, precipitation, temperature, and atmospheric pressure as shown by the barometer. When these are made into weather charts they give accurate outlines of the high and low pressure areas which in their conflict as they move across land or sea produce all the varieties of weather.

Latest development is the receiving of weather charts themselves! The maps come ticking off the machine in strips, without visible human aid, ghostlike in the afternoon quiet. "This is still in the experimental stage," James Decker of the Bureau apologized, as he explained the feathered markings which denote wind pressure throughout the country.

Questioned about the general trend of the New York climate, the Bureau stated that the winters are becoming warmer. Annual mean temperature is higher and the precipitation is lower, according to Dr. Kimball. "But," added Mr. Decker hastily, "Don't worry. Even if the trend continues, it would be several million years before New York became a desert!"

APR 28 1943

143

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TOPIX

March
1943

A monthly publication devoted to the hobby of amateur journalism. Published and edited by William Haywood, 1540 Unionport Road, New York City. Charter A - 46, American Amateur Press Association.

FEBRUARY BUNDLE

NARY a mimeor joined us in the bundle as Karl Williams took over his new duties as Mailer. But with the Phelans coming out with a Swiftset newcomer, there was a new touch to the mailing. We look forward to expanded issues of NIC NAC NO. + Choosing the bundle's best was easy- THE CHIMES rang out louder than the rest. Gordon Rouze's 2nd anniversary issue, the pages fastened cleverly on a sweing machine, was a neatly-printed collection of good material. + We met a new Official Editor in Ken Kulzick, and his first number of THE AMERICAN AMATEUR JOURNALIST demonstrates that we elected the right man. The series of reviews on books in the AAPA Writers' Library should be helpful in awakening interest in this collection. + Now that Gabby is serving Uncle Sam, his 13-year-old brother, Bob, takes over the reins of AJR. There's no stopping those Gabarees! We hope the February NUTMEGGER is not the last for the duration-- and we don't think it will be, because we know Gabby. + Maybe they don't sound pleasant, but "Melancholy" and "Despair" were fine manuscripts published in JUST RAYS. And we see by their pictures that the Albert twins are growing.

EXCHANGES LAST MONTH

IN February TOPIX was mailed in exchange for copies of ROUND-UP and ARMY PUBLIC RELATIONS.

have YOU watched?

By Vivian E. Chatfield

Have you watched
The autumn growing
With each passing day,
Bringing coolness,
Spicy, fragrant,
To herald its way?

Have you watched
The trees deciding
On their autumn gown,
Trying vainly
Every color,
Ending up with brown?

Have you watched
The waters merging
With the morning dew,
Sprouting, steaming
From their surface
In a rainbow hue?

Have you watched
The sun climb higher
Through the sky-blue air,
Sending glitter,
Bright and golden,
Here and everywhere?

Have you watched
The autumn coming
With a breathless heart,
Thanking God that
You may watch it,
Each and every part?

WANTED | THE publishers of THE SIAMESE STANDPIPE have requested us to ask you if you will send them back numbers of SS at Box 131.

Topix

A monthly publication devoted to the hobby of amateur journalism. Published and edited by William Haywood, 1540 Unionport Road, New York City. Charter A-46, American Amateur Press Association.

JANUARY'S MAILING

WE were prolific in producing papers on our duplicator last month, but so was Lee Hawes! A GROWL a month would be welcome, if you can maintain the pace... Newcomer to the mimeograph fold is Jim Daniels' STENCIL SNAG. We're glad those Inidans you tell about are on our side this time, jim!.. THE HORNBLOWER, in only its second number, is our choice as best in the bundle. We vote for it because of the writing of Julia Gurganus. The Christmas spirit sings out loud in her words... THE BLOWOUT has had some fun skating, it seems. Reminds us of the last time we "sat one out" on the Bronx River!.. The typical collegiate day of Walt Crews and the poems of Dick Dunlop make for a good issue of the long-lost NEW-FRONTIERS... Friendly Advice in PENNY'S PLATTER makes some fine suggestions in verse... If the Army's new Captain Crane would sign his lead article in A P C NEWS, we would delightedly sue him for libel-- but if he had fun, we won't complain.

EXCHANGES LAST MONTH:

TOPIX was mailed in January to the publishers of THE LOGOS, THE FORT SMITH AJAYER, and TROUVERE. We send advance copies and back numbers of TOPIX to those who favor us with their publications.

IT'S A TRICK

DID any of you printers wonder how Bob Maney managed to have the Wunning Wabbit on his American EPITOME look like he was really going places? We gave up printing a long time back, but we were still just curious enough to ask. Bob printed the same impression over and over with one inking of the rollers, moving the paper a little each time. Darn clever, these Wabbits!

LOOKING BACKWARD!

LAST month we lacked space for some of our remarks anent the December bundle. So if you will pardon the lateness, we'll pick up where we left off: THE CHIMES carried an article by H A V on the handpress' part in war, which adds to the esteem, in which we hold our hobby. And the words of praise for Hadley Smith's years of devotion to his deservedly-famous collection are ones that can stand periodic reading... THE TEXAS STAR looked classier than ever on expensive stock, and graced with a cover page... Leland Hawes sneaked over one of those surprise-ending yarns in CHIP-LEY BUGLE, while publisher Sellers provided his usual flashy printing and most welcome typographical criticism. Brandt's article made this a printer's ***** (Over, please!) *****

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TOPIX

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A monthly publication devoted to the hobby of amateur journalism. Published and edited by William Haywood, 1540 Unionport Road, New York 62, N. Y. Charter A-46, American Amateur Press Association.

SORRY! WE may have to change our masthead from that ambitious "monthly" back to our original "occasional." There wasn't any April Topix, because we had no time to publish one-- and there's no telling how many times in the future we're going to skip a month. But don't let that be cause for celebration-- you'll still have to read Topix as often as we can publish.

EXCHANGES SINCE March we have exchanged copies of our paper with two publishers. One of these, the editor of THE AMERICAN BLARE, is our friend of UAFA days, Willard Northrop. One of the contributors-- and he wrote a stirring article-- is our old friend, Corp. Sidney Cohen, of the U. S. Army.

The other publisher is our own Dr. Grayce Claire Barthel, whose School of Correct Speech publishes THE LOGOS. We think all schools would profit by a newsy publication like this.

BUNDLE WE were all alone for MARCH: in the mimeograph field as leonine roars ushered in March. But we did meet up with a Vol. 1, No. 1 this bundle-- THE JOURNALISTIC DISPATCH. When the AAPA can add another to its "younger set" we're all gladd-- they are our future leaders. Welcome to the ranks, Charlie, and show us what you can do!

Best paper in the bundle was Treasurer Riddle's FORT SMITH AJAYER. And not because it was

printed, either! We know Chick would still be mimeographing in his excellent manner if he had a duplicator with him at Camp Peary. We like it for the 100% spirit it packs.

SIAMESE STANDPIPE comes out with the amusingly interesting military diary of that far-from-typical soldier, Pvt. Wesson. We could use more of this, but regularly.

We're pleased to see that we still get THE HOBO now that Ted is a soldier. We second the motion on paying tribute to the army and navy nurses. But, my friend, what would we ever do with a pound of sugar in a cup of coffee? We never used more than two spoonsful, Tex!

BUNDLE THE printers swept for APRIL us mimeographers out of the picture in rainy April-- not even Topix held up our end. Best of them was (what, again?) THE CHIMES-- it even sported a half-tone cut. Gordon is cutting in on WELCOME MAT when he introduces four new members-- but we like it! And (pardon us while we repress a shudder or three) we enjoyed an exciting ghost story by Cadet Bob Maney. Laureate caliber!

Bill Smith stuck us with one of those "ironic twist" stories in NASSAU AMATEUR, but his yarn about "Chaplain Robinson" helped make up for it. Incidentally, Willard, there's an "a" in that word. Ask Chick Riddle.

THE TEXAS STAR was the bearer of another of the Harrington

THIS MONTH

January, 1943 ** Volume 2, Number 2 ** Price - 15¢ **\$1.50 per year.
Published Monthly by Herbert R. Lottman - 166 West 97th St., New York
Member, National Amateur Press Association

NEW YEAR ARRIVES.

A New Year arrives in the midst of the greatest turmoil ever seen on the planet Earth. Every nation is spending more money, more manpower, more energy on this war than any other in history...

A New Year arrives. Deeds charged against the Japs and Nazis pile high, a smear against the Axis greater than any other scandal of all time.

A New Year arrives. America, with the world's highest standard of living, does without things. People who have never taken an interest in anything before, pitch in with earnest fervor to help us win.

The New Year will see changes unbelievable up to now. Science will get to work, and show us how to survive in spite of priorities, shortages and manpower losses. This year, 1943, more than 1942, will be a turning point to a new life after the war and will be more representative of the next decade than last year. Because, with 2 or 3 largescale offensives in the next 12 months, we can WIN or LOSE the war!

THE ALL-OUTERS

Anyone in civilian, governmental or military life is eligible for nomination to the ALL-OUTER Honor Roll provided he (or she) has done something to advance the life of our victory. This month the name of GENERAL DOUGLAS MACARTHUR is enrolled on our scroll, because, while our eyes have been fastened on the African and Russian battlefronts, he has led his

ATLANTIC CHARTER DEFINED

The most disputed document of the present war is the Atlantic Charter. Signed on Aug. 14, 1941 by Roosevelt and Churchill, the Charter grants freedom to every country in the world. Misguided politicians insist China, India and others are left out. Following is an outline of the Charter:

1. We seek no territorial or other aggrandizement.
2. We desire no territorial changes not in accord with all concerned
3. We respect the right of all to choose their own government.
4. We grant complete access for everyone to all raw materials.
5. We desire to improve labor, economic and social standards of everyone.
6. A complete peace after the destruction of the Nazis.
7. Freedom of the seas and oceans.
8. All force must be abandoned and disarmament of aggressors is necessary.

This is the Atlantic Charter. Article III giving everyone the right to his own form of government is the only setback, since Japan may vote to keep the dictators they respect. All in all, the Atlantic Charter is the backbone for future peace in every country.

THIS MONTH'S BRAINTDASER----

A man walked into a sports store and bought a baseball bat and baseball totalling \$1.30. The baseball bat cost \$1.00 more than the baseball. How much did the baseball cost. When you have pulled out all your hair, turn to

THIS MONTH

February, 1943 ** Volume 2, Number 3 ** Price- 15¢ ** \$1.50 per year.
Published Monthly by Herbert R. Lottman - 166 West 87th St., New York
Member, National Amateur Press Association

MAKE POSTWAR PLANS NOW!

The time to think about a peaceful world is while you are fighting for it, not when you sit at a conference table. (Do you remember the Versailles Treaties?)

Now, when our men are pushing forward on the battlefields of the world, is the time to form a definite peace.

The first consideration we must make is this: We have several pro-Axis partners on our side of the fence, or sitting on that fence. Will we let Franco keep Spain after the armistice? We decide to let governments that function properly alone, and Franco has been running his country for a long time now. Obviously, Fascist Franco must go. And, to rid the postwar world of him, we may have to step on the toes of semi-neutral Spain.

If our policy after the war is to leave neutral countries alone, what will happen to certain South American nations which refuse to cooperate with us? How can a world union be formed if these nations openly block our moves? Must we send armies into non-belligerent countries, in order to establish a basic system of world peace?

This problem is not unimportant. Johnny Doughboy is fighting in the foxholes and swamps today. He could be fighting for the world's liberation. But he may be fighting for a biased system after the war, with turncoat Axis partners in charge of many now-neutral and some semi-allied countries of today.

FILM SHORTAGE SOLVED BY RESHOWING OLD FAVORITES

Because of the current film shortage in Hollywood, and the lack of leading men, good pictures of the past will now have to be revived in order to supply double features for all theatres.

We are very fortunate in this respect. Instead of the third-rate westerns, deserving a lower grading than "B" or "C", which are now being released, old favorites enjoyed by all will be shown again.

We would all rather see "Mrs. Miniver" and "Gone With The Wind" over again instead of the horror pictures still being exhibited. "Mr. Deeds Goes to Town", "Meet John Doe", "Our Town", "Citizen Kane", "Dead End", "Snow White", "Stage Door", "The Little Foxes", etc., are all preferable to cheap musicals emitting from Hollywood.

Very old pictures, unless classics, should not be replayed, as bad film, lack of sound, and other defects, would not look as good to us today as it did some decades ago. If Hollywood wakes up to the fact that a GOOD picture loses nothing with age, we would solve the film shortage and have better entertainment than ever before.

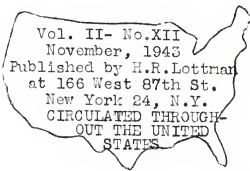


WHO AM I?

To say I'm a Quisling
Is really a shame,
Backwards or forwards
My name's spelt the same!
(Answer will be found on P. 2)

DO YOUR SHARE - BUY MORE BONDS!

THIS MONTH



OVER THE BOOK COUNTER

Best of the current flock of books is Roi Otley's "New World A-Coming," the Negro journalist's interpretation of Negro life in America from the very beginning of their history here to the present day in Harlem, the "Capital of Black America."

Otley's book is important because certain intolerant thinking is exposed, facts are revealed, and a general history is presented in a form as enjoyable as it is revealing.

The inside story of the leaders of the colored movements makes a picturesque book in itself, and when you add to it the frank style of the author, you understand why this book is receiving such acclaim in intelligent circles today.

"New World A-Coming" is a Life-in-America Prize book, published at \$3.00 by Houghton Mifflin Company.

Another Good Buy:

"THE FOUR FREEDOMS" is the contribution of Dr. Frederick Kettner, founder of the Biosophical Institute. The book is a "must" for those interested in a safe and sane postwar world.

AMERICAN FACISTS The Stars, Stripes and Swastikas

C- Stands for Congressmen: Most are good; some are bad. THIS MONTH deals in this issue with the latter. The following men stand on their records-

Sen. Robert Rice Reynolds of North Carolina. We are trusting him with powers granted to Congress by the Constitution. Bobby, you may remember, is the head of the American Vindicators, a group which has views tending to parallel Hitler's. His frank was used by groups mailing out Nazi propaganda. He publicly endorsed Gerald L.K. Smith. He had a by-line in Hitler's Voelldischer Beobachter. He recently had an article in "The Defender," editor of which is under indictment for sedition.

John Rankin of Mississippi. You won't believe that this defender of the Truth and the Just made these claims, but he did: Cong. Rankin, besides reading Fascist material into the Congressional Record, has blamed the recent race riots on the Jews, stating that when those "communistic Jews go around here and hug and kiss these Nögroes," (etc.) "they are not deceiving any red-blooded Americans as to who is at the bottom of all this race trouble."

Sen. Gerald P. Nye. He was unfortunate enough to have been one of the guiding lights of the America First Committee, which the Nazis called "true Americanism and true patriotism." He has given his franking privilege to the men who are now facing our guns in Italy.

Space does not permit mention of any more case histories at this time. But these men are continuing their work. Papers list

(Continued on P.2- Col. 1)

X-PN 4827

The club left off
October 28 1954
SERIAL RECORD

THE TYPE TYRO

ELECTION EXTRA

Number Four

October, 1944

X-PN 4827

THOUGHTS

#155

Based wherever the mood urges by
Robert Stevenson, 57 May St., Hawthorne, N. J.

No. 1

November, 1944

MAYBE SO, MAYBE NO!

Life is but jest:

A dream, a dream;

A gleam, a gloom—

And then—good rest!

Life is but play:

A throbb, a tear;

A sob, a snort—

And then—good day!

Leon de Montemeken

—Keep smiling—

THINGS YOU NEVER REGRET

SUOBBING KINDNESS to an aged person.

Destroying the letter written in anger.

Offering the apology that saves a friendship.

Stopping a scandal that was wrecking a reputation.

Helping a boy to find himself.

Taking time to show your mother consideration.

Accepting the judgment of God on any question.

Robert Louis Stevenson

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THE LIBRARY OF
CONGRESS
SERIAL RECORD

JUN 28 1945



THE TRADING POST

VOL. 1

APRIL, 1944

NO. 1

New Member Wants 5 x 8 Hand Press

Virgil Price, new member who now owns a Swiftset press, is in the market for a 5 x 8 hand press. He has written to Kelsey and to Peiffer & Co., but both are "out for the duration."

Anyone who has any knowledge of where Virgil may buy a metal - type hand press [at least 5 x 8 size] is urged to drop a card to - Virgil Price, Vidette, Georgia.

Only Issue? You Hope!

The main purpose of this journal is to sell the equipment listed on the back. For that reason this may be the only edition.

X-PN 4827

THE LIBRARY OF
CONGRESS
RECORD

#157

The \$ 2 Brand

JUN 28 1945

Vol. 1

No. 1

Summer 1944

OFF

OFF

Immigration Statistics

SINCE the beginning of the present war in Europe in September of 1939, more than 480,000 aliens of all classes were admitted to the United States from foreign countries, amongst whom were 324,000 who entered this country as temporary visitors, as transients, or students etc. I protest these admissions. I criticize the admission of nearly half a million aliens into this country since the war began at a time when we are sending our sons to their land to fight their battles. While our men are on foreign shores, in uniform, in more than 70 different places throughout the world, those for whom they fight leave their battle zones and come to America to bask in the sunshine of safety and prosperity.
Senator Reynolds (Congressional Record)

We don't see why any foreign nation should wish to fight the U. S. A. Our present government has proved its preference for foreigners in every possible way.

*Two Ems**D. H. M.**C. C. M.**Second Measure**May, 1944***What The National Needs**

IS a nominating committee. I suggest that one be elected at each convention, so that names can be cleared thru it for nominations to office during the year. Our nominations are handled in most peculiar fashion. A few individuals here and there consider it their prerogative to issue "tickets." Timid souls, who are willing to work, wait to be asked, hesitating to offer their names. If their names could be sent to a committee, which could publish ALL nominations along about May, then the individual politicians could go to it, hammer and tongs, for their own choice.

When Jean Hayes suggested I might be president, I said, "O. K. but I want good working associates." I combed the membership list, selected six women, nine men, from ten scattered states, included several old-timers who will return to activity, and wrote asking if they would serve if elected. Because I felt it wise to have appointments ready, in case I were elected, I also selected people for the appointments to be

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THE LIBRARY OF
CONGRESS
SERIAL RECORD #

TROUVÉ

FEBRUARY, 1944

COPT

SHALL WE HANG THE *HARANGUER*?

by KENNETH E. KULZICK

The false assertion that I am among those who manage to find strong objection to the present AAPA President has completely aroused my ire. There is certainly no basis for including me in any group that disapproves of the leadership of Mrs. Helen V. Wesson, for I have never seriously opposed her and might well be listed among her many frank admirers.

The statement from the December *Haranguer*, an anonymous sheet of little or no merit ("There are a lot of people getting fed up with the way she's been trying to run things—including former Editor Kulzick who has joined the National") is, at very best, a part truth. I definitely doubt whether a considerable number of members opposes Helen's management, and I know with positive certainty that even if such a faction does exist, I have no part in it and want none.

Since I have never really expressed myself on Helen's merits as President, what plausible reason can be given for this ridiculous and erroneous piece of mind-reading by the *Haranguer*? What foundation does the panty-waist editorialist, hiding behind the protective cloak

X-PN 482

#160

THE LIBRARY OF
T R O U V E R E
SPECIAL REFERENCE

JULY, 1944 JUN 28 1945

COLLECTING MANIA "BLUES"

I suppose that at some time or other every amateur journalist becomes afflicted by the desire to not only accumulate amateur efforts but to collect and preserve them in some semblance of order. I woefully admit that I have succumbed to the disease. In attempting to arrange four years' amassment of amateuria, I have discovered that I lack the following issues of outstanding journals:

- American Banner--Vol. 3, Nos. 2, 3; Vol. 4, No. 1
- American Dawn--Vol. 3, No. 2.
- A.P.C. News--Vol. 3, Nos. 5, 6.
- Chimes--Vol. 2, No. 5; Vol. 3, No. 3.
- Journal--Vol. 3, No. 2; Vol. 4, No. 5; Vol. 5, No. 1.
- Katydid--Nos. 1 - 5 incl.
- Masaka--Nos. 10, 11.
- Nassau Amateur--Vol. 1, No. 1.
- Pied Type--No. 3.
- The Printer's Devil--Vol. 2, No. 1; Vol. 3, Nos. 3, 4, 5, 6.
- Scribbles--Vol. 2, Nos. 1, 2, 3.
- Tpix--Nos. 4 - 9 incl., No. 20.

Procurement of any of the absent issues will greatly assuage my misery over the collection's condition.

X-PN 4827

TROUVERE^{#161}

SEPTEMBER, 1944.

THE COLLECTOR COMFORTED

The response to my July appeal for amateur papers missing from my collection was beyond expectation. I gratefully acknowledge the generosity of Joseph J. Gudonis, Helen and Sheldon Wesson, William Haywood, Gordon K. Rouze and Leslie Boyer.

In accordance with my offer to publish collectors' requests that I was unable to fill, I present the following "want ads."

Find any **Lost Chords** lately? Joe Gudonis would like to obtain any and all back copies of his **Lost Chord**--except the 12th issue.

Gordon Rouze seeks to complete his file of AAPA organs by acquiring all issues of Vol. 2; Nos. 1, 3, 5, of Vol. 3 and Vol. 4, No. 5.

Bill Haywood lists the following needs: **Topix** 6, 7, 8. **American Dawn** 1-2, 3, 4; 2-1, 2, 3 and 3-4. **American Amateur Journalist**, 2-1, 2, 5, 6, 4-1, 2, 3, 4, 5; 5-1, 2. **Reverie**, 1-1, 2, 4.

I urge you to do a little investigating to discover if you have available copies of the papers listed above. Your effort will definitely be appreciated. I speak as a comforted collector who knows!

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#162
THE LIBRARY OF
CONGRESS
SERIALS RECORDS
JUN 28 1966

TROUVÉE

SEPTEMBER, 1944

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X-PN 4827

THE LIBRARY OF
CONGRESS
SERIAL RECORD

#163

The
TELEVOX

JUN 28 1944

GMT

-From the Heart of the Deep South-

Vol. 1 JANUARY, 1944 No. 7

1944

This last year has been a good one. We have added some to our membership list, with several good, active members resulting. Ed Wall is doing good work, and those now membership blanks should help this year's crop.

Seems to us that this year should be devoted mostly to recruiting. The services have sadly drained our blood, and we need a transfusion----but badly. Do not bring in passive membris. They cause the active ones to expend time, effort, and money, in order to supply them with papers, and to get nothing in return.

Recruit for '44!

No. 021

THE LIBRARY OF
CONGRESS
SERIAL RECORD

The

JUN 23 1943

COPY

TELEVOX

"From the Heart of the Deep South"



Vol. 1

MARCH

No. 9

X-PN 4827

#165

THE LIBRARY OF
CONGRESS

THE SERIAL RECORD

JUN 28 1945

TELEVOX

September

Vol. 1



No. 11

A A P A

X-7N 4827

THE LIBRARY OF
CONGRESS
SERIAL RECORD

*166

The Texas Star

JUN 28 1945

Election Supplement

Volume Four Summer, 1944 Number Four

AN OPEN LETTER

To Members of the A.A.P.A.:

Judging from the activity records of candidates for A.A.P.A. office our organization seems assured of a progressive official board for the critical year ahead. Not only promises for the future, but past activity and loyalty must be demanded of all of our officers.

We voters should welcome the candidacy of Ed Wall for President. Mr. Wall has served so well as First Vice President and as co-publisher of **Four Freedoms**, that there can be no doubt of his qualifications for this high office. Mr. Wall is in contact with most of our active members through correspondence and is not afraid to give his opinions on the issues that confront our organization, as is proved by the editorial columns of his publications. He promises to make a sincere effort to bring the varying factions of the A.A.P.A. closer together.

X-PN 4827

#167

The Texas Star

THE LIBRARY OF

THE UNIVERSITY OF TEXAS AT AUSTIN

JUN 28 1945

Volume Four

Autumn, 1944

Number Five

GIFT

THE PUBLIC PEST And The Indian Rope Trick

BY GABBY GARABEE, JR.

"There's no such thing as magic," contended Pete the Public Pest as we walked down the narrow streets of a famous Indian city. "It just ain't Logkal." He waxed hot and heavy as we strode along the dark passage, that is laughingly called a street. Suddenly Pete tripped and hit the pavement with a thud. A huge form rose suddenly with a snort and headed down the street in full flight. Pete had stumbled over a sleeping bull. Luckily for him the Indian bulls are, unlike their American cousins, very docile.

Still muttering Pete got up, dusted himself off and continued on our way. Suddenly the funniest little withered up old man popped up out of nowhere and stood before us. "Magic, Sahib," he offered, "Sahib see magic." "Magic," snorted Pete, "magic Kharab!" The little man looked hurt at this. I guess he wasn't used to being told point blank that his magic was no good. "Mallum magic Sahib," he quivered "Mallum Magic," Pete retorted, "Me mallum magic is fake."

X-PN 4827

THE LIBRARY OF
CONGRESS
SERIAL RECORD

#168

JUN 20 1943

The Tenth Buzzard

FROM THE TEXAS PRAIRIES

Second Flight, Still Featherless Summer of 1944

With the State Guard

by Louis Woods

As is the case with many other defense organizations, the Texas State Guard is always ready to go whenever and wherever duty calls. The State Guard, long recognized by the Army for its efficiency, not only quells mobs and disturbances, but also gives valuable preliminary training to men who are about to enter the armed forces. The State Guard, in short, takes the place of the Army while it is overseas.

The training received in the State Guard is thorough, beneficial, and interesting. We are taught marching, scouting, patrolling, map reading, gas warfare, and many other military skills.

Besides the weekly meetings, the State Guard goes on maneuvers once a month. A very interesting program is always arranged for this two day event. The first hour during maneuvers, we practice throw-

Ting & Ling

No. 1

Seattle, Wash.

SPRING, 1944

My Trip to the East Coast

We left Seattle by train and traveled through the states of Washington, Idaho and Montana. In Montana we stopped at Glacier National Park and I gathered some pictures. We continued through North Dakota, Minnesota, Wisconsin and Illinois. We stopped in Chicago. Then we went through Indiana, Ohio, Pennsylvania and New York.

We arrived in New York at Grand Central Station. It was very large. In New York I visited the World's Fair and saw the Statue of Liberty, Radio City and Long Island. We stayed at a hotel which was very comfortable.

Then we went on by auto from New York through the states of Connecticut, Rhode Island and Massachusetts and stopped in Boston. There we stayed at another hotel which looked like a castle. We visited some relatives there and they showed us all around.

Then we went through New Hampshire to Maine and saw the beautiful Atlantic Ocean. We visited more relatives at Naples, Me. We got there at night and the water was very warm. We saw the Green Mountains and the White Mountains and went through the navy yard at Portsmouth, N. H. On our travels in New England we passed through a number

#170

X-PN 4827

Tick Tock



No. 2

December
1944

THE TODDLER

(Offspring of The HEALTH WALKER)

Published occasionally for NAPA members

CANAL WINCHESTER, OHIO

First Issue.

Rates: May it benefit you

Marguerite Boyer, Ed. & Pub., both papers

April, 1944

Dear Fellow-Members of NAPA:

After being a member of this interesting organization since last September, I am finally getting around with the first issue of my little publication, made especially for you,----The TODDLER.

I'm wondering how many of our members are health-minded, and how many loves hiking? Hope many of you are interested, because this is, and has been LIFE to me. Would you like to know how the HEALTH WALKER Magazine was created, of which The TODDLER is an off-spring? I will be very glad to tell you.

In 1935, Bernarr Macfadden, famous publisher, and father of Physical Culture started annual Health Walks, lasting two weeks and covering 340 miles. I joined this walking group in 1936, at which time we walked from Cleveland, Ohio, to Dansville, N.Y., a distance of about 300 miles. These walks continued under Mr. Macfadden's sponsorship until 1940, at which time he disposed of his publications and dropped the annual Walks.

Our group, representing nearly every State in the Union, and some foreign countries, not wishing to see our Walks discon-

X-PN 4827

#172

TIGERS EXCHANGE LEAGUE.

P.O. BOX 95, KUALA LUMPUR, MALAYA.

One of the Largest Correspondence League in the World.

Official Organ : "TIGERS POST" (Quarterly)

LIBRARY OF
COLLECTORS
SERIAL RECORDS

APR 28 1944

Objects & Benefits : To promote the collecting of souvenir post-cards, stamps, coins, etc., by publishing the names and addresses of reliable collectors in all parts of the world who are members of this Exchange League and will exchange with the other members. Among other things, the collecting of souvenir post-cards is a most interesting and educational pastime. It is an illustrated study of the Geography, History, Languages and Customs of the Universe, and enables you to form a world-wide acquaintance. You travel without leaving home and at a very slight cost.

Membership : The cost of membership is \$2.00 per year entitling the member to receive a gift of 20 Coloured Post-cards of Malaya; \$6.00 for 3 years receiving gifts of 20 Coloured Post-cards of Malaya and a 14ct. Gold Fountain Pen. \$10.00 for 5 years receiving gifts of 20 Coloured Post-cards of Malaya and a Camera or a Stamp Album. \$20.00 for Life Membership will receive gifts of a set of 20 Post-cards and a Transparent Fountain Pen worth \$10.00. Besides the gifts mentioned, the subscriptions include the cost of the Certificate of Membership and the free copies of the "Tigers Post" quarterly as well as the privilege of exchanging with all members; and the publication of your own name and address in our membership List. **Changes:** For adding and changing a special notice or address after application has been sent in a minimum charge of -/10 cents is made quarterly. No member is entitled to more than ten Code Signs in excess of which two cents for each sign or word are to be added, to the -/10 cents for notices or changes.

Names in Heavy Types : Always -/10 cents extra quarterly in addition to the cost of membership and notice.
League Button : \$1/25 Extra.

Rubber Stamp with Tigers and your number \$1/25 Extra.

Prizes : Thousands of Dollars in prizes instead of free membership will be given away to members for introducing New Members. The "Tigers Post" will inform you of the prizes to be given away. Be a member now and recommend as many friends as you can in order to win our prizes and add your name in our "Roll of Honour."

Remittance : Please remit by Post Office Money Order, British Postal Order, British and British Empire Notes & Coins. Coins & Currency Notes of other countries will be accepted at 20% less the Market value.

X-PN 4827

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X-PN 4827

#174

'TEEN TORNADO

No. 1.

October 1944

FLASH!

'Teen Tornado will support the teen age movement of the NAPA. More activity is the goal. If mimeographers are accepted, I, hereby, make known to all who are concerned that I am willing and ready to do my part because I want to and I like it. Especially after attending the Boston convention. (note for Miss Lois Harp & co.)

T&T

'TEEN TALKS

Guy Miller, a teenster himself is very wellaware of his responsibilities as mailing manager. He loves his job and will always be prompt in mailing. It's a prize MAILER, you edit, Guy.

T&T

The PRAIRE PRESSMAN is almost as good as our cherished REV-ERIE. Could it be because of Freitag's Fables in both of the recent issues????

T&T

Attention

BROOKLYN BEE. TUMPA, so it is, says "I would rather com-

pete with LITERARY NEWSETTE AND SPICY TOPIX, and the B. B. than HEALTH WALKER."

T&T

Sgt. Charlie Austin surprised us all with his MAINER. It goes to show what it really means. We are proud, Charlie.

T&T

George Heary Freitag We liked your PRIMERS for CHILDREN. It is known that all of us are still children. No one really grows up. You must have had a reason, as you had written, so stick to it. We want another PRIMER.

T&T

Willametta: you are my ideal, like Burton Crane is Tommy Whitbread's ideal. Two teen agers, looking up to two amateur journalists who have reached the heights.

T&T

Thanks everyone for your papers and magazines. They might be the next ones in these columns. "More 'teen-age activity" is the goal. AGREED

Antioch Walkasian, Age 15, Pawtucket, R. I.

THIS MONTH is published at 166
West 87th St., New York 24, N.Y.
Published by Herbert R. Lottman
Associate Editor, Manuel Alemany
September, 1944 Volume 3, No. 10

THIS MONTH

"BLACK MAIL" IS DYNAMITE

The most important event since the publication of John Roy Carlson's revealing UNDER COVER has taken place, with the publication of two-fisted Henry Hoke's BLACK MAIL. The book exposes the inside story of the campaign to disrupt America, - how it was planned, how it operates, what it is doing.

While Carlson's UNDER COVER attacked the subject from the viewpoint of a private investigator, Hoke has been an expert on Direct Mail Advertising for years, a field which covers most of the announcements, newspapers, etc., you receive through the mail. He edits the Reporter of Direct Mail Advertising, through which he has been able to bring to light many of the dangerous elements connected with the Nazi plan to overthrow our democracy.

(Continued on Page Two)

SENATOR REYNOLDS AND A PRO-NAZI ORGANIZATION

By Arthur Ruskin

Many Americans still will not believe that there is a man sitting in the Senate of the United States today who may be considered the leader of the most dangerous movement that has ever sprung up in a free country, the American Fascists (or, as they prefer to call themselves, the Nationalists). Although Reynolds will not be in the Senate much longer- he is "retiring,"- he intends to continue his "patriotic" work after he loses his Senate seat. Very shortly, for instance, he will make a tour, speaking for Gerald L.K. Smith, exposed last month as the most dangerous single rabble-rouser in the country, according

(Continued on Page Two)

NATIONALIST COMMENTATOR AND ANTI-NEW DEAL LEADER LINKED TO FASCISTS

There is an organization all the way out in California called "Spiritual Mobilization." It was founded in 1934 and has on its advisory board such distinguished gentlemen as Ely Culbertson, Will Durant and Eric Johnston.

But----- it has an advertisement each month in the Defender, a harmless little magazine whose editor is on trial for seditious conspiracy, and which was named as a "channel of propaganda" for the Nazis by a Washington Grand Jury.

But----- it has on its board of directors Upton Close, admired and worshipped by countless American Fascists (like Dilling,

(Continued on Page Three)

X-PN 027

THIS MONTH is published at 166 West 87th St., New York 24, N.Y. Published by Herbert R. Lottman Associate Editor, Manuel Aлемany (Now in the United States Army.) October, 1944 - Volume 3, No. 11

THIS MONTH

YOUNG TOM'S RECORD

Isolationism or International Cooperation? On Oct. 28, 1940, Dewey supported C. Wayland Brooks, super Chicago-Tribune isolationist, for Congress. Brooks, an America Firster, participated in a rally attended by 50,000 Klansman. On April 21, 1940, Dewey spoke for Hiram Johnson in his campaign for re-election. Dewey claimed, on the day that France surrendered to Germany, that the Republican party was opposed to the war, and that he believed we should not enter it.

As District Attorney: His record of convictions, 94.2%, was due to the fact that he made wide use of the "bargain plea," a deal between the prosecutor and defendant whereby neither risks the hazard of a court trial. The defendant agrees to plead guilty to a lesser crime. Dewey tried it with a first-degree murderer (Goldis), who pleaded guilty of manslaughter, and Judge Pecora refused to become a party to this obvious miscarriage of justice. Thus the 94.2% record becomes 20.5%—those found guilty or pleading guilty to offenses charged. A New Yorker article estimated that the DA's presidential aspirations cost New York City \$500 a day.

As Governor: Dewey blocked New York's soldier vote; half of his "surplus" must be credited to the previous Lehman administration; he

* From the Berlin Radio, January 26 of this year- beamed to *
*America: "IT IS, THANK GOD, NOT EVEN NOW TOO LATE TO SAVE THE *
*DAMAGED REMAINDER OF AMERICA'S ONCE-FAMOUS PROSPERITY. KICK *
*THAT MAN OUT OF THE WHITE HOUSE. PUT AN HONEST LEADER IN HIS *
PLACE...IF ROOSEVELT IS PERMITTED TO REMAIN IN OFFICE ANOTHER
*FIVE YEARS, AMERICA WILL SINK BENEATH WATERY WAVES OF INFLA- *
*TION, AS THE LOST ATLANTIS SANK BENEATH THE WAVES...." *

shelved anti-discrimination laws; put through legislation making it almost impossible for minority stockholders to protect themselves against large corporations; he passed over workmen's compensation and help for the farmers, and he has twice cut public school funds.

On Minorities: Four days after New York City's near race riot (Aug.1, 1943), Dewey appointed a Committee on Discrimination in Unemployment, which included many Negro leaders. After seven months, the committee wrote two acts to deal with the trouble. While the Governor sent other bills on to the legislature, he made no comment on these, killing them off. The Chicago Defender, Negro newspaper, sent a reporter up to Owosso, Mich., Dewey's home town. After being told by a policeman that "Colored folks" weren't allowed in town after dark, he interviewed Mrs. H. George Dewey, Tom's mother, who said that the Jews were disliked "BECAUSE THEY'RE SO GREEDY, RICH AND EGOTISTICAL. THEY'RE
(Continued on Page Two)

X-PN 4827

#177

TRICKLING SAND

Vol. 2

MAY, 1945

No. 1

POETIC FRUSTRATION

I struggled through trials
Of frustration and dearth—
The poet within was in drastic despair.
Chaotic meter disrupted my lines—
Elusive were thoughts I tried to ensnare.
But power to experience reality's worth
Opened the channel to where dream-gems
Are stored,
I found inspiration to capture fleet thoughts,
Then finished the poem I once had deplored.

—B. J. B.

X-PN 4827

#178

TRICKLING SAND

Vol. 2

JUNE, 1945

No. 2

SUSPENSE

Have you ever had an ache in your heart
When someone you love has died—
Have you ever tried to hold back hot tears—
Did you succeed when you tried?

Oh, friend of mine where have you gone?
My faith is weak and lame—
I long to see your smiling face—and
Hear you softly call my name.

If you have ceased to care for me,
Then with my love you must dispense.
Be just, and bid me "Fair-thee-well,"
Relieve my heart of dark suspense.

—B. J. B.

X-PN 4827

#179

THE TABLOID

Vol. 1

March 1945

No. 1

NEW RACKET EXPOSED!

A Tabloid Exclusive

Story on Page 3

CONGRESS PASSES NEW POWER BILL

Washington - Special to THE TABLOID - It was disclosed early today by a highly unreliable source that a bill that had been presented to Congress five months ago had finally been officially passed. The bill amounted to \$543.21 for electric power consumed by Congress for Jan. 1912. A representative of the Horse Power Co. stated, "We woulda shut off the juice if them guys hadn't decided to pay off and they better not try to pay us off in seeds either."

X-PN 4827



THE TABLOID Home Edition

A newspaper for people who don't know
how to read

Vol. 1

July 1945

No. 2

COPS RAID VICE DEN! WOMEN FAINT AS D. A. GRILLS THEM OWNER CAPTURED BY MEANS OF CLEVER RUSE

By Charlotte Ruse, Star Reporter

Police broke up a crap game which was going on in the Black & Blue Room of the Ajax Vise Co. It was really a Vise Company, not a Vice den, but a headline is what sells papers. To get back to our alleged story, three dames, or to use a bit of slang, we shall say "women" were arrested and dragged before District Attorney Otto B. Shott who grilled them on a portable grill which he keeps for the purpose, and when they were well-done they were then served with pickles and mustard.

Continued on next page.



THE LIBRARY OF
CONGRESS
SERIAL RECORD #161
JUN 28 1945

~~THE~~
~~TEXICAN~~

Vol. 1

No. 1

Do You Remember ?

It seems that somewhere I've
seen the name THE TEXICAN
before, and yet, I can't seem
to connect it with ajay. How-
ever, IF I AM SAILING UNDER
FALSE COLORS---USING SOME
OTHER AJAYER'S MAST, some
of you PLEASE inform me thru
your columns. I'll APOLIGIZE
over and OVER.



STRIKE UP

THE BAND!

The Prodical Son has return-

X-PN 4827

#182



THE LIBRARY OF
CONGRESS
SERIAL RECORD

JUN 28 1945

COPY _____
GIFT _____

THIS, TOO, WILL PASS.

his, too, will pass. No grief, no pain
But dims, or has its end;
o sun, obscured by clouds and rain,
But knows a rainbow blend;
troublesome time may well provoke
A hidden fortitude,
and strength of character recloak
A whimsy, or a mood.
A rippling muscle lies inert
Till burdens pull it taut,
and brooding feeds imagined hurt,
But if our lives are fraught
With confidence, and faith, and hope,
Bright-hued as prism glass,
The burdened, though they grieve and grope,
Shall know "This, too, will pass."

ESTHER KEM THOMAS.
New Castle, Indiana.

X-PN 4827

Volume 1, Number 2

December 1945

THE LIBRARY OF
CONGRESS
SERIAL RECORDS
MAY 3 1946

NOT
GIFT

TRAILBLAZER

Scouting -- What it Means to the World

...By C. James Vitus

"A.J." -- That's That?

Make Livin' Worth Livin'

...By Dan McGorrie

Women ...By Dan McGorrie

Editorial: Watch the West

Stuff and Sense

Dear Judi -- From the Mail

WATCH THE WEST

-- See Page 8

X-PN 4827



The TABLOID

*A newspaper for people who don't
know how to read.*



#181

Vol. 1,

January 1946

No. 4.

NOTED MOVIE IDOL Attempts Gas Suicide

By Hy Voltage, Special Reporter



Nifty-Looking
gas-light
from which
lethal fumes
almost wrote
"finis" to the
brilliant career
of Percifal
Hevvin's, idol of womankind.

Dashing
movie star, Per-
cifal Hevvin's
whose attempt
at suicide was
as lousy as his
acting.



(Story on page 2)

X-PN 4827

#185

The TABLOID

A newspaper for people who don't know how to read.

Vol. 2

New York, July 1946

No. 1

WILD BATTLE ON IN WEST!



ABOVE ◊ Remarkable photo of fierce battle between Cleveland Indians and Union Army.



ABOVE ◊ Chief Petty Officer, leader of rebellion as he posed for Tabloid photographer.



ABOVE ACTION PHOTO showing the Chief about to be punished by Cpl. Punishment.

Indians Permanently Kill Scores in Melee!

By Tommy Hawk

(Special events reporter)

Way out west, today — The Army had it's hands full when a brisk battle broke out, instigated by savage bean-eating Cleveland Indians. [Page 2]

X-PN 4827

THREE CIRCLES INTERNATIONALE

United Amateur Press Association

Vol. 2

AUGUST, 1946

No. 3

BOY STARTS MOTHER ON WAY TO BECOME EDITOR, HISTORIAN

By ETHELYN WELER

(By Special Permission of the Buffalo Evening News)

To become editor, publisher and a recognized local historian, all in a few short years, is a very real accomplishment, but it has been done by Mrs. Doris Anderson of Eden.

Six years ago Mrs. Anderson's son, William Rennagel, known as "Bill," received a small rotary printing press for Christmas. Then 9 years old, he at once conceived the idea of putting out a newspaper and hired his mother, a former school teacher, as his secretary at a salary of 10 cents a week. She also helped set up the type. After six months she became his partner and her duties were extended to include typing and mimeographing, collecting and advertising being added still later.

The first paper, called the Eden

miniature came out on Feb. 9, 1940 and was a small monthly sheet, telling of local happenings, bits of history and other interesting items. At first there was no charge for the paper but as it became more popular a subscription rate of \$1 a year was charged.

Circulation Grows

During its early months the circulation was some 200 readers; today it is 630. It is now a small, digest type, mimeographed publication, having outgrown the rotary press and a small mimeograph machine. The office now contains a large mimeograph, an adding machine and a typewriter.

The paper remained a monthly affair until 1941 when it became
(Cont. on Page 3)

X-PN 4827

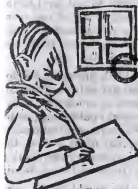
#187

The fourth issue of STRICTLY PERSONAL,
entitled, for better or for worse, as the case may be:

The Treed Elephant

MILWAUKEE, WISCONSIN, OCTOBER, 1946

Dream On, My Sweet!!



BY BILLY HILL

COME WHERE my love lies dreaming
Of the happy, happy years to be;
A flowered pathway, white paint gleaming,
A bungalow built for three!

Cheery chintzes, carpets to the wall,
Air conditioned, copper plumbing,
Electric kitchen filled with all
Those handy gadgets humming!

With roses growing 'round the door
And bluebirds nesting in our tree,
We'll be homeless nevermore—
In our bungalow built for three!

(Lie still, my love, do not move that flap!
Although I have a heater in my lap
And sixteen blankets 'round my ears,
This tent's the coldest place I've lived
in years!!)

Let it no longer be
said we do not pub-
lish contributions
from the pens of
our fellow ana-
teurs. We are hap-
py to present this
month a little poem
by our own Billy
Hill, of Jumpin
Lake, Wisconsin.

X-PN 4827

THE LIBRARY OF
CONGRESS
SERIAL RECORD

#188

TWO EMS

MAR 15 1946

Third Measure

April, 1946

NEW MEXICO ON THE MAP

This, then, is Carol's issue, since she has achieved the distinction of placing New Mexico on the A. J. map for the first time in a long time. Since she plans to leave Albuquerque in June for a trip to old Mexico, that distinction may be short-lived.

—Dora H. Maitoret

Albuquerque

Albuquerque is evidently hard to spell. I didn't know how to spell it until I decided to come here. And I realized that others found it difficult when I started getting my mail here.

That and the wind are the only bad features about Albuquerque, and that is only if you don't care for the wind. I never mind it. It's not the knife blade wind of a humid climate. It's refreshing and a challenge.

Population 50,000, altitude 4,950, but that doesn't tell you what Albuquerque is like when you look down from the Airport. It is a little green oasis, because there are trees in the town and the immediate surroundings are unrelieved plains. The focal point in the oasis is the Hilton Hotel, the tallest building in Albuquerque and the whitest.

Continuing with the view from the Airport, which to me seems the most breath-taking of a series of delightful panoramas, we are looking northwest toward Albuquerque

TWO EMS

*Fourth Measure**May 1946*

Hello! It seems we're here again, and this is my issue, says Dorrie M., through courtesy of Victor and Rowena. I gnash my remaining teeth in envy; you New Englanders are enjoying my family, and I haven't even met them.

The Mainer lifts me and drops me . . . all set for a visit to Daddy Keyes' candy shop, only to find it a thing of the past. Haven't seen a candy mouse since 1932. . .

Albert Lee and pal George Mallory, back from Burma and environs, spent a day with me recently, having waffles, and taking me smartly to dinner. . . Here I stand on the west coast, as Liberty does on the east, she with her torch, I with the mixing spoon. Welcome home, boys, there will always be waffles, even if we could find no syrup, no butter, no bacon or sausage in the stores!

Carol and I planned to fill a space with the names on the membership list which never seem to get into print . . . there were so many of them. All you unheralded and unacclaimed, we salute you herewith as comrades nevertheless. . . "They also serve who pay their dues and read" . . . what we sillies write. . .

Thanks, John A. Miller, for *Three Circles*. Many nights I crawled between my clean sheets and prayed for the boys in the muddy foxholes. One drop of water cannot disturb a red hot stove. A great wave of water, or peace effort, can destroy the red hot stove which cooks up wars. . . Thanks for all the papers sent me . . . they deserve individual notes.

It is good not to be disappointed. Dr. Charles King looks as we had pictured him. The treat in his *Duster* was



TOLEDO NOTES

APRIL 1946

A Visit With the Kings

THE TELEPHONE rang and I hurried to answer it. It is a new telephone and there aren't many people in Toledo who know us well enough to phone—hence it is a thrill to hear it ring and I always rush to answer it.

This time it was Dr. King asking us to be their guests for dinner. This was an exciting invitation on two counts. I had never met Mrs. King and was anxious to do so—and I hadn't dined out for three weeks and was longing for a meal that I hadn't cooked myself. I accepted with alacrity.

The four of us went to a pretty little place for a dinner that was one of the best I have enjoyed since we have been in Toledo. The steak was one of those that cover the whole plate and leave no room for lesser food such as potatoes and vegetable—the steak reigned supreme! After the dinner we were invited out to the Kings' home where with beverages, cigarettes and amid printing equipment, we became good friends.

Over dinner, Dr. and Mrs. King told us interesting stories about their trip to Europe and we discovered a mutual interest in music. Between mouthfuls of steak the conversation moved rapidly along.

That is the outline of the evening—but the details are exciting.

Volume II . . . Number 1

March 1946

#191

TRAILBLAZER

WATCH
THE
WEST!

LOUIS S. BRENNER

"Upon Championing the Arts"

PEARL T. DUNN

"Be Yourself"

WILLAMETTA TURNERSEED

"Stop Me if —"

P. F. McNAMEE

"Things Not Liked"

VIOLA PAYNE

"Meet a Sandstorm"

SOPHRONISBA BAVARDAGE

"Dear Mrs. Fillis Gee"

Stuff and Nonsense - From the Mail

X-PN 4827

#192



THE TRYOUT

0046-258
22911 09070

MAR 12 1948



OCTOBER 1947



THREE CIRCLES INTERNATIONALE

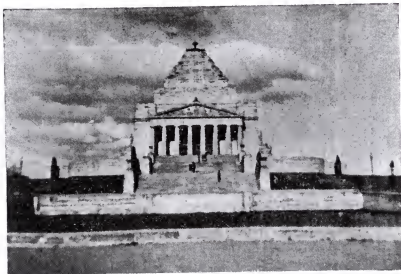
United Amateur Press Association

Vol. 2

MEMORIAL DAY, MAY, 1947

No. 4

THE VICTORIAN NATIONAL WAR MEMORIAL



"Let all men know that this is holy ground. This Shrine established in the hearts of men as on the solid earth commemorates a people's fortitude and sacrifice. Ye therefore that come after give remembrance."

TEENSTER #194



#195

Volume 11, Number 1

February 1947

TRAILBLAZER

NEW ADDRESS:

Judson W. Compton
Box 415
Kalispell, Montana

An Interview: "Love Life"

A Salute: "Teen Canteen"

Stuff and Nonsense

X-74 1947

X-PN 4827

196



THE TEXAS STAR

Volume 8, Number 3

Spring, 1948

BROADWAY

BY JOHN A. KEEL

Broadway!...Gay, glittering, flippant Broadway. The Main Street of America. The crossroads of the world. A wonderland of million dollar signs, and two dollars a seat movie houses. A street more famous than any of the great figures who have treaded on its sidewalks.

Broadway!

To the youngsters out in Podunk its a Valhalla where they can come some day to become famous actors. That young blonde in Detroit has the lead in her school play this year. Next year she will want to come to Broadway.

But the longest street in the world "ain't what it used to be." Today the Time's Square area is a gigantic trap for tourists who come to see the sights and be relieved of their ready cash. It is lined with hot dog stands and phoney restaurants. There are souvenir stores and arcades where the fun-seeking tourist can throw away his money. Most of the shows charge around two dollars for an evening performance, and from ninety cents to a dollar and a half for an afternoon show. Though Broadway is regarded as the center of show business, there are no legitimate

X-PN 4827

#197

THE TEXAS STAR

VOL. 9, NO. 2



CHRISTMAS, 1948

This Christmastide--and every day--give

The Midas Touch of Happiness

By EULA CHRISTIAN

It is within your power, not only at Christmastide but throughout the year, to give a gift as precious as that brought to the Christ Child by the Magi! You may be as poor as the proverbial church mouse (although it would seem to me that non-church going mice would be more poverty-stricken still) and yet you can give the gift that "is worth a million dollars, and it doesn't cost a cent."

The gift is not one that can be packaged in crepe paper and lavishly knotted ribbons. And the giving is not done with mirrors. However, you have only to stand before the mirror-on-the-wall, as one fairy story character did, to find the fairest gift of all. Now *smile*. See how much younger, how infinitely more attractive you have become? A smile is the fairest, the most precious gift of all, because *it is contagious*.

The person who sees your friendly smile will smile with you just as your reflection smiled from the mirror--and two hearts will be enriched by the cheerful exchange! It is almost impossible not to have one's smile returned--almost as impossible as it would be for your reflection to sneer while you were smiling! No matter how ugly one may be, a smile enhances one's

Ting-a-Ling

No. 5

Seattle, Wash.

June, 1948


Snow

People screaming; children shout,
Yes, you guessed it, school is out!
The snow is falling faster now—
Oh, watch! You're hit, and how!
The hills are sleek and white with ice,
Which really turned out very nice,
For sleds and skis and dishpans, too,
Are sliding down and— *Ah choo!*
I better run, so is my nose;
I'll have to change these ol' wet clothes!

—Joan Bowman

Principles

First, what is a principle? The dictionaries define it as being any constituent which makes up the chief properties of a substance. In order that you may more fully understand what I am going to say you might follow this suggestion. Think of yourself as the substance and think of your character as being the property which is formed by special constituents, your principles.

X-PN 482  A personal message from Emerson Duerr
to all members who wish to see the bun-
dles filled with better papers.

#199

TRYOUT *Junior*

Milwaukee, Wisconsin, June 1948



LET'S WAKE UP OUR 'SLEEPING BEAUTIES'

*Vote YES on Mailer Amendment to
Rouse Long Dormant Members*

You are urged to support the proposed "mailer amendment" to NAPA's constitution which will be voted upon in the current elections. Designed to end the present discrimination against publishers, who are compelled to spend *three times* more for paper and postage than they should, the amendment will reward activity instead of discouraging it with unwarranted printing, paper, and mailing costs.

It has been mistakenly charged that the amendment discriminates against inactive members by not mailing monthly bundles to them. *There is no such provision in the amendment.* Please, let's get the facts straight!

As matters now stand, a publisher is required to furnish the mailer 340 copies of his paper in spite of the fact there are only about 110 active members in the association who will read it. This makes the publisher pay for 230 extra copies from

X-PM 4.27

*200

THE TRYOUT



New Series No. 2



May 1948

Ideas travel on roads of trade

TRADE

NUMBER ONE

INDIANAPOLIS

APRIL 1948

1948

....with Russia?

BY THE EDITOR

The bombs dropped at Pearl Harbor on December 7, 1941 by the Japanese were made partly from American "scrap iron". The planes that dropped these bombs were built with American "scrap iron". The aircraft carriers which these planes flew from were made with more of the same American "scrap iron". In reality we bombed ourselves!

For this reason our trade with Russia is being criticized. There is, of course, justification in this criticism. We don't want the goods that we ship to Russia to be dropped on us tomorrow in the form of blockbusters. Violent opposition to this trade with Russia has swept the nation. In New York a picket line of veterans was formed on the loading dock

of a Russian steamer. Longshoremen refused to load the boat as a result of these veterans. SCRAP IRON TO RUSSIA

Opponents of the recently enacted Marshall Plan charged that these goods to western Europe would only sift through the Iron Curtain to Russia and her satellites, and that we were in all reality only helping Russia. They further insisted that if the global recovery program were voted by the Congress, we would be again "shipping scrap iron". The fact that some of this material to be sent to Europe might be taken by Russia was admitted by most of ERP's supporters. But, they said, the amount would be exceedingly small.

With the recent developments in Berlin, war with Russia has seemed to

X-PN 4827

#202

MAR 2 1948

5

THE TOWN CRIER

ISSUE NO. 2

AN INDEPENDENT PAPER

CIRCULATION 5000

**From Single Sheet to Four Pages
in one issue; CIRCULATION Jumps to 5000!**

SAMPLE COPY — YOUR ADVERTISING OR SUBSCRIPTION SOLICITED

Well, Folks, we did it! Yes, we promised you a four pager, and with the help of our loyal readers and advertisers, here it is—

More important, we've been able to raise the circulation from 3000 to 5000. We're sorry we had to raise the ad rates to do it, but we had no choice. However by comparing this paper to others of the same size and circulation, it is easy to see that this is still one of the Biggest Advertising Bargains in Mail Order. And since we mean to keep it that way, any suggestions from our readers will really be appreciated.

THE PUBLISHER OFFERS

AN HONOR SCROLL

In recognition of Service to our Country—

A sincere, deserving tribute to your son, daughter, husband, sweetheart who is serving or has served our country honorably. A fitting, permanent record of honor and merit—created to inherit a rightful place in countless scores of American homes. Impressively and artistically designed in rich, full colors with eloquent inscription imprinted on selected, durable vellum. Also the space provided for a small oval photograph above provides for the name. Truly a worthy, lasting sentiment of which you and your loved ones will be proud.

Size 12x16 in. ONLY \$1. POSTPAID

COMPLETE SUBSCRIPTION SERVICE—

I can accept your subscription to any of 3000 publications. For lowest rates, contact me. Quotations for the magazines you desire follow by return mail. Special combination offers now available.

PLEASE—

When writing to Advertisers, please be sure to mention the TOWN CRIER and name of the mailer who sent it to you.

—THANK YOU!!!

The Publisher Offers— (CONTINUED)

YOUR PHOTO on stamps. Send us any size photograph or negative and we will reproduce it exactly and send you 100 stamp photos. Glossy finish. Perforated and gummed. Ready to affix. Your photo returned unharmed. Black and White 100 for \$2.00. Color Toned, 100 for \$2.50.

THE WORLD CALENDER—A new Calendar for a new world. 32 page descriptive booklet and calendar contrast card, 10c p. paid.

IN FACT

The Weekly Newsletter that puns no punches. Against Fascism wherever it crops up. "An antidote for fallacy in the daily press" One year subscription, 52 issues—\$1.00. Two back copies—ten cents post paid.

THREE BOOKS Profitable to READ!!

If It's **WEALTH** You Desire Inspiring Chapter from Mr. Geo. S. Clason's nationally famous book, "GOLD AHEAD," the Book of Cures for Lean Purses.

How to Read CHARACTER at a Glance

A Practical System of Understanding People by simply looking at them.

SUCCESSFUL HOME TREATMENTS FOR TROUBLED FEET

Don't be a Foot Martyr. This book offers a treatment for every kind of foot trouble!!! \$1.00 EACH—POST PAID Descriptive Circular on Request.

OUR FIGHT FOR TOTAL PEACE

By ELY CULBERTSON

This large, sixty-page booklet contains a summary of the world problems of 1945, and the new solutions, as advanced by the author's own "total peace plan". 25c p. pd.

TWO SHILLELAGHS

"Trifles make perfection, but perfection is no trifle"--Michelangelo

Number 2

December 1948

Revelation Issue

T.S. PROTEST REAL; DECISION PHONY

On August 10th, 1948, a NAFA bundle was mailed which included the first issue of Two Shillelachs, containing a formal protest to the Executive Judges. As of this date, the complainants have received no reply from the Judges.

The complainants, however, through the cooperation of Official Editor Harold Ellis, have received a copy of the Judges' decision. Mr. Ellis' sense of common decency, lacked by the Judges, led him to inform the editors of TS of the Judges' response.

This decision can not be termed dignified and sincere since, in the closing paragraph, personal remarks of a slurring and uncalled for nature are directed at the authors of the protest.

PROTEST

Honorable Judges;

The undersigned hereby demand the immediate removal of W. Emory Moore from the office of vice-president; the removal of Harold D. Ellis from official editorship; the removal of Albert Lee from secretary-treasurership; the removal of William Groveman from the office of recorder; and, the removal of Mrs. Sesta Mathelson as chairman of the board of executive judges.

We make this petition to the Honorable Board under the provisions of Article VI, Section 8(a), paragraph 1, which authorizes you to "decide all questions concerning...acts of conventions."

We request the removal of the aforementioned officers on grounds as follows:

Article VIII of the Constitution of the National Amateur Press Association sets forth the method of electing officers of this as-

DECISION

Mr. Roy Lindberg and Mr. Edwin G. Harler contend that W. Emory Moore, Harold Ellis, Albert Lee, William H. Groveman, and Sesta T. Mathelson were illegally elected to the offices which they now hold by virtue of the elections of the National Amateur Press Association's convention held in Los Angeles.

They allege that Article VIII of the N.A.P.A. Constitution sets forth the method of election, providing for proxy ballots on blank

(Continued on Page Two)

#204

TRIVIAL BITS

picked up by sista

December

700 seaward ave., detroit 2

1948

"Mailer Carrier"

got off to rather a rough start. Learning the last minute that printed envelopes for the mailing would not be supplied by another member, as expected, he had to find a local printer for that first mailing, paying the fifteen bucks out of his own pocket because he felt it an excessive charge for the association.

Then, with the October mailing, had a bundle weighed at a branch post office where he was told the postage would be 1.50; affixed that amount on each bundle, to be called from the main p. o. and informed that another 1.50 stamp was required. A few days after going to the p. o. and licking over 300 stamps, bundles began to come back marked "Insufficient postage." Bob allows, now, that he doesn't trust those fancy p.o. scales and is going to invest in a pair from the "five and dime."

The Wolverine Press Club

held its November meeting at the Matheson apartment with a good attendance, probably attracted by the announcement that recordings would be heard of the L. A. convention. The tape recordings were played and enjoyed immensely. Ye ed made the most of the opportunity to make duplicates of important proceedings on her home-recorder which cuts discs rather than recording on tape. These records may be played on any record player and will be sent to any member or group wishing to get a listening view of what transpired at our meetings. Out-of-town members who attended the meeting included Billie Dettloff from Saginaw and Norman Quillman of Jeddo.

Our mother and dad, Mr. and Mrs. J. M. Nielsen of Pentwater, who were house guests, also had an opportunity to meet members of the W. P. C.

Choice Morsels

"Writing with one eye and watching a pigeon trap outside the window. Like to cook the guy that messes my window sill."

Unk Ebenezer

"Do you know, I fear I would make a poor impression in the West. That Boston reticence, or whatever it is, can be a great handicap. Why, when Mrs. Dora Moitoret called with Vic and Mrs. Vic, and kissed me right on the Avenue (your Great Aunt Sophronisbah asks what part of the anatomy is that?) I was so startled, and startled is the word for it, I did not know enough to return the kiss. I don't know what Mrs. Moitoret thought, but I'll bet more times than one since it has given her cause to smile, if not laugh."

C. A. A. Parker

"I, myself, am for ignoring the needlers as much as possible so that eventually they are discouraged. And they will be."

Vondy

"Sorry I'm such a 'dead duck' for a. j., but it cannot be helped. I feel very foolish when I admit that this work (supervising publication of his Flag Book and serving as corporation secretary for Proctor & Schwartz, Inc.) seems to take most of my strength, and I cannot work or write letters to friends very much at night any more. 'Amateurs' are pretty tough, however."

Frank E. Schermerhorn

A postal from Raymond J. Jeffreys announces publication of a second book, "The Fabulous 'Dutch' Zellers." And it's good. (We should know after sitting up the last few nights before the convention to proof the final copy.)

To Everyone a
VERY MERRY CHRISTMAS
and
HAPPY NEW YEAR

THE TOKEN--Dedicated to the furtherance of poetry of idealism and imagination.

A FIRST PUBLICATION

Under the watchful and guiding eye of Julie Bartz, the editor of our HI-LIGHTS, the new editor of this paper has been introduced to a new part of Amateur Journalism -- that part which is perhaps the most important, of actually getting a paper into the monthly UAPA Bundle. I have been congratulated recently for my initial burst of activity, and therefore I feel that it is necessary for me to live up to the kind words said in my behalf. A fifth column, so to speak, is now trying to undermine the principles of Amateur Journalism, and each of us who is capable should do his utmost to preserve so great a symbol of the American right of free speech and expression. Small things they may seem to be at first, but unless every precaution is taken to break up these undermining factors, the freedom of Amateur Journalism may be greatly threatened. It is only through continued activity by each member of the UAPA that the organization will remain as a unit.

NIGHT. DREAMS

Night conquers sunset with a burst of silent roar, and all is calm above, beyond, and underneath the shore. The touch of darkness tells the end of day, The sunset drowns, deep-lost across the bay.

Darkling mist of ocean's waters calling,
Vapors rise and kiss the clouds of day;
Night is come with patient darkness falling,
And dreams awake that rise no other way.

--Robert H. Woodward

RAINY MORNING

By Robert A. Bacon

Dolorous, pensive, day of death,
Gloom-gray earth,
Death-gray sky.

Desolate, barren, fleshless dream,

Void of you,

Lovely one.

All of me--empty-- needing you,
Cries for you,
Yearning so....

For in all the days of the earth there has never been such a need; and in all time there has been no more desire.

Into the serenity of this day --bright one-- you could bring life; into this gray you could walk, lucent, bearing color.

Enchantment, love, and all things good

Come with you,

Stay with you.

When you've gone, slowly, night comes back,
Death returns with minor chords.

THE TOKEN is edited and published when the occasion arises by Robert H. Woodward, 1030 Vassar Avenue, South Bend, Ind. for United Amateur Press Assn.

THE TOKEN

Vol. I, No. II

U.A.P.A.

August 1948

THE TOKEN--Dedicated to the furtherance of poetry of idealism and imagination through the medium of amateur journalism.

SELF PORTRAIT

By Robert A. Bacon

IN HOPE

By Sallie Demaree Petty

Life is not all a golden way
Set round with blooming flowers,
And what we long for may not
fill
with sweet delight the hours;
Clouds o'ercast the stars of all
And hide away the blue,
But if we wait in golden hope,
Sunshine will break through.

Life is too short to grieve and
fret,
Too short to spend in tears,
There's too much of needful toil
To give much time to tears.
When our hands and hearts are
full
Of what we find to do;
Our hours of loneliness will be
But very, very few.

Work is a blessing God ordained,
To do it with our might,
While the day of life is here--
Before the fall of night.
And when we go, all silent--one
by one--
Happy we'll be to know we'll
hear
The welcome sound--"well done!"

Note: See Page 2 for news of our new member--Mrs. Sallie D. Petty.

Statistics:

Age, 23; Height, 5'10"; Weight, 155 pounds.

Education:

Public and Parochial grade schools, public high school, 2½ years (so far) of college.

Life History:

Born in Indiana of typical mid western parents, lived typical Hoosier schoolboy life until 17 years old. Then a strange change occurred, and I found myself interested in books and science. I decided that after all I hadn't wanted really to be a fireman and planned on being a great scientist-author-playwright-poet traveler.

At present, my hobbies include reading, writing, horses and riding, discussion of art and literature, and music. My favorite novelist is Thomas Wolfe, my favorite composer is Bach, and my favorite painter is either Degas or Renoir. I don't know which.

I like to receive letters, and have been known to go so far as to write them for that reason.

I have recently concluded a stretch of more months than I care to remember in the service of God and country through the auspices of the U.S.M.C., where I learned radar and pushed a pen many a mile over many an acre of

TOKEN

Vo. I, No. III

U.A.P.A.

Sept.-Oct. 1940

THE TOKEN--Dedicated to the furtherance of poetry of idealism and imagination through the medium of amateur journalism.

SPLITCHES FROM THE EDITOR'S PEN--

First off, I'd like to thank all who have written me a word or two about the first two issues of THE TOKEN--Ed Harler, J. Marr, Dave Westring, Tom Harvig, Bruce Siskelf, Pete Mitchell, Ray Geeting, Judah Sachs, and the others--and hope that you will like this and future issues as well. I accept with embarrassment your compliments of the mimeographing, for that work is done by Julie Bartz, who has co-operated splendidly in every way possible. So if the mimeographing is good, it's a feather in Julie's cap, not mine; and if it is ever bad--well, those darned machines!... we plan on a TOKEN a month, but if one is ever missing, we can explain it by a member's subsistence or too much homework at Indiana University, my home until next June when I think I'll finally be finished.-- R.H.W.

A NEW POET IN U.A.P.A.

Mrs. Ballie DeMaree Petty, Rt. 4, Shelbyville, Ky., one of the newest members of UAPA, was born in Shelby County, Ky., and lived there since. She began writing at an early age, and in 1899 was the subject of an article entitled "Kentuck's Literary Prodigy," which appeared in the New

SONNET

By R. A. Bacon

Others may be lovelier than thou,
Have lips more red, or eyes of
deeper blue;
And hair, which crowns more al-
baster brow,
May in the sun take on more gold-
en hue.
Thine is the beauty artists love
to find,
For with their oils they may for-
e'er enmesh
And with their brushes may they
ever bind
The softly glowing tints of liv-
ing flesh.
But beauties such as thine cannot
be caught
By craft of painters. Rather must
they be
Told by sweet iambs; must be
brought
In lines of gently flowing poetry.
Love, thy beauty is more treas-
ured,
Since of the spirit, and may not
be measured.

York paper "Leslie's Weekly." This article described her early reading and great love for music and the drama. At the age of nine she had read the works of Dickens and Scott as well as many other noted authors.

The most unfortunate and tragic death of her brother prevented her from entering school until she was fourteen years old, and she has therefore been largely self-taught.

Her family genealogy, which has been carefully compiled, lists several noted writers and diplomats dating back to 1620.

(Continued on Page 2)

The Token

#208

Vol. 1, No. IV

U.A.P.A.

Nov.-Dec. 1948

THE TOKEN -- Dedicated to the furtherance of poetry of idealism and imagination through the medium of amateur journalism.

DEATH-MINE

We mined the green hills for its coal
And blew it to a thousand bits
Only to waken to a death-mare
And find the pieces were our
Human flesh.

--Paul E. Pross, Jr.

THINGS

Think, if you will, of a red-eyed moon
Aswim in a polka dot sky;
Or a dark, black night, an empty tomb,
And the shadow of one passer-by.

Think of a road stretching far out
and lone,
That starts where the star-lanes
begin;
Think of a voice with a beckoning
tone
And a face cruelly cut with a
grin.

Think of a shore, what may lie below,
And the kiss of the waves on the
sand;
A boiling brown cloud in the water
--and now
Of a curling, missnapen hand.

Then think of a path through heaven
or hell,
Choose one you would have ever
thine;
But your choice I already know
very well;
I wonder -- would your choice be
mine?

--W. R. Stover

SONNET

When evening comes, and stillness
snadows all,
When birds have found their trees
for quiet rest,
And leaves that snook by day have
ceased to fall,
When racing water conquers its
white crest
And slips into the shallows of
the beach,
When furtive little creatures of
the day
Have hidden where no human hand
can reach,
And when the moon has found a
place to stay,

I think of you, and know the love
we share
Is quite as sweet as any man has
known.
My thoughts of you are not unlike
a prayer
Whose answer is the seeds of love
we've sown.
The love I place by day into my
soul
Returns at night when bells of
evening toll.

--Robert H. Woodward

SILENT SOUNDS THE NIGHT

Silent sounds the night--
Portentous, engulfing darkness
Smothering sight.
Strangely sounds the night,
Softly echoing the faint and distant
murmurs of the manswarm.

Throbbing living, secret living--
Silent sounds the night.

--Robert H. Woodward

Edited by Robert H. Woodward, 710
E. Cottage Grove, Bloomington, Ind.
Printers: Studio News, Friend, Neb.

#210

KNOW THE TRUTH **The Truth** IT WILL MAKE YOU FREE

VOL. 1 - NO.1
TO AMATEUR JOURNALISM
THE PRINCE OF HOBBIES

DECEMBER
- CHRISTMAS ISSUE

1949 LARRY NORCROSS, EDITOR
1933 SO. 70th. STREET
WEST ALLIS 14, WISCONSIN

In this the first edition of THE TRUTH may I take the opportunity to wish all my fellow members a very merry Christmas. I would also like to thank whoever it was that submitted my name to U.A.P.A., for I feel proud to be a member and shall be as active as time permits. I also would like to exchange prose with one another, so let's get busy. Aside from the 150 or so I have written I also have a folio including many titled Ink Sketches of the Deep South and many Poemettes. So here's hoping I'll be hearing from you.

Perhaps some will say the following is not very appropriate. But lest we forget---"Remember Pearl Harbor". Truth speaks the truth, so, here goes :-

THE NIGHT BEFORE CHRISTMAS

'Twas the night before Christmas
and all thro' the land
Preparations were finished for
the day near at hand.
In all of the homes, hearts were
happy and gay
For they knew it would soon be
glad Christmas day.

When silently and suddenly
from out of the North
Corsaires of destruction
darted forth.
They spewed on the earth
their atomic breath
Then were gone like the wind
leaving misery and death.

The earth was covered in a blanket
of snow
A gift from God who was watching
over all below.
All was silent as the earth in
peace did sleep
For the Good Shepherd watched
over His sheep.

The Heavenly Father sadly
gazed at the shambles below
All made by man for he would
not have it so.
The gift of the atom was for
progress of man
But he mis-used it and
shortened life's span.

I think it was G.B.Shaw who said:
"My way of joking is to tell the
truth, it's the funniest joke in
the world."

And then again there was Thoreau,
who said, "it takes two to speak
the truth---one to speak and on-
other to hear."

May corruption be chained,
And Truth maintained.

May truth and liberty prevail.

May we have the wit to discover
what is True and the fortitude
to practice what is good.

May the heart that mets at the
sight of sorrow always be blessed
with the means to relieve it.

May the thorns of life only
serve to give a zest to flowers.

DECEMBER 1949

VOL. 1 - NO. 1

TIDINGS

ETHEL C. BOHNE
2623 10. RICHARDS ST.,
MILWAUKEE 12, WIS.

A UNITED AMATEUR PRESS ASSOCIATION PUBLICATION

THOSE LITTLE THINGS

It was half past four on the afternoon of December 24th. Snow flurries were in the air.

"This will be a white Christmas," thought Mary Ronson. She had been busy all day preparing for the coming holiday. Everything in her cozy bungalow was in perfect order. The rooms were gaily decorated--the tree in the living room glistened with pretty ornaments and colorful bubble lights. The gift packages in various shapes and sizes had been carefully wrapped with festive paper and tied with gay colored ribbons. These were placed beneath the stately tree and would be opened when the family returned from the Christmas Eve services at the Community Church.

Assuring herself that this would be their happiest Christmas, Mary tried very hard not to remember the one fourteen years ago--the day their second child had been born. One who had gone through that ordeal knows the first question of a mother--"Is my child in good physical and mental condition?" Everyone had avoided a direct answer. When the tiny babe was placed in her out-stretched arms it appeared to be a normal child--a dainty little girl. Probably if the blanket hadn't been fastened around her with such a conspicuous safety pin, Mary's curiosity wouldn't have been aroused.

Mary clenched her hands so hard, as she remembered that never to be forgotten day, that blood from the nail cuts in the palms of her hands trickled down her fingers. Yes, she recalled how Doctor Clark had tried to comfort her by explaining that this is a challenge to man. The greatest of all Sculptors had begun a masterpiece--to carve a perfect specimen of humanity--checked all motors to see that everything functioned correctly--carved down three inches below the knees--laid down his tools and said "I have almost completed the task--I know man can take over". Mary, Mrs. Ronson, with your deep religious understanding you will be able to see this big problem through. We will all help you. Because of this great need and many similar ones I believe God will endow some mind - possibly several - to be able to invent something to take the place of what your baby and others are missing."

"Mary Christine will grow up to be a normal young lady," finished the good doctor.

"Yes, with the help of God," joined in Reverend Breckman, the kind pastor of their church, who had married the Ronsons and baptised Torry, their seven year old son.

Mary remembered how she had cursed the Doctor and the Pastor too, when he asked her to join him in prayer asking God for help and guidance in this their great hour of need. Now he prayed on--when she turned her head to the wall and damned all, even God.

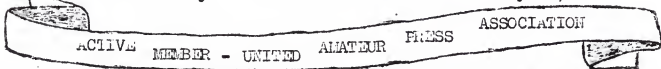
(over)

- - THIS WAY OUT - -

Belle S. Mooney

F.O.Box 2174

Kansas City 13, Mo.



The city hall was packed and the audience was getting restless. The opening time had passed but when the chairman rapped for order he had only an apology to offer. The distinguished speaker they had come to hear was detained by an accident in which his plane had crash-landed him into a hospital instead of their airport. This little pleasantry caused so little amusement that he hastened to continue.

"One of our own local boys was asked to substitute for the speaker whose appearance is so unfortunately delayed. We can appreciate the grit of a young man who accepts this responsibility without a moments preparation. Here he is now--let's give him a hand."

There was only a slight ripple of applause as the slender youth stepped to the center of the platform before them and one disgruntled malcontent grumbled

"He's not so much to look at" and another said

"Why it's only Bud Miller--he's a Junior in our high school."

But the general inclination of the crowd was tolerant as one said

"Might as well stay and hear what he's got to say--won't be long."

Sure enough--it didn't take long. The boy was plainly conscious of his plight in substituting for a world renowned speaker who had been engaged at great expense and much publicity to entertain them with his famed and eloquent oratory. But in dramatic earnestness his voice rang out with a terrible sincerity that held his listeners with its tragic truth to the very end of his short address. From the modest opening to the last word the audience was breathlessly still. This is what he said--

"Ladies and Gentlemen.

There is a fearsome word in our beautiful English language that brings terror to our hearts. Were I to speak it now, every one in the sound of my voice would look instantly for the exit. Every startled eye would seek the sign that says "THIS WAY OUT." And the one all dominating impulse would be to get away from the impending danger. All who were not trampled to death in the headlong rush to get out of this hall would devoutly breathe a prayer of gratitude for their escape.

Ladies and gentlemen--there is no fire. I will not shout that fearsome word to instill dread in your hearts and precipitate that desperate rush to get out of here before being consumed in the flames. But--Oh believe me when I say there is a holocaust sweeping over our land shore to wave swept shore that is more devastating than would be the flames consuming this building and the small handful of humanity gathered here this evening.

We Americans are justly proud of our liberties. We boast of our freedom. Among these freedoms, our schools have been our proudest boast, emphasizing that freedom which is every child's right--the first right to an education. American schools have been the best in the world but today we face the alarming fact that funds for school support are so inadequate that this first right of our children is seriously threatened, even as a fire in this hall would perilously threaten your lives at this moment.

Were this crises caused by our poverty, we would undoubtedly fol-

THE

PUBLISHED BY THE
"LOCKED-OUT PRINTERS"

Typographical BANNER

VOL. 1

BURLINGTON, VERMONT

NOVEMBER 1949

The Burlington Typographical Union challenges Publisher Loeb to a public debate on the issues involved.

SO PROUDLY THEY MARCH... FOR LABOR



It's Time The Public Knew The Truth

Let us begin by recognizing our enemies. Publisher William Loeb is our "target for tonight." Not that we aren't fully aware that much of the insidious anti-union scheming, propaganda and planning, that preceded the LOCKOUT of the Union Printers, emanated from the office of the editor and general manager, Charles G. Weaver.

The latter was ably assisted by his eager lieutenant, Mechanical Superintendent Albert LeBlanc of Winooski who outdid himself in an all-out effort to bust the Printers' Union.

As the father is responsible for the child, so do we hold Publisher Loeb fully accountable for the anti-union campaign waged in the composing room of the Burlington Daily News and the St. Albans Messenger.

The LOCKED-OUT printers of the Unfair Publications have been recipients of much foul, inaccurate publicity. Mindful of this we are determined to repay the debt with one exception. That is, unlike Loeb, we will make a

sincere effort to be accurate at all times.

Let us clarify a few facts which Loeb has attempted to distort. For ease of understanding we will do this in question and answer form.

Q. Did Publisher William Loeb have an existing contract with the Union Printers?

A. Yes. The legally binding contract between the Burlington Typographical Union and Unfair

Publisher Loeb had effective dates of May 1, 1948 through May 1, 1950.

Q. Did Publisher William Loeb violate the specific terms of the contract with the Union Printers?

A. Yes. He did specifically violate sections five and nine.

Q. Has Loeb refused to negotiate the current dispute at the News?

A. Yes. Loeb has flatly refused to negotiate the dispute. He stated

(Continued on page 4)

Loeb Attempts To Becloud The Real Issue

Fact Is, Wages
Not An Issue

In a laughable and futile attempt to becloud the real point of issue and dispute which terminated in the unwarranted LOCKOUT of all the Union Members employed in the composing room of the two UNFAIR publications, Loeb tries to convince the public of his "little read sheet" that a demand for higher wages by the printers was the breaking point.

Nothing could be further from the truth. Wage negotiations were a separate factor and in these negotiations, Mr. D. W. Howe, general manager of the Burlington Free Press, was participating. Significantly, negotiations are still in progress with Mr. Howe of the Free Press and the Union Printers are still in his employ.

The facts of the situation are easily proven to be far different than Loeb would like to have the public believe. The dispute that arose in the offices of the Burlington Daily News had nothing to do with wages, it was clearly a matter of "Violation of the Legally Binding Contract" between management and the union printers! Not only did Loeb violate the terms of the still effective agreement, but he also ordered the discharge of union employees to offset the hiring of non-union employees.

Using a new "more economical" process of producing advertising as a false front to cover his real motives, Loeb closely followed the national pattern of publishers in Chicago, Miami, and other centers of labor oppression. Loeb had long been advertising for non-union printers and buying equipment destined for use in bypassing the composing room and the Union Printers in particular. As a further means of coercing and intimidating the Union employees during a period of negotiations, Loeb hired local girls for potential use in breaking the resistance of the Union Printers.

The "new process" was just a "front" made to order by Loeb to hide his real union-busting activities.

Editions of the two Unfair
(Continued on page 4)

X-PN 4827

#214

thinking allowed

number one

A CHILD WAS BORN

Christmas, 1950 . . . and the World is in trouble. The days of a quiet slumber in an uneasy peace are left behind. The awe-full effects of a God-less age are speeding to the fore. The World was in trouble before, and the World is in trouble again. And the World is.

Christmas, 1950 . . . and men still die and women still cry, the way they did of a Christmas of a hundred years ago, and a hundred years before that, and even of a night one thousand, nine hundred and fifty years in the shadowed past.

Christmas, 1950 . . . and a gigantic arm raises a scythe above the heads of all freemen. The Usurper is ready to march again, even as another of his brand moved on the sleeping Jewish empire on the first Christmas. Pagan Rome denied the existence of a Central Being, as does its modern counterpart; today, the eyes of every Christian in the World turn

Special Enlarged B.A.P.A. "end of Jubilee Year" Edition

X-PN 4827

#215

TABLOID

Number 2 December 1950

Published Quarterly

AN AMATEUR PRESS MISCELLANY



*Edited and printed by Reg. Hollins
224, Westwood Road
Sutton Coldfield, Warwickshire*

B.A.P.A.

I.S.P.A.

N.A.P.A.

#216

" THE THIN MAN "

Vol. 1. March 1950 No. 1.

Here we are with the First issue of "The Thin Man", Published for the U.A.P. Association, By: TONY WALLACE, Madisonville, Tenn. Mimeo as often as time prevails. Will be glad to hear from fellow members.

Here a description of the writer, I am 5ft. 11 in. weight 150 lbs., L. Brown Hair, blue eyes, single and 29 years old. My Hobbies are several: I collect view cards, Raise Golden Hamsters, White Mice, and other small animals. I like A.J. the Best as I publish a Hobby paper once a month, via Mimeograph, and print a 3 x 6 ad Sheet called "THE FLEA". The inside pages are to appear in the hobby paper. : I enjoy the Monthly bundles and all the paper in each. so keep them coming my way,

The Two Poems below are by: H.C. Wallace, Madisonville, Tenn. Why not drop her a card (She is My Mother)

" R A F E A L "

Once I met a native lad Davine,
Benath a south American moon.
In his dark eyes the starlite
glowed,
In our heart s the love spark
glowed.

I always found delight in his
charms,
And in his arms my heart surr-
endered.

But now that he has forever gone
On my lips his kisses still ling-
ers.

As I stroll beneath American moon
His love still tonight here lives
with me,

But while I'm dreaming here alone,
I wonder if for me his love is gone.

" Life by Choice "

Some like their castle
so fine,
Big dinners cocktails,
Their gin and their
vines.

But give me the wide
open space,
Fresh air and Golden
sunshine.

There's where I fine
Health,
Happiness and love so
fine.

Would you like to Pub-
lish a paper like this
Send for my Prices.

I can use Short Mss. and Poems in this paper send Yours.

X-PN 4827

#217

The Tennessee Whirlaround

"A UNITED AMATEUR PRESS ASSO. PUBLICATION"

ROSABEL BOYD,
EDITOR

SPRING
1950

ATHENS,
TENN.

Greetings, Fellow Members of the UAPA:

First of all, I want to say "thanks" to all you members who took the time happy to write me, after my February note. I have written some of you, and will eventually write all. I have had letters from many states and must say I was amazed and delighted to hear from so many of you. I had planned to use some "samples" of my writing (prose) in this issue and had thought I'd start off with an article that was accepted for the April issue of "Joyful News Broadcast", entitled: "The Candle in YOUR Hand", but the magazine isn't out yet and I don't have another copy of that particular bit. I have started a series bearing that title. Here are excerpts from one of these:

"Sometimes when our own wills are thwarted, we feel bruised, defeated, sore, but then is when we need most to realize there is a Higher Will, guiding and directing, that made the defeat inevitable. If 'every adversity carries with it, the seed of an equivalent advantage' as one able psychologist said, we need only remember this...we should accept defeat as a stepping stone to something better.. a temporary set-back, and we should "though we strike a thorn or rose", keep a gain'. In the long slow process of rising to our highest abilities, God is our co-partner. He it is who prods us into making "one more try" or gives us that "try, try again" attitude.

THE TENNESSEE WHIRLAROUND

UAPA Spring
Rosabel Boyd 1950 Athens, Tenn.

Greetings, Fellow Members UAPA:

So happy to be one of you...(since December), and looking forward to meeting many of you in the not too distant future.

I am enjoying all the original papers, and only wish I had time to write each of the members; instead, I say here and now to each and every one, Thanks.

I'd like to know through their different publications in UAPA just what each member is doing professionally. I imagine that many are, like myself, amateurs with ambitions to accomplish something really worthwhile. I do a daily column (5 days a week) in our local paper, and it is known as "The Whirlaround." I am interested in journalism as a career, now that the last of our children is graduating from our State University in June. Tudor will take his degree in electrical engineering; our other two children (another son, Allen and a daughter, Phyllis) finished in '48. I would appreciate advice as to where are the best places to get instruction via correspondence.

I am a member of our local city Board of Education, and its secretary; am a partner with my husband in an appliance business; work in our shop 8 hours a day and do my newspaper stint from there.

Anyone interested in collaborating on children's stories? I've always heard that "two heads are better than one, even if one is a sheep head." And seriously, I do believe that sometimes two can exchange ideas that might lead to worthwhile cooperation.

The Tennessee Whirlaround

A UNITED AMATEUR PRESS ASSOCIATION PUBLICATION
ROSABEL BOYD DECEMBER 1950 TENNESSEE

We have had a glorious fall in Tennessee. Lady Autumn has thrown a gorgeous cloak about her shoulders, and her raiment has drawn the eye to the rainbowed hills, while the sun has stayed "summer warm". This state of affairs is still going on here in November!

Thanks for all the cards and letters. If I don't get them all answered let me express my appreciation, here and now, for I DO sincerely appreciate each, and every one.

On October 13th (Friday at that) I started a new venture. A new commentary (news) type of radio program over our local station, W.L.R. I find it fascinatingly interesting, but it is making me read MUCH and CONDENSE even more. A Whole article MUST be condensed to a single paragraph. One's facts MUST be accurate, and in fact it keeps ME working like mad, (or it has so far) because I'm inexperienced. To learn more about public speaking I enrolled with a group of teachers who are taking a University Extension Course. We started that last week and will meet weekly for a three hour meet. I also am finding Ben Arid's course in "columning" one of the most interesting things I've ever come across. Maybe because it is concerned with newspaper writing, and more especially with columning.

Do all of you have favorite bits from favorite

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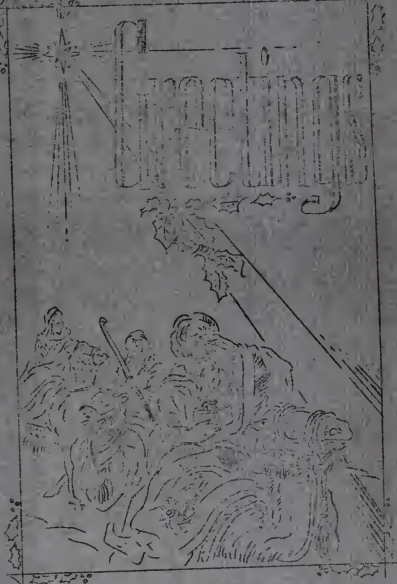
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December 1950

the TEXAN

Christmas

Hazel Hilton Buff
1204 North Main
Midland, Texas



*** A UNITED AMATEUR PRESS ASSOCIATION PUBLICATION ***

ETHEL G. BOEHME, EDITOR - 2628 N. RICHARDS ST., MILWAUKEE 12, WIS

REMEMBRANCE

A short time ago the old year passed into oblivion amidst the joyful sounds from far and near welcoming the new one. I salute it and have hopes of many unpredictable things to come.

The past year, for me, was an unusual happy and eventful one. To have been able to attend the United Amateur Press Association Convention at New York City was indeed "good fortune". Memories of those pleasant and educational days will remain with me forever. This also gave me the long hoped for opportunity to visit my brother, Roy Wilson and his three sons at Philadelphia, Pa. It was the first reunion of brother and sister in twenty years. The previous occasion that had brought us together was a sad affair; the death of our beloved father had called us back to our Wisconsin childhood home.

One of my keenest interests has always been the study of American history, linked with the cherished hopes to visit as many of the historical places as possible. Therefore the date I will always remember was September 7th., 1949. That outstanding day I spent with Roy and his son Jack on a self-guided tour through old Philadelphia.

The first place we stopped at was Independence Hall. This certainly seemed incredible...to be going through those memorial halls with their gleaming white walls and woodwork and dark stained varnished floors. The feet of George Washington, Thomas Jefferson, John Hancock and many more of our renowned leaders had trod here. The pictures on the walls were of early courageous Americans and of historical scenes. The chairs and other articles on display in these rooms have place cards on them bearing the names of famous people and citing the connection between them. The establishment of our great nation originated within these walls.

Never will I forget the moment when I paused before our Liberty Bell...placed my hands on it...ran my fingers down the crack and read the immortal words inscribed thereon---"Proclaim Liberty Throughout All The Land And Unto All The Inhabitants Thereof."

This inspiring red brick building is almost two hundred years old. I marveled at the splendid condition it is in. We visited other similar ones...the old City Hall, Congress Hall, Carpenter's Hall and then down to Front Street, which is very much like a Commission Row in any large city. From here we could see the Delaware River and somewhere along those banks Benjamin Franklin had alighted from a boat. He was a paupered youth, who became one of our most honored men...the discoverer of electricity.

(continued on next page)

** A UNITED AMATEUR PRESS ASSOCIATION PUBLICATION **

ETHEL G. BOEHME, EDITOR 2628 N. RICHARDS ST., MILWAUKEE 12, WIS.

SHALL TIME TALK

Maggie O'Hara had seated her slight built tired body as comfortable as it was possible to do in the far corner of a hard seat of a swaying, clanging street car. She was homeward bound after completing her day's work. She had used this means of travel twice a day, five days a week from most one end of the large city to the other- for a period of more than twenty years. She called this her rest period and often fell asleep.

She was sleeping soundly as the car stopped at the busiest intersection of the city and was abruptly aroused by a large person with a coarse voice, who pushed Maggie farther into the corner as she wedged her big frame into three-fourths of the seat.

"Why Maggie O'Hara, I thought you had died," said a familiar voice of a neighbor who lived on the same street - a meddling busy-body who Maggie always tried to avoid meeting.

"Yes," breathlessly continued Bridget Donahue, "Indeed I thought you were dead. I haven't seen you since last summer, and here before my very eyes and next to me too, I was certain was your corpse. My, I am glad you are awake."

"Oh! hello Bridget, it is nice meeting you," lied Maggie. "I often doze off on the street car. I feel more rested when I get home and I plan to go out tonight."

"I have always told everyone you are a dumb Dora to work these many years since Jim's untimely death (may his soul rest in peace). Why! With your looks and happy personality you wouldn't have had any trouble getting another husband--even a better one than Jim--if you had taken the time to do so," scolded Bridget.

"Oh! I couldn't do that, even time has made me think more of Jim and of course there were the children," embarrassingly replied Maggie.

"Yes, a lot of good they have been to you. You worked--you slaved you might say to care for them and educate them. They showed their gratitude as soon as they were able to help you by getting married--and now you are left alone," was Bridget's tart come-back.

Maggie counted to ten and tried to hold her tongue as she resented this interference in her private life. She knew this ride would continue for a long time--it would seem twice the time with such a critical, talkative companion.

TIDINGS

VOL. 1 - NO. 4

JUNE 1950

ETHEL G. BOEHME, EDITOR 2628 No. RICHARDS ST., MILWAUKEE 12, WIS.

A UNITED AMATEUR PRESS ASSOCIATION PUBLICATION



A SONG OF LOVE

WHAT IS LOVE?

A bullfrog sat upon
a lily pad one day
And croaked a love song
in his peculiar way.
His lady love just watched
and listened unconcerned;
Then sniffed the air and said
"My true love must be earned."
He sang of distant ponds
that he would have her see.
"You'll never be in want,
if you will marry me,
I'll take you where the flies
will be our bill of fare.
We'll travel far and wide
for I'm a millionaire.
Mill pond, marsh or mud pool
the vast expanse I own;
Lily pads, rock or reed,
any place I call home.
And when you are tired
of wandering we'll rest
To pick a sheltered spot
for our pollywog nest.
My love will never die,
I'll prove it with each breath.
I swear that I'll be true
until my very death."
Now THAT was what his love
was waiting long to hear;
She jumped upon his pad
to be so very near;
Then snuggled close to him
and whispered tenderly,
"Oh Horace, what a man!
You're surely meant for me."

Zeta Lipscomb

Love--is a beautiful sounding
four letter word--easy to pronounce
--and so simple that it should al-
ways be spelled correctly. But to
give the proper definition of--or
to explain what it is, causes one a
great deal of difficulty.

Love--the kind I have reference
to--is that between a masculine in-
dividual and one of the fairer sex.

Love--gives one a feeling of a
deep emotional complex--a desire to
be with the one you love--to devote
affection, tolerance and understand-
ing towards and a hope to do what-
ever is possible to promote the wel-
fare and happiness of that person.

Love--is a wonderful adventure--
sometimes one travels along--with
perfect contentment--on other occa-
sions we are rapidly twirling a-
round as though caught in a fast
moving whirlwind--and at other
times--we suffer the deepest depths
of despair and anguish.

Love--may be spontaneous and un-
expected--or it may develop from a
friendship of long standing. It
needs to be nurtured with mutual
kindness, consideration and affec-
tion to endure.

Love--there is no guarantee that
it is real--or how long it will
last. There is no inoculation to
prevent it--one doesn't become im-
mune to it--even if one has been in
love at one time. One can be in
love several times--of course some
people build a stone wall around
themselves--and sometimes that wall
crumbles like dust.

Remember the convention dates:
August 31, September 1, 2 and 3.
Plan NOW to come to Milwaukee!



New & Books

TIDINGS



ETHEL G. BOEHME, EDITOR 2628 NO. RICHARDS ST., MILWAUKEE 12, WIS.

A UNITED AMATEUR PRESS ASSOCIATION PUBLICATION

THE PLYMOUTH ADVENTURE

If you are interested in factual happenings, be sure to read the chronicle novel, "The Plymouth Adventure" by Ernest Gebler. You will have a clearer understanding of the courageous venture of the Mayflower from Southampton, England to the rocky coast of the new world. The heartbreaking endeavors of those brave people on this voyage and the hardships they endured in establishing a new colony, will tug at your heart.

Did you know that there were two ships - The MAYFLOWER (made up of passengers from England) and a smaller ship-The Speedwell, (from Holland whose passengers had formerly resided in England)? They set sail together on a foggy morning in August, 1620 for the New World.

Three hundred miles out at sea it was realized that the Speedwell would not be able to make the long trip across and so both of the ships turned back to port. Most of The Speedwell's passengers it seemed desired to go on, while some of those aboard the Mayflower it appears wanted to turn back and lost desire to go on to the New Land. These later folks did not have much to fear. Arriving back at port the exchange was made and only The Mayflower left on the second attempt at crossing. Six hundred miles had been lost and many days if we want to reckon time. The passengers were not as a whole, as history books inform us, seeking religious freedom. Some had been sent to other countries or had been given jail terms for having broken a law--brought about by depriving living conditions. It was either go to jail or whatever hellish mystery was ahead across the ocean. So they chose the trip - to live a new life in a new world, away from all this oppression. So they made the journey for a chance to live.

Mr. Gebler, after five years of diligent research and careful study was able to bring to his readers the importance of these historical characters as human beings. Yes, there was John Alden, Priscilla Mullins, Captain Miles Standish and one hundred and two men, women and children who sailed on the Mayflower. I realized after a reading of this fascinating book that severely each one must have suffered during that long treacherous voyage. The author has treated them as individuals.

Violent storms at sea - a lack of little value- both caused the ship to get off its course. Cramped, smelly quarters, rats, illness and death aboard ship, all added to making it very disagreeable. Low water supply and a scarcity of food (some of which in time could not be used, having spoiled) added to the woes and misery of both crew and passengers. Finally after hope had almost vanished -Land!- then on them came the fear of Indians and the struggles and hardships of a new life was theirs. Yes, you must read this well-written book.

Mr. Gebler had a Czech father and an Irish mother. His childhood was spent in various parts of Europe and at the age of nineteen settled in Dublin. Here he became interested in writing. Many of his

"KNOW THE TRUTH"

"IT WILL MAKE YOU FREE"

225

LARRY NORCROSS, EDITOR

VOLUME 1 NUMBER 12

1933 So. 70th. Street

To AMATEUR JOURNALISM: -

West Allis 14, Wisconsin

"THE PRINCE OF HOBBIES"

NOVEMBER 1950

*** A UNITED AMATEUR PRESS ASSOCIATION PUBLICATION ***

The year 1950 is swiftly drawing to its close but it has been a happy one for me, for it gave me the opportunity to become acquainted with you and you and you. That is but one of the things I am thankful for which reminds me Thanksgiving Day will be here by the time you receive this. So after that big meal, settle back in your chair and let's have a little chat.

THANKSGIVING DAY

When the oak has changed to golden,
the fox squirrel his coat, wild ducks
are a-winging and the boat moored in
the moat, 'tis then I start thinking
of days long gone by, when mother
started baking her golden pumpkin pie.
Ah! those were the days, I shall ne'er
forget. The memory still lingers, I can
see them yet. All members of the family
gathered 'round the festive board, la-
den with goodness, only earth could
afford. With the wane of November, call
it what you may. To me it was the long
awaited, Thanksgiving Day.

A LITTLE COTTAGE

There's a little cottage on the
corner of South Day
Where occupants are happy this
Thanksgiving Day.
Happy because, 'twas not
long before
The boy of the family went
away to war.

Now he's returned and sits in
a wheel chair
Still they are thankful he is
with them there.
Let us emulate this family
on South Day
And count our many blessings
Thanksgiving Day.

MY LAND

Where else on this terrestrial
ball
Is there freedom, like for us
all,
Where a place where most work
hand in hand,
There is no place----except
my land;
Let atheists and war mongers
slay
In due time----there will come
a day
When they, our precept will
understand
As practiced and preached in
my land.

A FRIEND

When days are oh do dreary and
there seems no end,
If someone consoles and comforts
they are a friend.
If in one you can confide, know
there it will end,
In that one person, esteem him
as your friend.

There is so much that a friend
can do.
But unto that friend you must
be true,
All of earth's wealth reaching
end to end
Can ne'er suffice, try as you
may; ---to purchase a friend.



MERRY CHRISTMAS

THINGS

HAPPY NEW YEAR

ETHEL G. BOEHME, EDITOR 2628 NO. RICHARDS ST., MILWAUKEE 12, WIS.

 * A UNITED AMATEUR PRESS ASSOCIATION PUBLICATION *

Seriously, - are you making one New Year's resolution which you will make every possible effort to keep? Why not resolve to attend The 1951 UNITED AMATEUR PRESS ASSOCIATION CONVENTION at BOSTON, MASS? I know it will mean strict budgeting and doing without some of the things that seem so important today. George and I are planning on a few extra days there above Convention Days as part of our vacation.

 "BOSTON in '51"

Come along with us to that quaint colorful city by the sea, Boston, Mass., where the cool salt breeze blows in off the Atlantic Ocean. Here we will find the sky ever changing, but usually it is the bluest of blue. Our seventh largest city and one of the oldest too, glows with a warm rosy hue, because a number of the buildings are constructed of red brick. Boston is the Capital City of Massachusetts. Its streets, especially in the older section are narrow and crooked. It is built on a peninsula, surrounded on three sides by the Atlantic Ocean and on the fourth we find the mouths of the Mystic and Charles Rivers. A number of inlet coves and tidal marshes have been filled in, at a great expense to take care of the expansion of this great city. The limits of the original town has been extended to include several smaller cities. It is one of our largest manufacturing and importation centers as well as a part of transatlantic travel. It is the greatest fishing port in the world.

A trip to Boston will give us an opportunity to visit many historical places. The Old State House in the middle of State Street we should not miss. The Bostonian Society has its museum here. Another place of interest is Faneuil Hall also known as "The Cradle of Liberty". Peter Faneuil gave this building to Boston. The first floor is a market and the upper one is a public meeting hall, and is rent free. Many fiery meetings have been held here. The weather vane on top of this building is as old as the original part of the building - a replica of a grasshopper - made of copper and is glass-eyed. It has been hopping around for over two hundred years trying to keep up with the fluctuations in Boston weather. The Quincy Market which is a source of income for Boston is near here and it is said that it is an unusual sight to visitors.

To visit antiquated churches is a desire I have always had, so I intend to see several of them here. There is the old South Church, now used as a historical building. Many plans of the American Revolution were formed here. Of course I will not miss the old North Church, where the lanterns were hung in the belfry, the night of the famous ride of Paul Revere. Then on to "OLD KINGS CHAPEL" which during Colonial Days was a pet of royalty. Many of its ornaments and much of its equipment were gifts of various kings and queens of England. There are many more old churches to be seen here and hand in hand with these churches are the old burial grounds. Being deeply interested in early American His-

"KNOW THE TRUTH"

VOL. I NO. 2

TO AMATEUR JOURNALISM-
"THE PRINCE OF HOBBIES"

The Truth!

JANUARY

1950.

"IT WILL MAKE YOU FREE"

LARRY HONGROSS, EDITOR
1933 SOUTH 70th. STREET
WEST ALLIS, W., WISCONSIN

SOLILOQUY

Yo' know ah's been wonderin'
jes why us darkies was bo'n.
Heah we is a-slavin' down in
da fiel's o' yeller co'n.
'Specs as how de good Lord put
dat co'n in da fiel's ta grow
So'n He cin heah us darkies singin'
as He watches us below.

SHOO FLY

**

Shoo fly, git 'way fum mah
nose.
How's yo' spec ah gits mah
repose?
Boy, dat sun sure feels good
on me
Po' i'so got some soht o'
misery.

Fly, yo' sho is flirtin' wif
death.
Yo' jus' wait 'til ah gits mah
breath,
Ah's goin' ta bop ya on da
nose
So's ah cin have mah sweet
repose.

DAD

*

Who oils the wheels so
they'll go round?
Who when in need, you know
where he's found.
who when a kid, licked you
when bad?
Who? Yes, it was your dear
old Dad.

JOY

*

Joy is like a heaven-sent rain-
Warms the heart-brings smiles again,
To have, to hold, is not a task
If you'll let others in it bask.

PARTNERS

**

Rastus, ah done saw yo' snoop
roun' Pahson Jones chick'n coop.
Dig boy, yo' aint foolin' me
Yo' was up ta some deviltry.

Yo' waited 'til da moon was low
Den into dat coop yo did go.
Ah watched ya back of a tree
Cuz yo' slipped roun' back o' me.

Willie boy, how come yo' was dere?
Sho not out foh fresh air.
Tell ya Willie, ah's dere befo'
Ah's just comin' back fo' meh.

ROLLIN' THE BONES

I know of cubes of ivory with
spots on each side
Carried by certain colored folks
which are their joy and pride.
I know a certain colored boy,
his name is Willie Jones
Who can beat any one when it
comes to rollin' the bones.

First he clicks them -then he
shivers,
next he lets them go-
When they stop r-r-ralling, they
a lucky number show.
Now I've seen many others try,
but only one Willie Jones
Who was so dog-gone lucky at
rollin' the bones.

If o' one you can't
think well
'Tis best your lips
should not tell.

These were all taken from my fo-
lios--"Ink Sketches of the Deep
South" and Wise and Otherwise."

LARRY.

" KNOW THE TRUTH "

VOL. I NO.3

To Amateur Journalism -

" THE PRINCE OF HOBBIES " 1950

The Truth!

FEBRUARY

" IT WILL MAKE YOU FREE "

LARRY NORCROSS, Editor

1933 SOUTH 70th. ST.

WEST ALLIS IL, WIS.

 Here we are with a fine start in the new year. I say "fine" with the
 best of intentions for I do hope it will be just that for all of you.

OLD FASHIONED SWEETHEARTS

Up in a lonely attic,
 rafters covered with dust,
 I found an old trunk one day,
 bands encrusted with rust.

In reverence I opened it gently
 not knowing what it contained;
 Its contents were all moth eaten,
 only a bundle of letters remained.

They were tied with a faded ribbon,
 the writing I recognized
 As being written by my Mother
 to one she idolized.

Just a bundle of old love letters
 which set two hearts aglow;
 Just two old fashioned sweethearts
 Of the long, long ago.

A FARM HOUSE

I saw a farm house on the hill,
 entrapped by snow and oh! so still.
 Smoke curled lazily from the stack,
 warmth peeped from a curtain's crack.

Within, live folks of humble birth
 who gain their living from the earth:
 So that we city folk might obtain
 a bounteous share of their grain.

Our thanks we should these folks give;
 they toil and sweat that we may live.
 So in life's grim battle to exist,
 we have gained, what they have missed.

"It's not what you do but how you do
 it that counts."

JUNIOR'S CURLS

Junior's curls lie at the feet
 of the barber down the street,
 Gone for'er his crowning glory,
 just a part of life's old story.

Changed from babe to little man
 when the barber with shears began
 To cut off those golden curls
 which were only meant for girls.

Least-wise that's what father said,
 but mother sadly bowed her head.
 Fathers just don't realize
 how much babes mean in mother's
 eyes.

REGRET

One day a deed of kindness
 I could have done,
 Alas, that person died before
 set of sun.
 From that day on, this
 I regret,
 My guilty conscience will
 not forget.

DECISION

Be not hasty in your
 decision,
 Oft' it only leads to
 derision.
 Weigh each thot, large
 or small.
 Then no harm will you
 befall.

Hi there folks! Here is your old philosopher again, knocking at your door, asking permission to come in and visit with you. Let's sit down and chat. What is so golden as a few words with a friend? Let's go.

Yo' know mistah, what's da best fruit o'mine? It's water melons when dey is growin' on de vine. Mas-sa, I'se tellin' yo' dis darly oughta know, fo' I'se in da country where dem melons grow. Muffin grows better'n dan dem melons in de souf; ah splits 'em wide open an' puts haf-un to mah mouf. Den afta ah eats mah fill ah feels mighty fine. Brudder, yo' cant beat dem southern melons on de vine.

When mah woman gits out dat tub, rolls up her sleeves and stahts ta rub, ah gits me up fum 'neath dat tree and makes ma-self scarce as cin be. Ah'm mos' happy when wo'k stays way fum me, fo' work an' me nevah, nevah did agree. Ah'l let mah woman have dat ol' tub, fo' she's mos' healthy if'n she cin rub.

Mistah, not so long ago, ah heerd singin' on de radio. Some mammy crooonin' lullabies. It brung tears ta mah eyes. Got a-thinkin' o' mah ol' mammy when she took me on her knee, sung ta me dat same ol' tune 'neath a great big smilin' moon. Now dat singin' sho was great, but not so good as mammy Kate, fo' she sung so sweet an' low, ain't heerd such on da radio.

Remember, it's not what you do but how you do it, that counts.

Now for a little something serious.

CAROLINA MOON

The silvery moon was shining
O'er a Carolina hill,
Birds had hushed their singing
all was tranquil and still,
When slowly and softly
a golden voice was heard,
it wafted thro' the tree tops
far sweeter than a bird.

The stanza was but started
when others joined the song,
'Twas like angels singing
in a heavenly throng.
The melody still lingers
it my heart did fill;
They were God's people singing
O'er a Carolina hill.

BOOK OF LIFE

One's life is like a book,
the cover is the outer look;
Its preface is of your birth
tells of the first days on earth.
Ensuing chapters next portray
life as lived from day to day,
filled with good deeds and ninth
events all, of life on earth.
I would that my life could be
much like a book of history;
Each page with good to the end
to give my readers a dividend.

A fond remembrance, is to me
like a perpetual flower;
To be enjoyed forever and a day.
An un-fond remembrance, resembles
a prickly briar; to at once be
forgotten and cast away.

A little house well filled, a
little land well tilled; and a
little wife well willed, are
great riches. Anonymous.

"KNOW THE TRUTH"

VOL. I NO. 5

To Amateur Journalism :

"THE PRINCE OF HOBBIES"

The
Truth
APRIL
1950

"IT WILL MAKE YOU FREE"

LARRY NORCROSS, Editor

1933 SO. 70th. STREET

WEST ALLIS IL, WISCONSIN

A UNITED AMATEUR PRESS ASSOCIATION PUBLICATION

Once again, greetings to all my fellow members. It is with joyful heart I come to you taking this means of thanking the many that I have heard from during the past month. I tried to answer all your letters. If I missed any I am sorry.

TO A MEADOW LARK

I saw a lark wing merrily
O'er the lea,
Its shrill song brought
joy to me,
For my heart was wrought
with grief,
That songster gave me
sweet relief.

Thanks to thee my feathered
friend,
Wing thy way and to others
send
This same message you gave
to me
A gift from God so full
and free.

AN EASTER PRAYER

We rejoice this the day that
Christ arose
And by His death conquered all
His foes;
Fairest Lily in ten thousand
blooms today
We lift our eyes to Heaven and
humbly pray.

We thank Thee Father for this
world of ours,
The green verdure and the
April showers,
We thank Thee for redemption of
our soul,
Thy resurrection hath made us
whole.

- ***** -

LIFE'S STRUGGLE

I saw two robins on the lawn
Who had a worm as their pawn,
Each an end within their beak
Neither would another seek.

How like some persons I have known,
To want for things not their own.
It matters not be it bird or man
Life's a struggle since it began.

I WANDERED BY THE MILLSTREAM

I wandered by the millstream
I drifted to the mill;
I could not hear the water flow
Once noisy wheel was still.
There was no sound of insects
Nor chirp of any bird;
The beating of my lonely heart
Was all the sound I heard.

I waited, but my lover did not come
The moon came out alone;
Twinkling stars sat one by one
On their individual throne.
The evening breeze passed by and
Leaves above were stirred;
The beating of my lonely heart
Was all the sound I heard.

SPRING SUN

Ah sweet relief from long winter's
run To feel the warmth of the
Spring sun.... Beaming sweetly
down on rock and rill.... Waking
sleepy violet and daffodil.

. Larry.

"KNOW THE TRUTH"

VOL. I NO. 6

To Amateur Journalism :

"THE PRINCE OF HOBBIES"

The Truth
MAY 1950

#231
"IT WILL MAKE YOU FREE"

LARRY HARGROSS, Editor

1933 So. 70th. Street

West Allis 14, Wisconsin

A UNITED AMATEUR PRESS ASSOCIATION PUBLICATION

I expect to pass through this world but once. Any good therefore that I can do, or any kindness that I can show to any fellow creature, let me do it now. Let me not defer or neglect it, for I shall not pass this way again. I do not know who wrote this, but them's my sentiments exactly.
Larry.

TEACH ME TO PRAY.*****
TO A COUNTRY CHURCH

Lord, teach me to pray,
To thank Thee for this day;
Lord, I have said my prayer,
I am relieved of all care.

There's a country church
with ivy embraced,
Which march of time its
beauty has not effaced.
Long years have passed since
its doors opened wide
To admit humble folk from
the country side.

Lord, let me teach others to pray,
To know Thee in a fuller way,
Lord, they have learned a prayer,
They will all their knowledge share.

The bell in belfry covered
with dust and mold,
Has not for years a sad
requiem tolled;
Its early worshippers have
to dust returned,
After long years of toil
their rest have earned.

Lord, I know Thou hath heard our
prayers,
They will help in world affairs,
Lord, we thank Thee we can pray
Our lives are brighter from this day.

IF I HAD MET HIM

I wonder if I had met the Stranger
as he walked alone down the road,
His face brighter than sunshine
but on his shoulders a load;
If he had stepped forth to greet me
would I have seen those torn hands
Or the brow that was crowned with
thorns,
The wounds caused by sinful commands?

Give me not cathedrals with
their lofty spires,
Or pompous clergy or vested
choirs.
Give me that little church
high up on the hill
Which truly served God and
obeyed His will.

ADVERSITY

Perhaps I like the others, in haste
would have passed him by,
Not knowing he was the Saviour
who for me did die;
But glor hallelujah, all this
I now do know,
Let my life be an example
that I may to others show.

Adversity indeed thou art
my cross
But life has not all been
loss,
I have health, home and
children fair,
Thus I have wealth, beyond
compare.

The place you'll most often find
a helping hand
Is at the end of your own arm.

It's not what you do
But how you do it
That counts.

"KNOW THE TRUTH"

VOLUME 1 NUMBER 7

TO AMATEUR JOURNALISM

"THE PRINCE OF HOBBIES". JUNE 1950

"WE WILL MAKE YOU FREE"

LARRY WERCROSS, EDITOR

1933 So. 70th. Street

West Allis 14, Wis.

#232

A UNITED AMATEUR PRESS ASSOCIATION PUBLICATION

June, the month of brides and roses. It is a beautiful month and the sweetest to me of all. You see, it was just thirty years ago that I took unto myself a bride and it is to her I dedicate this number. Yes, I also dedicate it to you young brides and brides of yesteryear. May the tie which binds you be as happy as mine has been. Benjamin Franklin once said, "where there's marriage without love, there will be love without marriage." Keep that in mind all of you.

MY DRESSURE

More precious than rubies
Finer than gold,
Is my love for you darling
now that I hold.
When deep cares o'er take me
I am in despair
'Tis so sweet to know that
my burdens you share.

Of! I have hurt you, said
words unkind,
But you were forgiving and
relieved my mind.
So I over will hold you
close to my heart,
'Til the Lord in His wisdom
shall us part.

MY WIFE'S BIBLE

In easy access where my wife
does sit
Lies on a table the Book of
Holy Writ,
Its cover worn, showing years
of age
For she has turned and read
every page.

Each morn and night she sits in
her chair,
This Book in lap, her eyes closed
in prayer,
Her life lived daily as the Book
has taught,
I thank Thee, Lord, I want
for naught.

THE APOTHECARY SHOP

When a boy, I oft' would stop
At the old Apothecary Shop
To get a drug that Doc suggested
Which was well known and tested.

But times have changed since a boy
Now different methods they employ,
To get a drug to ease the pain
You search the establishment in vain.

All shelves are lined with sexy books
With pots and pans to please the cooks.
In some obscure corner you may find
Packaged drugs to ease your mind.

A BIT OF SHAMROCK

In my home's a bit of shamrock
so dainty and fair.
It was the Heavenly Father who
placed it there.
No 'tis not green in verdure or
a potted vine,
Want me to tell tell you? It's that
wife o' mine.
She's of Irish extraction, a bit
of "the auld sod",
A master piece from Heaven, a true
gift from God.

All days she's singing, her sweet
voice fills the air,
I thank Thee Heavenly Father for
placing her there.

Love's like the measles--all the worse
when it comes late in life.

~Douglas Jerrold.

XON 4827

"KNOW THE TRUTH"

"IT WILL MAKE YOU FREE"

#233

VOLUME 1 NUMBER 8

Larry Norcross, Editor

TO AMATEUR JOURNALISM :-
"THE PRINCE OF HOBBIES"

The Truth
JULY 1950

1933 So. 70th Street
West Allis 14, Wisconsin

A UNITED AMATEUR PRESS ASSOCIATION PUBLICATION

THE CIRCUS

With the coming of summer
I'm happy as can be,
For 'round middle of July
my boy will say to me,
"Dad I see by the bill boards
the circus is in town,
We don't want to miss it,
not one single clown."

I know the feeling engendered
Deep in his heart,
And not for one moment,
would I let it depart;
So, I buy the tickets, then
we hie to the Big Top,
Sit on a narrow boardway, gorge
with Cracker Jack and Pop.

There's something 'bout a circus
makes you a boy again,
You see it all around you,
'mongst the other men;
With the wondrous circus over,
we trod home content
Filled with satisfaction that
it was a day well spent.

THE A - B - C OF IT

When Junior's papers are marked
with A's
He stands around, awaiting
praise;
When those papers are marked
with B
Those kind of papers I do
not C.

There are some folks in whose company
we are always at our best. We
find music in our souls never there
before. Here's to those sort of
folks. May they invite us often.

BOYHOOD MEMORIES

You can have your pie and pastry
any kind the bakers make,
Not a one can compare with Mother's
strawberry short cake,
She had a knack in baking it a
beauteous golden brown
And then with berries she would
load it down.

I ate like a gourmand, 'til
I thot I'd bust,
Ate every single berry and
all the golden crust;
Mother stood by smiling, not
a move did she make,
For she knew I was enjoying her
strawberry short cake.

***** ORPHANS OF THE STORM

I know a little cottage at
the end of the street
Where, if you listen closely
you can hear baby feet,
And their gurgling voices
intermingled with a cry;
Just a little bit of Heaven
growing as the days go by.

The matron of this cottage has
the patience of a saint,
Daily she ministers to them
never is there complaint;
Each one of her loved ones she
keeps cozy and warm,
Th're known to the world as
"orphans of the storm."

God, 'way up in Heaven, sees her
daily at her task,
He knows no remuneration will
she ever ask,
Her reward is in giving each
babe a start,
That the world will be richer
when they become a part.

THE AMATEUR PRESS

THE WEEK END EDITION

VOLUME 1 NUMBER 9

For Amateur Journalists

HARRY NORDBROSS, Editor
1023 So. 70th Street
West Allis 14, Wisconsin

THE PRICE OF COPIES

APRIL 1950

The Truth

A UNITED AMATEUR PRESS ASSOCIATION PUBLICATION

Greetings fellow members. Once again I am taking this means of expressing my appreciation for all the fine letters received lately from you. I tried to answer all, but if I missed you, please, don't be offended. Do write me again and I will do my best to answer. I am looking forward to the convention where I hope to meet many of you. In the meantime-----Cheerio.

A MOTHER'S PRAYER

Heavenly Father, let there be
no more wars,
Bring back all our boys from
foreign shores;
Instill in man that war is
in vain,
Nought is gained but misery
and pain,
If it be their will, let
Pagan's fight
'Til Christianity has shown
them the Light;
Show them the futility of all
gone on before,
Heavenly Father, let there be
no more war.

DRUMS OF WAR

Hark! I hear drums a-beating
on a distant shore,
Can this be repetition of what
has gone on before?

God forbid we should witness
more carnage of men,
Weeping of children and widows,
Fathers never to return again.

There have been wars without
number,
Never a victory won
Over greed and selfish ambition
From which all wars are spun.

I await that glorious sometime
When the Prince of Peace shall
reign,
Then all wars will be ended and
We shall be free again.

LEAVES

Most every little village has a
square off Main Street, where on
summer evenings all the villag-
ers meet. Sleepy Hollow was no
exception, its square was fill-
ed each night, with members of
the family, some decked in col-
ors bright.

In an obscure corner, if you
looked you could see, Widow
Brown sitting quietly 'neath
a shapely elm-tree. She tells
a saddened story, I have heard
it before, how one she loved
dearly, gave his life in war.

As she sits in pensive silence,
she veritably believes she can
hear this loved one speaking,
Thro the rustle of the leaves.
Who am I to disclaim tis know-
ledge, in fact I believe 'tis
true, for God speaks to all of
us from out the sky so blue.

By Gordon Johnstone

I have prayed in the fields of
poppies,
I have laughed with the men
who died-----
But in all my ways and through
all my days
Like a friend He walked beside.
I have seen a sight under Heaven
That only God understands,
In the battle's glare I have
seen Christ there
With the Sword of God in His hand.

| 19- NOVEMBER -50 | | | | | | |
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THIS MONTH

" IS THE MOST IMPORTANT "

VOLUME I NUMBER 2

MARY FRAME, EDITOR * 3300 AUSTIN AVE.,
WACO, TEXAS

*** A UNITED AMATEUR PRESS ASSOCIATION PUBLICATION ***
***** ..

NOVEMBER:

The month when the last of the gay gypsy-leaves have fallen wearily to the ground to sleep on the bosom of old Mother Earth while chilled bullets of rain pelt their life-blood back down to the roots of the tree in preparation for another Spring and new life. Perhaps these uneasy bone-chilling days in the History of the World are only the chill waiting period----before Spring for Humanity is here. With every effort to make it so, let's live in expectancy and pause to observe;

THANKSGIVIN'

Well I betcha' if we're Thankful, we can have a lot of fun---
If we start out early thinkin', when the day has first begun--
Like as not we'll find our blessin's, crowdin' out our doubt and fears,
And first thing we know be laughin', and forget to shed our tears,
Things can't be as sad, Oh surely, as the World would have us think:
Even the' some folks do tell us, that the future's black as ink.
Still we go on daily livin', findin' life is not so bad----
If we give much thought to others, we can even say we're glad:
That's the secret known for ages, forgettin' self to lift a load;
Keep the Golden Rule right shiny---never letting it corrode.
When you've done all good you think of, get your pencil and your pad;
Write---your loves and hopes and pleasures---draw a line---start to add;
Now just see---that's what I told you--: Worthwhile, cheerful, happy livin'.
All of these stacked up together---ain't it fun to have THANKSGIVIN'?:

M.F.

November; the month when the cat (Cory L. for instance, who is now a gawky adolescent, falling in my bath water---getting locked in the trunk) snoozes before the fire, his motor still running in case any of the mouse family tries to sneak past. Trails of spicy fragrance through the house and one meditates;"It's almost like Christmas---but not quite!" Anticipation is our constant companion as we await the guests who will share the feast with us,-----Much later, we walk over the place,(weather permitting) in self-defense, just because we've stuffed ourselves 'til we're fit-to-bust! Seems there's new enjoyment in every stick and stone as we walk again in the companionship of those who have been away for days, or years. It's a time for the small fry to become acquainted, while we note the silver in the hair of those no older than ourselves---wandering at the swiftness of age. Some of us might even become-----:

CONFUSED

"What startled you?" I kindly asked.
"Was it the sound of Mary's sneeze?"
"Oh no," Dear Grandma made reply.
"It was the sight of Mary's knees."
-----Belle S. Mooney

| DECEMBER, 1934 | | | | | | | | | | | |
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"IS THE MOST IMPORTANT"
VOLUME I NUMBER 4

MARY FRAME, EDITOR 3300 Austin Ave.
WACO, TEXAS

*** A UNITED AMATEUR PRESS ASSOCIATION PUBLICATION ***

DECEMBER:

Is the Month described by Frances Lois Vaughn, much better than I could do.

DECEMBER

December is a poor man,
Thin and spent and old;
His pale limbs snake with palsy;
His brow is hard and cold.

He decks himself with holly;
He trims the tree just so,
Then blushes like a school-boy
Beneath the mistletoe.

But ere he steps forever
Beyond Time's open door,
A miracle transforms him
Into a child once more.



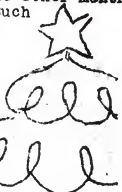
And when the season's over,
He crawls back to his bed
Beneath the snowy blanket;
And lies there until dead.

----F.L.V.

December, is the month of the greatest happiness perhaps of all the other months of the year together, because of the Spirit of Christmas that holds us close with a bond of remembrance and love. No other month brings such a merry heart----such a light to the eye---and such

SURPRISE

Christmas is always a special time
The Savior's Birthday---Church bells chime--
Gifts and cards and remembrance rare;
Tinsel and trees and goodies to spare.
But the Christmas surprise that I like best--
More than eating and wearing and all the rest:
Is seeing a part of the family dear---
Who could not possibly come over here.



Most unexpected--I can hardly believe--
I'm off to see them on Christmas Eve.

----M.F.

And this is the busiest time for that men we've expected each day all year, yet thought little about. The--

POSTMAN

We sure have a cheerful Postman
Even when his dogies hurt;
Happy when the cold wind's blowing,
Whistling when his skin's sunburnt.
I don't know how Uncle Sammy
Picked him out to come our way---
Only know he found a good one
And I hope he's on to stay.

If he just holds out through Christ-
mas
Trotin' all them cards and stuff,
Wadin' round through stormy weather
I'll just say he's plenty tuff!
'Least I'm Wishin' Merry Christmas;
N'what I think would be the best--
Santa Claus could bring our Postman
A new big' socks plumb full of rest!

-----M.F.

V. A. P. A. Newsletter

PUBLISHED FOR THE UAFA BY JOHN J. QUIGLEY, 60 RAYS AVE., LYNN, MASS. NO. 27

Dear Fellow Members:

First of all this month let me take this opportunity to wish one and all a Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year. Let's all take time out this month to offer a prayer to the Prince of Peace for a just and lasting peace for mankind.

NOTE TO H. V. HELJESON: Taking note of your no doubt just comment in recent Official Organ, wish to state that I will try to improve with the facilities at my disposal.

"AMATEUR": Remember back some months to the discussion over the word "Amateur" caused by yours truly? Well the other day I came across a definition of the word in a local newspaper which should suite all: "Amateur-- One who pursues some work entirely for the love of it and without financial reward." That certainly fits we AJ's to a "T."

PAYING OFF: IT looks as if the recruiting drive--especially in New England--is beginning to pay off. I'm pleased to welcome two more Lynners into the United, and predict they will make fine members.

They are: Miss Elizabeth Mae Crosby. Miss Crosby is a noted Lynn poetess and has had many poems published in the LYNN ITEM. She is active in the affairs of the Greater Lynn Writers Club.

Also, Larry Doucette. Larry, whose grandfather is a printer, is a past-president of the Burroughs Newsboys Foundation of Boston, a state-wide organization of news boys; twice was elected to represent his High School at the annual "Good Government Day" held by the Massachusetts Legislature and presently is serving as president of the Eastern Improvement Junior Civic Association of Lynn.

Both these folks should make valuable members!

INTERESTING: Of course none of us are "forced" to take office in the United, we do it merely to serve our fellow members, but nevertheless I find a recent letter from a former officer of this association very interesting.

He states that in the year he held office he figures he spent over \$50 of his own money in conducting the affairs of his office. Now this member is one of our most unselfish officers. He asks nothing and vice his all for AJ. And I happen to know that, with a member of his family afflicted with a prolonged illness, he really had to sacrifice that \$50.

Just in passing the thought struck me that perhaps--if the Treasurer could stand the strain--some of the minor expenses of officers, which mount up in the long run, could be at least partially paid from association funds.

For example, this member explains he incurred most of his expenses from: Stationary, stamps, envelopes, etc. Perhaps a small amount could be set aside annually to help offset some of these expenses incurred in the line of duty for those officers who wish to accept it.

Oh well, it's a suggestion anyhow.

Fraternaly,

John J. Quigley

JOHN J. QUIGLEY,
First Vice-President, UAFA
DECEMBER, 1950

#238

NUMBER TWO
THINKING ALLOWED
AUGUST '51

REBIRTH:

Amateur journalism's soul lives again

THREE-QUARTERS of a century of organized amateur journalism culminated in the adoption of a resolution calling for a wholesale rededication to the principles of the hobby that have endured 75 weary years. Just seconds before the 76th annual convention of the National Amateur Press Association adjourned *sine die* to become history, a delegate who, a political boss himself, has apparently gotten his belly full of bickering and name-calling, proposed the resolution which would restore to their proper places the ideals which motivated the founding of the group in 1876 by the now-famous 60 boy printers.

In the convention hall, a hushed air of excited anticipation permeated the atmosphere as the pro-

TWIG'S

D I A R Y

JULY 1951

NUMBER FOUR

ABOARD THE U. S. MARINE LYNX
NIGHT BEFORE EMBARKATION

PLENTY of water has spilled over the dam since the last issue of *Twig's* went to press. Number three was prepared and sent to Alf Babcock prior to my departure from Camp Gordon (Georgia) to home on a 14 day delay-en-route. Some of the copy for that issue had been written about a month before, and in the very few days before leaving it was edited and re-edited and sent to Alf with the hope that he could print it before the NAPA convention in Philadelphia. I only wish I could check this copy as I did that, but departure is nearing and I'd like to get this off before we sail.

Perhaps I should bring you up to date on the happenings between May 10th and now, May 30th, this fine Memorial Day. On the 10th we were released from Gordon and left by plane for home. The trip was

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TWIG'S

D I A R Y

JULY 1951 (2)

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NUMBER FIVE

ON THE MOVE -- SEATTLE TO TAEGU

21 June 1951 ● It was a drizzly day in Pusan and at the time of this entry in my diary we were waiting for the train to start on a 4-hour trip to our new assignments. I have been attached to the 304th Signal Opns. Bn. whose headquarters is in Taegu, 30 or 40 miles north of here. But let me bring you up to date on events since Twig's no. 4.

31 May ● This date found me on the U. S. N. S. Marine Lynx about to embark on a 14-day voyage that ended at Yokahama, Japan. We sailed at 3:30 that day and I took time off from K. P. to watch the people on the pier and hear the band.

The trip was uneventful as far as weather or rough seas were concerned. Only one night did the Pacific kick up a few waves.

1 June ● There was a request over the "bitch-box" (inter-com system) for a typist for the ship's newspaper. I investigated just to see what would

X-PN 4827

ALVIN BEETTER,
EDITOR

#241
122 BAKER ST.
BEREA, O.

TRAVELER

A United Amateur Press Association Publication

Vol. 1 SEPTEMBER 1951 No. 1

A CHURCH RETREAT

Hello, all you members and friends of the U.A.P.A. As it was my privilege to attend a Laymen's Retreat recently, could think of no better story to submit for my initial contribution.

Our trip to the camp where this Retreat was held was uneventful except at Ashland we saw a long trailer-truck push a car over the curb. The auto was parked right at the corner, and after the truck had passed over it we could see people picking up what looked to be swords, but turned out to be chrome.

Arriving early (everyone don't operate on Daylight Saving time!) we had our choice of bunks, which were of the up-and-down variety. This was one case where the lowers were NOT higher, nor the uppers lower -- so we chose the lowers.

The cooks were expecting only half as many as turned out for our first meal, no one put on any extra advoirdupois from over-eating, yet there were no complaints, either.

During the first night, the wife of the fellow sleeping above me suddenly decided to have her baby, and nearly everyone in camp was awakened before the husband was located. The following morning we were informed that it was a girl, but admonished that if any MORE men were planning to have babies, to advise which cabin they were in.

We learned almost as much in-between scheduled talks as we did at the meetings. For example, a Dayton man said at his church two Juniors in choir robes come down the aisle during the prelude and light the can-

THOT-JOTS

Pub. For and Edited by Paul E. Heir, 127 W. North Ave., Rm. 15, Chicago 10, Ill.

Vol. 1

AAPA • NAPA • UAPA

No. 1

JUDGMENT?

(AAPA Credential)

It was on a mountain highway, and driving was dangerous. Curve after curve, with deep unprotected slopes down away from the road.

"Prepare to meet God" ominously commanded a sign placed in a precarious spot over an abyss.

"And how!" I thought, "and am I?"

Then came a jolting thud, and a sensation of falling into space, and a crash, and all got dark.

After a lapse of time, consciousness began to return, and I seemed to hear music, and a habble of voices. A faint lavender lightness dawned, and grew brighter moment by moment. I found myself seated in a beautiful meadow, and I was in the rear of a great long line of people, men, women and children. They were all in strange, formal garb—Sunday clothes.

"Where am I? What am I doing here?" I asked myself as I got to my feet, and joined in with the line. No one took notice of me. Where did I get this black suit—and the white shirt, and the bow tie? I never bought a bow tie!

There was a steady hum of conversation, and singing. Presently a man dressed in white, carrying a large book, approached me. "What is your name?" he asked.

"Paul Heir," I replied.

"Where do you come from?"

"Chicago, Illinois."

"Hmph. Aren't you a fellow who is always talking about 'Co-operationalism'?"

"Yes, sir."

"Whatever became of it?"

GREETINGS, FOLKS

AM finally trying to get out a paper. Some of the material contained herein may have been written months ago, and has batted around the country through the MSS. Bureaus until it almost constituted a private mailing at the MSS. Managers' expense, but to those inactive members who did not get to read the stuff, here it is! Best wishes to all for a happy and worth-while new year.

PAUL E. HEIR.

"They wouldn't, sir."

"Wouldn't what?"

"Co-operate."

"Don't you know people want to live their own lives, the way they choose?"

"Yes, sir!"

"You seem like a trouble-maker to me."

"Oh, I hope not, sir. I just wanted to try to do a little good in the world."

"For yourself, you mean, don't you?"

"For myself, and others, too, yes, sir."

"Who are you trying to fool? Not me, by any chance? Who are you to tell people what to do?"

"I only try to suggest, sir—Co-operation is the only way for World Peace."

"You're just another meddler. I don't like your looks. I hardly think you belong in this line at all. I believe I'll send

X-PN 10077

#243

THOT-JOTS

Published For and Edited by Paul E. Heir, 127 W. North Ave., Rm. 15, Chicago 10, Ill.

Volume 1

AAPA - NAPA - UAPA

Number 2

... TABOOS AND WORLD PEACE ...

(AN EDITORIAL)

All over the world people battle and shed blood for Peace and Freedom, but there is no Peace, and very little Freedom.

Strangely enough, whether man be intelligent or ignorant, the differences of opinion which are the causes of wars, are hardly differences at all.

Wars may be compared to a hospital operation to remove a cancer from an individual. The doctors may cut out the cancer, and still not cut out the cause of the cancer. The cause of the cancer may be in the blood. And the patient may die from the operation, as may nations from wars. Is it not better to be searching out for solutions to the causes of disorders, rather than merely cutting at the disorder itself?

If world leaders of doubtful intellect bring about destructive wars that absolutely prevent Peace and Freedom for which the people constantly are seeking, would it not be wisdom to cast aside taboos of thought which have prevailed for centuries, and which have failed to bring Peace? Why not give new ideas a chance? Why not make a start for World Peace by rational thinking?

Let us examine the whole complex subject as briefly as possible:

This planet, and all it contains, every rock and rill, every tree, plant, bird, animal, fish, or living thing, is a part of an orderly plan of the universe, but plans can go awry, through faulty thinking and doing.

As an ant plays its small part in bettering the soil, or an earthworm, so do human beings have their duties to

perform in the bettering of the world. Though atheists may deny God as the creator of the universe, the very evident fact is that the universe exists, and it is a masterful system of working Order, at least as far as basic creation is concerned. This particular world planet is not perfect, all is not harmony here, but perhaps it was designedly made imperfect, so that mankind might help make a better world—to work with God.

We ask for divine help in worldly problems, but will not heed the signs that are so plainly given.

When people work together for good, good is the result. When people work together to do harm, harm results. Can Heaven tell us the message any plainer? If we want Peace and Freedom, we must work together for Peace and Freedom.

We bicker over everything—politics and religion—yet all religion is practically one and the same, and politics likewise. What matters it whether we worship Christ, or God, or Mohammed, or Buddha, the sun, moon or the stars, so long as the purpose of the worship is to acknowledge a Supreme Force and Intelligence?

This is not sacrilege—it is the most beautiful religion in all the world, for it seeks to understand all mankind, and is humble to the Life-Giving Power, and recognizes the duty to the fellow man, and the purpose of life itself.

Let us strive then to make a start for a universal religion and a universal language, all in the interests of World Peace, and Freedom for all.

THOT-JOTS

Published For and Edited by Paul E. Heir, 127 W. North Ave., Rm. 16, Chicago 10, Ill.

Volume 1

AAPA - NAPA - UAPA

Number 3

CREDO

AN EDITORIAL

It is wrong to destroy anyone's faith, if that faith brings contentment and peace; but blind faith without thought, or by shutting out an opposing faith without a hearing or a consideration of it, is not a courageous faith.

I feel it expedient to explain my faith, in this world of turmoil and unrest, because that faith does bring peace of mind and contentment to me, as regards religious matters. Also, it is one that can co-operate with any and all religions.

First of all, my basic belief is: "All human problems can be solved, or helped toward solution, through co-operation."

Some individuals may smile at this, as being idealistic wishful thinking, and give the example of the impossibility of co-operation with the Communists, for instance—and they would be right—BUT, as a definite premise, my basic axiom still holds, and also that co-operation is the only way to world peace, regardless of how difficult to obtain, that co-operation may be.

It must be remembered that the Communists themselves do not practice what they preach, and that they merely use trickery and lies to fool their gullible peoples. If the evil-doing leaders were out of the way, then co-operation might be a possibility.

Co-operation is not co-operation at all unless it is reciprocal. One side cannot do all the co-operating, and the other side the receiving. That is not co-operation, that is just being foolish. However, under our present political set-up, this is what we have been doing, and the politicians like it, because it will

eventually make slaves of the mass of people, with only a few favored "party" persons reaping the rewards, or the loot.

Since religion does play a part in the problem of world peace, the question arises: "Can religions be tolerant (co-operate) with other religions, though they do not worship or believe alike?" The theoretical answer is, yes.

To brand one religion as pagan or no religion at all simply because it differs with one's own, merely betrays a narrow-minded lack of thought. If a religion that a person has been taught to believe in is not the FULLEST search for the Truth, it may contain falsehoods, but the followers of that religion would not be guilty, for the INTENT of one's belief is stronger than the means employed. This same philosophy can be applied to the "heathen" forms of worship. If the "heathens" believe that in their form of worship, whether it be their cruelty-made idols—or the sun, moon or star worship, or anything else—that this worship IS worship to their gods or Creator, then actually, in effect, they ARE worshipping their Creator!

In His wisdom, God gave mankind brains to think with. That in itself, is proof that He is a just God. Can it not then be assumed that his Supreme Intelligence makes but little distinction in the form of worship, so long as the intent is worthy?

This philosophy, carried just a little bit further, agrees that man cannot of himself make or create a single thing that God the Creator has not already made or that He is willing for man to

THOT-JOTS

Published For and Edited by Paul E. Heir, 127 W. North Ave., Rm. 15, Chicago 10, Ill.

Volume 1

AAPA - NAPA - UAPA

Number 5

SANCTIONS--THE WAY TO PEACE

Last year, shortly after the start of the Korean War, this amateur editor sent a letter to the State Department, a copy of which follows:

Chicago 10, Ill., July 22, 1950.
Secretary of State Acheson,
Washington 25, D. C.
Dear Sir:

In the present Korean War the United Nations faces its greatest test. World War III will become a reality unless steps are taken immediately to prevent it. Now is the time for skillful statesmanship if the world is to be saved from the destruction of another preventable war.

The United Nations was to be an organization to foster understanding and Peace in the family of nations. It therefore is the duty of each member nation to do its share to uphold and try to promote peace. Russia is a member of the United Nations, and her duty is as great as the other members, if not more so. If any nation stirs up trouble, the United Nations should immediately and without delay put restrictions and ostracism against the offending nation, or expel such member.

The United Nations has allowed numerous hostile actions to start without doing anything effective against

them, and they are in a position where they can do something which might put a stop to aggression.

This Korean War is not a United States war, it is the United Nations who should be in control. They should proclaim this fact throughout the entire world, and do so immediately.

The United Nations has the right and duty to put Russia on trial before the world to explain its hostile acts, and Russia should be compelled to answer, or be expelled from the organization of nations.

The demand should be made of Russia to explain why it did not try to keep the peace in Korea, and other places, and why are Russian tanks and war equipment being used in such great quantities by this small country, which otherwise probably would be a peaceable nation. Every act of trouble making should be investigated, that is what the United Nations organization is for; and restrictions or punishments immediately applied.

This whole question can be solved

(Continued on Page 2)

THE HOBBYIST

"Everyone should have a hobby," Mr. Dremkin said to Mr. Mool.

"Why?" Mr. Mool asked.

"I don't know exactly, but it is supposed to prevent psychoses."

"Yes, those are bad, I guess. I'll get a hobby right away."

So, Mr. Mool started to collect buttons. He subscribed to all the button collecting magazines and joined the International Button Guild.

He filled big boxes with buttons, and found great delight scooping up fistfuls of the slippery things and letting them fall between his fingers back into the

| 19- JANUARY -51 | | | | | | | | | | | | | |
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" IS THE MOST IMPORTANT"
VOLUME 1 NUMBER 5

MARY FRAME, EDITOR 3300 AUSTIN AVE.,
WACO, TEXAS

*** A UNITED AMATEUR PRESS ASSOCIATION PUBLICATION ***

JANUARY:

Is the month we think of as the Night of the year. All Nature is held in that deep restful sleep beneath her blankets of snow, that prepares her for the dawn of Spring. And quoting Frances Lois Vaughn again;

JANUARY

A statue of a man is January
With long white hair, and whiskers made of snow.
He stands there cold and still and unrelenting,
While 'round his frame the angry North winds blow.

Upon his visage there's a frown appearing:
It's frozen there by cold so deep and raw.
And on his brow the icicles will dangle,
Until the first warm February thaw.

His eyes are blind to colors warm and cheery:
His ears are deaf to Nature's lilting song.
For there is just the silence of the snowfall,
An endless stretch of white the whole day long.

Yes, January is a dreary statue:
Within his breast there is a heart of stone.
And there's no warmth to melt the ice around it:
Small wonder, then, he's standing there alone!
----F.L.V.



Unless we bestir ourselves and bring some life into this dreary Month it will just be a time of tiresome waiting. And this is the Month that makes Ye Ed, one year older! How can it be? I must change the subject quickly before that piler-up-of-time slaps two more years onto the ghostly mounting pile, and--

HAVE COURAGE

Have Courage:
Why float along with the drift?
Are you afraid to take your shift?
Don't pussy-foot! Get in and lift!

Have Courage:
Though there is evil, are you to blame?
Sneak out, stand far right, in God's name!
Evil forces put to shame!

Have Courage:
It matters not how many may be wrong.
Though, in minority, you may before long
Cause others joy and peace to prolong!
-----Jettie Felps



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THIS MONTH

"Is The Most Important"
Volume 1 Number 11

#247

Mary Frame, Editor
3300 Austin Ave., Waco, Texas

*** A UNITED AMATEUR PRESS ASSOCIATION PUBLICATION ***

OCTOBER

Just like a happy gypsy
In red and yellow dress
She dances on the heartstrings
To chords of happiness.

Gay skirts are whirling, twirling
As round and round she spins;
Her gypsy hair flies wildly,
Amid the scattering pins.

Her shining golden earrings
Are dangling in the breeze
While brooks are serenading
With gypsy melodies.

She lights a cozy bonfire
As evening shadows fall,
Then coyly pulls around her
A gaily-colored shawl.

---Frances Lois Vaughn

October is one of Mother Nature's
most beautiful Children. To her I
dedicate "This Month," so harmonious-
ly expressed through YOUR splendid
poetic words.

WESTERN JEWELS
My land is a casket of jewels
A parade for avericious eyes;
Amethyst mountain ranges
Polished turquoise skies.

We have all enjoyed F.L.Vaughn's
(322 S- 2nd., St., Millville, N.J.)
"Poem of the Month," as we follow
her animated lines skipping merrily
through the Calendar with light-hea-
rtd abandon. Thanks, Frances Lois,
for adding so much to TM.

Emerald slopes bewitch me
Aspen gold in the sun
Living silver the sagebrush
Sapphire waters run.

Carrying a penful of "Western Jew-
els," Alice Bullock, (812 Gildersleeve,
Santa Fe, N.M.) opens the door for a
peep into the Land she calls home.
We'd like to see more, Alice!

Jade is the green of union
Chrysolite clouds above.
Quick rains sprinkle diamonds
Ruby the setting sun.

---Alice Bullock

And Mollie D.A.Fever, (Rt.1,
Grandview, Texas) "Evesdropping "in
the Cornstalk Village, brings us
whisperings from there, though per-
haps she heard them back in August,
in Texas, when tall stalks held out
the ripe ears as an offering to the
inhabitents of the earth,---human,
animal,---bird. But in October they
huddle close in groups waiting for
the hobgoblins and jack-O-lanterns.
---and Hallowe'en.

EVESDROPPING
I've heard
Tall corn whisper
Of horses to be fed
And families to be nourished with
Coarse bread.

---Mollie D.Alford Fever

OCTOBER
Technicolor snowflakes
Drifting everywhere.

--M.F.

X-PN 4827

#248

ALVIN BEELER
EDITOR

122 BAKER ST.
BEREA, O.



Traveler



A United Amateur Press Association Publication

Vol. 1

AUGUST, 1952

No. 6

"EXPLORING OHIO"

Having decided to "See Ohio" this year, we set out on a SUNDAY afternoon, headed for E. Liverpool. Passed Western Reserve Academy at Hudson, and Tallmadge Cong. Church, both noted for their architecture. We searched for Gen. Morgan's Monument, but "no see".

At Wellsville we saw the flood-wall that protects that city from the rampering River and had our first view of the "Beautiful Ohio". Threading our way thru road-making equipment to E. Liverpool, we headed back north until we located a cabin for the night.

MONDAY we browsed around for an hour or two in the Hall China plant; then followed the Ohio to Steubenville, where we headed west over lesser-traveled roads, past Custer's Monument and famous Scioto pottery. Scioto's traffic lights are different; the green light was a neon "bowling pin" which revolved as the sweep-second hand of a clock -- when upright the light would change. Thus one knew how much time he still had before the light would change.

Our route passed over Atwood Dam, as we headed for Zoar Village, and tho the "King's Palace" was not open Mondays, we did see the famous formal gardens and several of the communal houses, with their red roofs.

Retracing our tracks to Rt. 8, we now turned south, passing Dover Dam. Found Schoenbrunn Village, re-constructed first white settlement in what is now Ohio, and looked in on the cabins, church, school and "God's Acre", all 'firsts' in Ohio.

Leaving Schoenbrunn, we followed picturesque Tuscarawas River to Gnsdenhutzen, where a monument marks the place where 90 Christian Indians were massacred by white

'T'H'IS M'ON'T'H

#249

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"Is The Most Important"
Volume 2 Number 5

Mary J. Frame, Editor
3300 Austin Ave.,
Waco, Texas

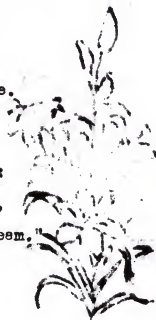
*** A UNITED AMATEUR PRESS ASSOCIATION PUBLICATION ***

LENTEN THOUGHTS

Evening in Galilee
Mist on the mountain top,
Dusk creeping up the lee,
The Carpenter leaves His shop:
April in colors gay,
Children play as of yore,
The Carpenter goes His way,
And He shall return no more.



Children peep at the door
Of the shop in passing by,
Joseph is sweeping the floor,
They notice him heaving a sigh:
"Where did the Carpenter go?"
The children ask with esteem,
He replies, "I only know
He went in quest of His dream."



Little the children knew
The significance of that dream
For the Carpenter had in view
A broken world to redeem:
There was a cross to rise
On a lonely hill one day,--
His blueprint of Paradise
So the Carpenter went His way.
---W. J. Griffith
(Pub. in Chicago Tribune)

NONE AS BEAUTIFUL

No life is as beautiful as the highest. Other ways of life may be more exciting, but none will give so much peace and beauty and contentment as the highest expression, seeking truth and beauty, creating the beautiful in written form.

---D. Z. Gourman

THREE CHEERS

A UNITED AMATEUR PRESS ASSOCIATION PUBLICATION

Published by Mary Frame and Irma Reitci

WORK (Stencil cutting
and mimeographing)
by Mary Frame

Factual Matter
(including mistakes)
by Irma Reitci

APRIL 1952

We hope that this publication will inspire all of you to WRITE more, so that you too, will be included in the next issue of "Three Cheers." For, "Three Cheers," is the UAPA way of saying "Well Done," we're mighty glad to have you as fellow members!

Before going into the actual listings, however, we would like to make a few observations:

Any information contained in THREE CHEERS was supplied by YOU. If you were "skimpy" with such information, we cannot say much about your success, now can we? On the other hand, we would like to have you understand, that we are not discriminating against you, if we do not print all the information you send us, when such information runs into pages, we are obliged to cut. Space, you know. And if there are any mistakes, please forgive us. Many of you wrote in longhand, and we aren't too good at deciphering. And also, if (we hope not, but still--maybe-- you have sent us some information and it does not appear in this issue, it might be that you incorporated it in the body of a letter. Now we love to read and reread your letters, but Time is short, and there are stacks of letters----. If we "ain't done right by you," won't you please write and tell us so? We will try to make amends next time.

We feel that our hard working President, Wm. Wallace Ellis, deserves the spotlight. But before going into his achievements, we'd like to tell you a little about Bill. Here's a brief biography, taken from POET'S REED:

WM WALLACE ELLIS, the fourth in a line of clergymen, was born in Camden, N.J. in 1901. As an orphan boy, he delivered newspapers at the shrine of Walt Whitman, and found inspiration in visits to the tomb of the well-known poet, buried near Mr. Ellis's parents. He graduated from Mt. Vernon (O.) College and became a nationally known evangelist and chautauque lecturer; contributing also to religious journals topics on archeology, astronomy, mythology, and kindred subjects.....He is author of a book of hymns, a book on astronomy, nine volumes of poetry and edits a small journal of cheer, "Ellisonian Echoes," which carries as its motto, his bit of "face the sunshine" philosophy.



TIDINGS

A JOYOUS EASTER TO EVERYONE!

That you may be able to share with us the happiness we are anticipating at this joyful season, I want to tell you about the youngest member of our family,

"JIMMY"

Ten months ago, George and I were honored with a new title - "GRAND-PARENTS. Believe me, we are both old-fashioned enough and mighty proud too - to be called "GRANDPA" and "GRANDMA". The drawing on this page was made by our daughter Marion Knobloch. It represents her son, James Edward Knobloch - "Jimmy" - his bags packed and just about(?) ready to start on his journey homeward for Easter. Jimmy's Daddy, Dr. Frederick T. Knobloch has been an Army Dentist for the past five months. Their first move from Wisconsin was to San Houston, Texas - then to Camp Fort Jackson, Columbia, So. Carolina. Jimmy has been a very good traveler and incidently the finest grandson anyone could hope to have.

Marion's letters home have been so interesting-telling about the places where they have been and have kept us informed about baby's growth and progress. We do miss them-they are part of our family-but a separate unit-and if it is possible they should be together as long as Dr. Knobloch is in the States.

Easter will mean so much to us, because we will be able to have our family together- and for a short time Jimmy will be with us - we shall try to become acquainted with him again Marion tells us he is very affectionate and "will love us to pieces." Goodness me, I know we will be able to take it!

You will never know how wonderful it is to be grandparents - until you find you are.

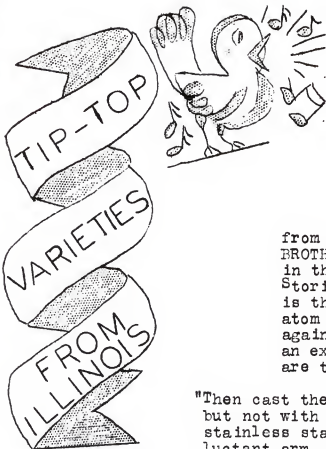
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BABY SHOWER

As you well know by now our Milwaukee Club is very congenial and friendly. We have such lovely times, too. Kay Mann invited us to her home in February. As the storm is due soon at the Mann domicile we planned a surprise "Baby Shower". I just can't find the words to tell you how

PUBLISHER:

Mrs. Nan Gerding
P. O. Box 484
Roseville, Illinois



APRIL 1952

NUMBER # 3

The following is an excerpt from a short story called WHO KNOWS HIS BROTHER by Graham Doar and was published in the February 1952 issue of Startling Stories magazine. WHO KNOWS HIS BROTHER is the story of the half world after the atom war, where man and mutants struggle against each other for survival. It is an extremely powerful short story. Here are the opening paragraphs:

"Then cast the first stone, if it must be cast, but not with hatred, not with pride in our own stainless state. Throw with good aim and a reluctant arm, as a man wields the razor to cut his own throat. For - and of this be sure - by this act, by this however needful violence done, we have assumed a measure of the guilt, have made in some part a defeat upon ourselves. Man-kind is henceforth the less, and by our doing.

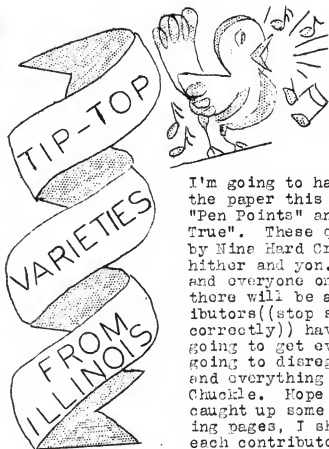
"Make no mistake. A man may hate and be strengthened and ennobled by it. Let us by all means hate oppression and injustice, hate greed and the cruelty of ignorance and fear. Hatred, so cultivated, is a precious thing--but tend it well. Multiplied too rapidly, dropped carelessly in too fertile a soil, allowed to cross with ignorant prejudice, blind self-seeking, it may bloom at last into death and destruction for us all. Guard your hatred well, then, and sow it sparingly.

"Lest the future be left to the wind and the lonely rain - on a ravaged earth - under an empty sky." ...

//////////

This month's variety is furnished by: EMILI THOMPSON, 3963 N.E. 9th Ave., Portland 12, Oregon, GARTH BENTLEY, 1450 North Dayton Street, Chicago 22, Illinois, JOHN REVANS, E.A., H.M.S. Helmsdale, % G.P.O., London, England, VIRGIL RITCHIE, Broadway, Virginia, and G.WALLACE TIBBETTS, 11 Shelley Rd., Wellesley Hill 82, Mass. Okay, all of you, there are their addresses - if they give you reading pleasure, why not let them know it? I've made it easy for you. Their addresses are above and their contributions are on the following pages. The rest is up to you.....jets away!

Nanger



PUBLISHER:

Mrs. Nan Gerding
P. O. Box 484
Roseville, Illinois

5 UAPA 1952 JUNE
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I'm going to have a number of quotes running through the paper this time; some come under the heading of "Pen Points" and others under the heading "Strange But True". These quotes and sayings were submitted to me by Nina Hard Crosby and were gleaned from publications hither and yon. There's a lot of good sense in each and everyone one of them. Also, I very much doubt if there will be any illustrations this trip...my contributors((stop shouting; I know that word is divided in correctly)) have gotten way, way ahead of me and I'm going to get everything in this issue that I can. I'm going to disregard format, spacing, headings, margins, and everything thing else I can think of to disregard! Chuckle. Hope you don't mind. I simply have to get caught up some way. Also, somewhere in the following pages, I shall print the names and addresses of each contributor. If you enjoy what you read or even if you don't enjoy what you read, these people like to

know their readers' reactions; so how about letting them in on the deal too? I'm making it as easy for you as I can - I print their work and their names and their addresses. Turned if I'll write to 'em for you too! Ahem. Turned if I will. Now let's see what we have for this month.

Nan Gerding

Since it is never too early or too late in the year to call attention to the mothers of the world, I'll disregard the fact that Mothers' Day has come and gone and print this verse by Bill Ellis:

MOTHER'S DAY

The mother of my children
Is a woman I revere,
And whom I treasure more and more
With every passing year.

I loved her once when first we met
So many years ago;
Her rare appeal enraptured me --
And still I find it so.

I've known her as a sweetheart,
As a mother, and a wife;
And fear I am enamoured
For the durance of my life.

Ah yes, my childrens' mother
Is a queen to mine and me:
A sovereign reigning in our hearts
With love and dignity.

Editor - Publisher
Nan Gerding
Box 484, Roseville
Illinois

July - 1952 - Final Issue

JULY
1952

#6

TIP-TOP

VARIETIES
FROM

ILLINOIS



QUIZ

FAMOUS FEATHERED, FURRY OR FINNY FOLKS

The names of the following well-known persons are animals, birds or fish. (Spelling of proper name may be different.) For instance, an American sculp would be Wm. Ordway Partridge. How many can you (tor) guess?

1. English designer of church steeples.
2. British general, hero of Quebec.
3. American explorer of Colorado Rockies.
4. Movie actor in "Mrs. Miniver".
5. American authoress of "Ex-wife".
6. American airplane manufacturer.
7. Early American Chief Justice.
8. British auto racer.
9. Baseball player with Philadelphia.

The following are answered by the male or young of the species:

10. Author of "Bring 'em Back Alive".
11. Indian Chief, adversary of General Custer.
12. American inventor of firearms.
13. First Englishman to circumnavigate the globe.
14. Early "western" movie star.
15. English essayist.
16. Pacific football coach, "grand old man".

This was submitted to me by Mrs. Eileen G. Fields, 745 Cambridge Avenue, Youngstown 2, Ohio. The answers???? You'll find them somewhere in the following pages. Even I don't know where I'll put them yet--so you will just have to hunt for them. - Chuckle. Be less "cheating" that way anyhow. Gosh, but I'm slow on the uptake. I could answer only two!

THE FLAG SPEAKS

by
Marie Hand, Akron, Indiana

If the subject of the flag seems hackneyed, it is only because we - - - I mean me, and you and you - - - have made it so. The salute to the flag is often not a matter of fervency but of form. Yet each one of us feels a thrill of pride and devotion as we look upon the banner of our freedom. We are prone to idle along; we who would dare die for it are too lethargic to live for it. Let us move a little closer to the Stars and

#255

AL-778 0027

Harmony



By

G. WALLACE TIBBETTS

X-11 4827

#256

Beauty



By

G. WALLACE TIBBETTS

X-PN 4827

#257

Autumn



By

G. WALLACE TIBBETTS

X-PN 4827

#258

MEMORIES

✦ ✦ ✦

by

G. Wallace Tibbetts

X-PN 4827

#259

BROTHER
A Prose Poem



by

G. Wallace Tibbetts

#260

PLEASE READ CAREFULLY BEFORE YOU READ "THE LOOT CHORD."

"Yesterday, Mr. Boehme, I sent you via parcel post approximately 200 copies of the May LOOT CHORD. I hope it will reach you in time for the May mailing. I am enclosing \$1.00 cash as my share in the mailing.

I am a little afraid of this issue. You may not accept it for mailing, especially since there is so much stink being raised by our illustrious prexy Haig about poor Doc Noel. But what I have on pages 2, 3, 4 and 5, are to be taken in the way they have been given. Of course, there will be lots of objections to this issue. But THE LOOT CHORD has been severely criticized before. Others may object to my blank verse on pages 10 and 11. But modestly I'll admit they surpass anything printed to date in N. A. A. papers. But I leave it up entirely to you as to whether you will accept it for mailing or not. I don't think the postal inspectors will object to this issue because of the bare facts on pages 1 (the frontpiece) and 12, the end piece. Frankly, I think you have nothing to fear....most people will just comment it's another blankety-blank blank issue of THE LOOT CHORD.

If you should feel the issue as one unfit for the type of amateurs now in the organization, you may keep the dollar for the mailing bureau, return the bundle to me, and I will refund whatever postage it costs you. And I won't be sore or hurt. After all, as mailer you might come in for censure from Haig for the comments I state clearly, openly on pages 3 and 4.

CHORDially,

Joseph J. Gudonis

X-PN 4827



"....TO SPEAK OF MANY

THINGS...."

Now I know that Vermont, Colorado and Nebraska are pretty far from Wisconsin; but pull up a chair Susie, and I'll tell you about a girl named Tillie. You too Mike and Minnie up there in New York, New Jersey or Connecticut.

Well, Tillie is the hardest-working, aspiring writer in the UAPA.. I'd never seen her but that she'd have a smudge of mimeo ink on her pretty pan. Her arms too, were always black or blue (depending upon what color ink she was using) up to her dimpled elbows; as were the smears on her papers in the monthly bundle. Sad isn't it?

It finally began getting her down and she came to me one day to see if I might suggest a good, 5 cent psychiatrist. "Sure," I told her "I have an appointment with one myself September 7th."

"You?" she asked incredulously "You seem so normal, well-adjusted. I've never seen you slaving over a messy mimeo. You've never known the torture of having to meet a dead-line with George Boehme."

"Oh, no?" I scoffed. "You should see the inside of my head. It's so full of convention plans there isn't room for anything else. It's convention, convention, convention!"

"Yipes!" she screamed, so loud that I almost fell off my chair.

"Gosh," I thought, "she's certainly overdoing the sympathy angle."

Her eyes sparkled with glee. "Convention," she repeated, "that's it! Thanks, you've given me an idea. Sure enough, I saw the bright idea

shining like a halo around her lovely blond head. She went on in her enthusiasm; "Then I can see how Eddie Daas, George Boehme, Julie and others get those neat papers. And maybe I can find someone with a formula for writing poetry, and..."

"I'll give you the whole program Tillie:--

Thursday evening, September 2nd, there's a forum on printing and writing under the leadership of Emerson Duerr (he's an ace printer so don't miss this meeting.)

Friday morning get ready for a session at the Pfister Hotel. In the afternoon, at 4 o'clock a tour of Pabst Brewery has been planned. You will surely want to know how that good beer is made. The Pabst will be hosts at a buffet dinner, and a evening of "Gemuetlichkeit" in the Blue Ribbon Hall. As a special treat we have arranged to have as our guest speaker, the genial dean of Journalism, Mr. Larry Lawrence, editor of the Milwaukee Journal Green Sheet and for the past twelve years professor of Commercial Journalism at the University Wisconsin Extension Division. Come and enjoy his sparkling wit and humor.

Saturday, more sessions at the Pfister--morning and afternoon. I'll advise you to take a little nap after the afternoon session so that you're sweet and fresh for the gala banquet in the evening at the Pfister, and I hope you will be hungry because the Pfister is famous for their delightful menus.

Sunday I'm entertaining the convention guests at tea between three and five o'clock, but I warn you my house is haunted and you might encounter a witch!

THERE ARE TWO SIDES TO EVERY STORY

THIS IS OURS

The Milwaukee club is
arranging an interesting
program for the coming con-
vention of the U. A. P. A.
Sept. 2nd at 8 P.M.
Forum on Poetry _____
Sept. 3rd 4 to 11 P. M. _____
Guests of the Pabst Brew-
ing Company. A trip thru
the Brewery-Buffer Dinner-
Larry Lawrence of THE
JOURNAL will speak-Evening
of "gemuetlichkeit" in
Blue Ribbon Hall. _____
Sept. 4th. 6:30 P. M. _____
Annual banquet at Hotel
Pfister. Reservations #3. _____
Sept. 5th 3 to 5 P.M. _____
A Tea at the home of Mrs.
Wanda Waters _____
6:30 P. M. Supper at Lake
Park pavilion _____
and an evening at the Beach
All amateurs, past and
present, are invited to
these events.
Since there will be a large
convention in the city at
the same time, it is advis-
able to make your hotel
reservations at once.

THIS IS YOURS

Now you may tell us what
you will do to co-operate
with us in carrying out
this program. We need your
help to make this convention
a success. If we get this
information at once, it
will make our work that much
easier. Please fill out the
following and mail it to
Edward F. Daas, 738 No. 13th
St., Milwaukee, Wis.

I will attend the convention
and intend to be at the
events which I have checked
in the opposite column.
I will arrive at Milwaukee
at the Milwaukee Road sta-
tion, The C. & N. W.,
The Greyhound, the
County Airport or my
own auto.
I have made reservations at
the Hotel Pfister.
While in Milwaukee I would
like to see or visit _____

Signed _____

X-PN 4827

T
ALVIN BEELEER
EDITOR

#263
122 BAKER ST.
HEREA, O.

TRAVELER

A United Amateur Press Association Publication

Vol. 1

FEBRUARY, 1952

No. 4

SOUTH TO THE SMOKIES

Our 1951 vacation took us to the Great Smoky Mountains and Asheville, N.C. Boarding a well-filled "Silverides" bus, we couldn't have asked for a more beautiful day -- or bus. Our first day's destination was Cincinnati, and our trip thru Ohio was uneventful; saw lots of corn, oats and cattle. Passed thru London (O.) which was quite a large town. WDW's tower told us we were nearing Cincinnati, where traffic moved slower.

After passing several plants including the National Distillery (didn't know they distilled the nation in that city -- thought that was done at Washington), we reached the terminal and were soon in room #647 of the mammoth Gibson Hotel, only a block from the tallest building in the "Queen City" -- Carew Tower.

The B.C. Restaurant advertises bottomless cups of coffee, we had to have breakfast there to see what kind of cups they used, but were disappointed -- ordinary cups! The Knoxville bus was waiting for us when we reached the terminal, and was even better than the first one.

Soon we crossed the mighty Ohio River, to Covington, Ky. then we followed Ky. 17, 16 and finally US 25 only to be held up by a road block where they were black-topping a road. At Half-way House we had a brief respite from the constantly twisting road (we hadn't seen 'nothing' yet). Instead of corn we now saw field after field of tobacco, looking like green and yellow butterflies. I understand they turn yellow when first set out. In Lexington -- in the heart of the Blue Grass section -- the grass was just as green as in Ohio, but our driver must have been greener, for it was here that he couldn't count right. At the bus terminal we took on several passengers, one more than there were seats.

X-PN 4827

T

ALVIN BEELER
EDITOR

122 BAKER ST.
BEREA, O.

TRAVELER



United Amateur Press Association Publication

Vol. 1

APRIL, 1952

No. 5

SOUTH IN THE SMOKIES

(SEQUEL TO "SOUTH TO THE SMOKIES")

If you read Vol.1 No.4 "TRAVELER" (and I know a few of you have) we reached Gatlinburg, Tenn. and had had lunch. On the way to Newfound Gap our road circled back over itself at one place, and there were two short tunnels. Flowers were quite profuse -- in some places. At Newfound Gap, which is the center of Smoky Mountain National Park, and over 5,000 ft. up, we took the famous Skyline Drive to Clingman Dome. On our left was N.Car. while on our right was Tenn., so half of us were in each state for a while. At the mile-high elevation there is a turn-around, as sometimes the road to the top is closed. Saw where a B-29 had crashed, killing the crew also the trees. At 6311' the weather sometimes gets pretty rough and is hard on the trees, too.

The descent from Clingman's Dome Parking Area was rapid and we were soon down to 2000 ft. Stopping at the Museum we saw some of the primitive tools and samples of early weaving. A short distance further we entered the Qualla Indian Reservation and stopped at the "CHEROKEE INDIAN CRAFTS" Exhibit and sales room, built by the U.S., run entirely by Indians. Prices were high, for example, a peck market basket sold @ \$3.00. The Indians also operate a Motor Court. The 3,000 Indians elect their own chiefs, also vote for county and state officials.

We passed the place where the pageant "Unto These Hills" was being shown (but didn't get to see the play) also boarding school. Churches mostly Baptist, with

FEBRUARY 1952

ASSOCIATE -- PUBLISHERS

#265

Miss Amena Peacock
1809 W. Burk Street
Tampa 4, Florida

Mrs. Nan Gerding
Box 484
Roseville, Illinois

QUAKING GERDING!

I've ALWAYS wanted to write (chuckle) - now's my chance and all I can do is SIT & STARE at a blank page and I don't know WHERE to start!!!!

Well-1-1-1-1, I reckon the best subject as a start would be....YOU! You, the members of UAPA. At least THAT should be a compatible topic (hope compatible means what I think it does - I'm always using words I'm not sure of and have a feeling I'll get in trouble one day!) The reason? 'Cause I'm too weak to lift a dictionary (it says here in FINE print!) When I joined UAPA, I received MANY welcomes, which I didn't acknowledge. I herewith apologize, tho' my silence indicates otherwise, I REALLY appreciated each of your missives. 'Tis wonderful - having SO many people acknowledge one's existence. Too, I received Birthday, Christmas & New Year's greetings - which I repaid with silence, I'm ashamed to say! Unforgivable 'tis true, but NO true indication of my feelings. I aim to do better hereinafter. Now - in black & white (think that's the color it'll be), I want to thank EVERYONE for such sincere welcomes and NICE greetings. It's a snide way out - doing it collectively - I'll admit, but it's the FIRST chance I've had - perhaps the only one. Hope you ALL understand and will forgive me this time....please??

So be it!!

I NEVER dreamed I'd actually participate in such a venture as this. Needless to say I'm QUAKING in my boots. You probably all know this, so I might just as well admit it! There's worse things than 'quaking' in one's boots! When Amena asked if I'd like to publish a paper for the UAPA bundle with her - I was dumbfounded! Fact is - so much so, I said "Yes" and now I have to follow up that "Yes" with ACTION!! Gad!! Our duplicator arrived - if it hadn't been labelled - I wouldn't known WHAT it was!! Never had seen one, had NO idea HOW to make it go (presumed you had to make it go... chuckle). As you can see - I've learned now. In any case, I was thankful Amena knew all about such things...especially those gadgets called 'stencils' for I counted on her help to boost me over a few hurdles that looked HUGE at first! Now..if I can write....? You might say I'm backing out of this venture, in a way, since I intend to dedicate my side of the paper to efforts of UAPA's who cannot publish papers of their own. I ENTER AN ANGUISH PLEA...please, please send me YOUR material, hummmmm???? As long as Amena and I have time, we won't put a limit on the length of our paper. So..please, fellow UAPA's, keep the Gerding sheet of this enterprise going by sending me some of your contributions. 'Cause, if I've got none (shudder) and perish the thought, then little Nan will have to fill the space!!! THAT ALONE should be an incentive for a big response from UAPA's.

Got NO more to say this trip, except I'm proud to be a member of such a GRAND bunch of people as you've proven yourself to be. I may NEVER MEET YOU, but your letters, cards and bundle contributions - which represents each of you - convinces me that human beings are truly..... Welllll, human beings. What MORE can I say????



MARKA
1962

#2

TIP-TOP
VARIETIES
FROM
ILLINOIS
AND
FLORIDA



ASSOCIATE - PUBLISHERS

AMENIA PEACOCK & NAN GERDING
1809 W. BUNK ST. BOX 484
TAMPA 4, FLA. ROSEVILLE, ILL.

WHO?

Who would like to roam afar,
From planet to planet, from star to star?
Who would like to swing and sway,
In a glimmering, shimmering Milky Way?

Who would like to know the embrace,
Of vast, emotionless, cosmic space?
Who would like to know the feel,
Of a shining ship on even keel?

Who would like to know the glow,
Of flaming jets on even flow?
Who would like to come with me,
While I explore the mystery,

Of ebon skies and alien lands?
Hendiwork of celestial hands.
Oh Lord, I pray, let me traverse,
This wondrous place, Thy universe!

.....

Sigh...we'll leave such dreams for a while and explore a small bit
of our universe right here with the help of Orma McCormick and C.J.
Steele.....jets away!.....

Orma

UNWANTED LULLABY

McCormick

A mother sang an ancient soothing cradlesong
With modulated tones, because her voice was strong:

"Rock-a-bye my baby,
Go to sleep, my son;
Rock-a-bye, do not cry,
If you try to close one eye,
Half the battle's won....."

But this was a babe like no other,
A child of a changling race,--
He shocked and outraged his mother
Exclaiming with sorrowful face:-

"Your vocabulary is deficient, Mother, dead,
Your rhyming pattern lacks in sequence too, I fear;
This oscillating motion is vertiginous to me,
Aeonic growth has altered biologically
The elemental need for sonic lullabies,--
I'd much prefer you did not rhapsodize!"

(With humble apology to Orma this continued on the other side)



PUBLISHER:

Mrs. Nan Gerding
P. O. Box 484
Roseville, Illinois

MAY

4



According to your faith
So be it unto you;
If you put your trust in Jesus
He will see you safely through.

Mary L. Silvia, Box 354, Brookville, Mass.

.....

I SEE IT ALL NOW



If you have ever clung
to the stair railing, or
groped along seeing double,
you know how I feel. I've
looked into glasses before but never felt like this.
But then, these are my first bifocals.

I delayed my trip to the oculist for six years,
dreading this eventuality. If I had gone sooner,
I wouldn't have been forty. I made up my mind I
wasn't going to give in. I let the doctor test my eyes in the usual
manner, just as if I thought he knew what he was doing.

"I don't want bifocals," I said when he was through.

"You need them," he said bluntly. "We would just as soon make
you two pair".

To see or not to see? Now he had me where it hurt.

"All right," I conceded, losing face gracefully I hoped. So that
is why "Stumbling All Around" is not just a song title to me.

Having negotiated this hurdle, I find life much brighter on the
other side. My reading brings me pleasure once again, and I am ready
to admit that a telephone directory is not just a guessing game now.

Not long ago at a party, I noticed one of the "girls" holding her
program at arms' length.

"Aha!" I said to myself. "I'm not the only one".

Oh well, thank heavens I still have my own teeth!

(Mrs.) Eileen G. Fields, 745 Cambridge Avenue, Youngstown 2, Ohio

.....

Starting in this issue of Tip-Top, I'm going to present a three-part
essay on poetry by Clarence J. Steele. Grandfather Steele made the
remark that "people of this day and age like their beer better than
their poetry". I immediately rose up on my hind legs and contradicted
such an outrageous statement. Chuckle. His essay is the answer to
my denial. Needless to say, the essay is his opinion entirely - not
mine. I still don't agree with him. How about the rest of you????

Tangor

June Month

1952
FEBRUARY



"The Most Important"
Volume 2 Number 3

Mary J. Frame, Editor
3300 Austin Ave, Waco, Texas

*** A UNITED AMATEUR PRESS ASSOCIATION PUBLICATION ***

Flower--Violet

Jewel-- Amethyst

FEBRUARY

In between the deed of Winter,
And the gentle blush of Spring,
Comes the Month of February,
Like a snow-bird on the wing.

Pondering in shy confusion
Whether to be blithe and gay,
Or to lie 'neath snowy blankets,
Slumbering the days away.



When she sleeps, she dreams of Lincoln,
Of that kind and noble face;
Then of Washington and cherry-trees,
And valentines of lace.



While the winds still whistle softly,
And a few snowflakes still cling,
She emerges from her blankets,
And steps lightly into Spring!
---Frances Lois Vaughn



MIDST THE STARS ABOVE

To you, beloved, you, my inspiration,
I turn in every undecided mood,
And in your seinted eyes seek vindication
For what I judge - indifferent, bad, or good.

You are my lodestar in the darkest hour,
You are my anchor on life's deepest sea,
In you I find my channel to new power
When my poor strength I feel deserting me.



As you have always been, since our amalgamation
Of soul and body in our life of love,
You will be with me in eterna self-continuation,
While journeying here - and midst the stars above.
---Gustav Detjen

Pleasant words are as an honeycomb, sweet to the soul, and health
to the bones.---Proverb 16:24

THIS MONTH

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"Is The Most Important"

Mary J. Frame, Editor
3300 Austin Ave.,
Waco, Texas

*** A UNITED AMATEUR PRESS ASSOCIATION PUBLICATION ***

MARCH

Spring's Herald

Like a voice or trumpet heard
Winging earthward like a bird
On rainy faces breezes fling---
Comes March--Courier of Spring!
Sometimes warm, often cold
March storms in in manner bold.
Through her mists the beaded rings,
Herald of another of God's great Springs.
Just around the corner now
Farmer soon will turn his plow.
City men salutes March, too,
(That's when income tax is due.)
So good or bad, I say to you
May YOUR March bring a sky of blue.

---R.A.Freed. Jr.

MARCH:

Is the birthday of Spring!
And those who must live with her
(and who doesn't?) wonder what she
will be like,--gentle and kind, or
boisterous and bold,--or maybe a
dual-personality. Be that as it
may,-----:

Take note of a new Member, R.A.
Freed, Jr., Millersburg, Ohio (Editor
of JUNE), who can whip-up a poem
on a moments notice. In 5 minutes,
that is! Tell him of your hasty-
needs, Editors.

And I know you'll love the inspi-
rational poems of Florence W. Jones,
404 S- Douglas, Lee's Summit, Mo.
Many of them have been published in
UNITY Magazines, with whom she is
employed.

Poet, Walter L. Smith, 116 Circle
Rd., Syracuse, N.Y. is a cousin of
G. Wallace Tibbetts, whose inspi-
rational (Preacher) Writings we have

THE WELLSPRING

God's wondrous gifts are freely mine:
I treasure much His gifts divine,
His love and wisdom, power and peace,
Like fountains pure that never cease,
Are open to my thirsting soul,
That I may drink and be made whole.

No wanderings now in desert lands
To satisfy the self's demands.
The fount of life I find within;
This transformation to begin
With mind illuminated, There I see
The perfect one I am meant to be.
My mind and heart have but to take
These precious gifts, and of them

make
The fuller life that is meant for me,
To grow in grace eternally.

---Florence Walker Jones
From: WEEKLY UNITY

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THIS MONTH

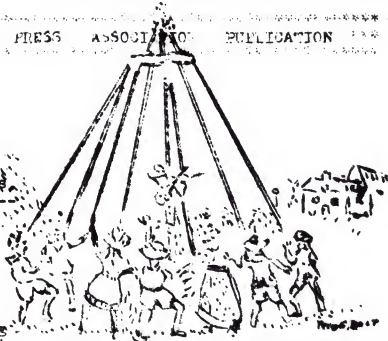
'Is The Most Important'
Volume 2 number 6

Larry J. Frame, Editor
3300 Austin Ave., Waco, Texas

A UNITED AMATEUR PRESS ASSOCIATION PUBLICATION

MAY

Softly falls the gentle rain,
Down upon the world again.
Making lovers spark or spoon
'Neath a golden, soft May moon.
Flowers growing in their beds
Bright-hued hats on ladies heads
Wish that you could always stay—
Warm, sweet, eternal May!
Open door of Summertime
Gives to world a gift sublime.
---R.A.Freed, Jr.



THE LANGUAGE OF FLOWERS

The language of the flowers sing
A music that enthralles the heart,
It makes the coldest winter warmest Spring
And brings together dreams that strayed apart.
A million dear words speak of love
Out of the fragrant petals of a rose
And stardust glows exotic from above
To gem an orchid's sultry petal clothes.
The violets are surging storms of song
That break the frost-chains on love's sightless eyes
And bring the sunrise, warm and strong,
To soothe the heartaches of a sweetheart's sighs.
When lips are stone and tongues are tied
With words one cannot think or say
She walks the earth a halcyon bride,
To speak the words unspeakable and tell
Of love and all devotion's dearest vow,
Just let the flowers cast their magic spell
It's not too late to speak your heartthoughts now.
For in the flower charm and beauty fair
Ceressed and grown by loving human hands
The language of the flowers fill the air
With words that everyone will love and understand.

----Anthony Came
(from Scimitar & Song)

Thanks to Fred E. Bolt, Beth, Eng., for the postcard, "Maypole Dancing on the Village Green." Know my transferring has not done it justice.

Ellen Mountfort
52 High Street
Portland, Maine

Beverley Bailey
P.O. Box C
China, Maine



Number 3. Dec., 1952.

UNITED AMATEUR PRESS

ASSOCIATION PUBLICATION.

Esther Spearrin, Route 2, Albion, Me.

A MERRY, MERRY CHRISTMAS

We three from Maine wish you;
And pray for peace upon the earth,
With HAPPY NEW YEAR, too.

A MAINE DAY

by, Ellen C. Mountfort.

When I was asked by my good friend, Esther Spearrin, to contribute to this Maine-IAC Page, I wondered if the various members so far away from the Maine scene, might not be interested in knowing just how one may spend a literary day in Maine. I will do my best, but I believe that when I take my typewriter in one hand and a bundle of manuscript paper in the other that I should go and peer into the valleys and scan the hills to see if I can find a nice quiet cave in which to write.

My idea of a pleasant day in Maine is to go to a place just beyond Portland called Ocean Park. Train to Old Orchard Beach, an amusement centre, and the largest beach in the state; from there a small bus to Ocean Park. I mention this place because it is a perfect spot for quiet restful thinking, and for creative writing if one is so inclined. Then it is also the headquarters of the Maine Writer's Conference, which is held there every year. The year of which I shall write was 1951.

Upon arrival, I first went to the ocean side of the Park, for we have two choices here, the beach on one side and the grove on the other. If it had been the usual lazy day for relaxation and writing in between, I should have spent much time watching the combers come rolling in, also looking at the somber sea gulls on the beach, or maybe the funny little sand pipers would take a turn at scurrying across the sands. But today I could not tarry long anywhere, so had to tear myself away from the mysticism of the sea. Anyway, a mean wind came up and I could not hold on



TIDINGS

VOLUME 3 - NUMBER 1

FEBRUARY 1952

A UNITED AMATEUR PRESS ASSOCIATION PUBLICATION

ETHEL W. BOEHME, EDITOR 2628 NO. RICHARDS ST., MILWAUKEE 12, WISCONSIN

GREETINGS FELLOW MEMBERS:

A sincere "Thank You" for all the lovely Christmas Cards and Expressions of Appreciation for my Christmas Issue of TIDINGS. I do hope you also wrote Edith Meyers Lenicheck - she is a shut-in member and words of cheer from you I know are most welcome.

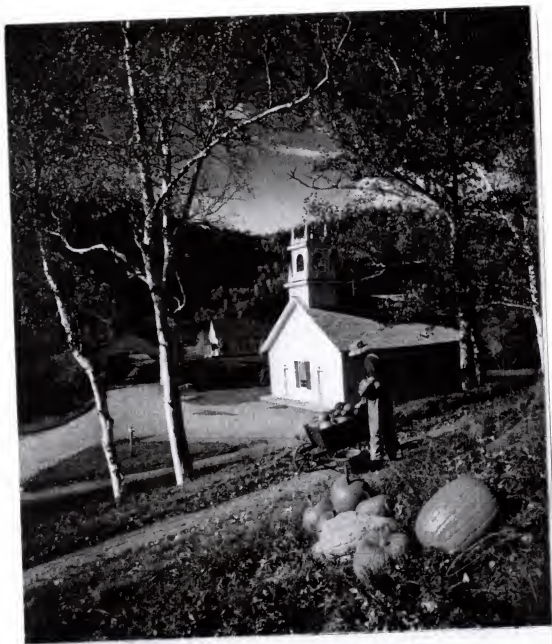
"UPON THEIR SHOULDERS"

Rita Lusardi was the charming hostess at our second January meeting of The Milwaukee Amateur Press Club. She had as guest, Shelley Ota - author of a new book, "UPON THEIR SHOULDERS". Shelley Ota gave us all some very valuable ideas in writing technique and information on publishing. Her presence was very welcome as we gained so much because of her help, constructive criticism and suggestions.

Her book, UPON THEIR SHOULDERS, is a very fascinating, smooth-running, educational novel, dealing with the problems of the Japanese people. It begins at the early part of this century and covers in particular four generations of a family. It is the first book of this type ever written. To read it will give you a better understanding of these people. Regardless of race, creed or color, we are all human beings. We have similar emotional feelings and all of us want the generation that comes after us to "stand upon our shoulders" and grasp a better tomorrow.

The novel begins with the problems of the Japanese Common People in their native country. They had the false idea that the eldest son was the only important one. Taro the second son was a dreamer - "the questioning one" - and he taught himself to read. It was a message on a piece of paper that enticed him to break family ties and go to Hawaii. Before he left Japan he bought his wife, Haruko. Twin daughters were born to them and somehow I feel that in Alice - Shelley Ota has put a great deal of herself. Their heart-breaking struggles and experiences in Hawaii will hold your interest.

The book will be on sale this month and you can purchase a copy at most any book store. It will be recognized not only as a great novel but also as a text book for any one interested in this problem. It will find itself on all library and university book shelves. Another book by the same author about the Japanese-American problem is in the making and will be published shortly.



Let us come before His presence with Thanksgiving PSALM 95:2

X-PN 4827

#273

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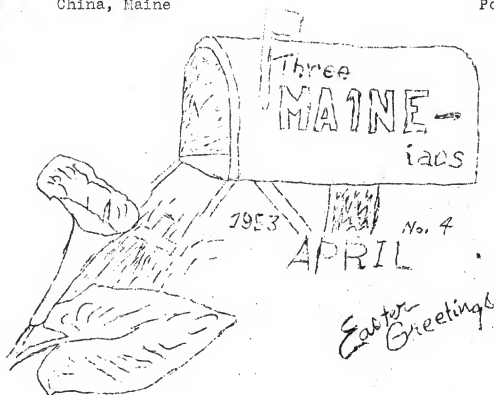
THIS MONTH

NOVEMBER - 1953

Beverley Bailey
P. O. Box C,
China, Maine

Ellen Mountfort⁵³
52 High Street,
Portland, Maine

#274



THE UNITED AMATEUR PRESS ASSOCIATION PUBLICATION
Esther E. Spearrin, Rte. 2, Albion, Maine

TEMPLE OF MY SOUL

Near the forest of May, light, leafy, green, boundless,
Waits the temple for my soul, expectant and soundless,
Amorrown as the bells toll in the temple tower,
My soul listens . . . to the calling of the hour,
Accepting an incident whirls it away
To beauty and goodness, none can convey,
Unlimited perfection that denies implication,
God's love transformative, my soul in subjugation,
Enables love to be master and I am made whole,
Emparadised forever in the temple for my soul.

Beverley Bailey

THRESHOLD

by,

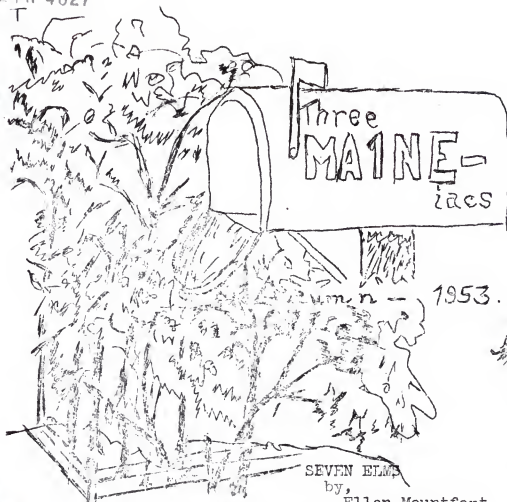
1.

Irene M. Boylan

2.

March is such a breathless month,
Windy, gusty, wild.
Running off to something new,
Like a star-eyed child.

Dropping winter's playthings now,
Leaving ice and cold--
Mund on marbles, long-tailed
Kites,
Springtime's green and gold.



SEVEN ELMS
by,
Ellen Mountfort
Tall Elms against a vivid sky
Far from city streets, overlooking quiet waters--
Could this be a memorial? Almost unnoticed
A plot of uncared ground within an iron fence
Dignified only by the stately trees.

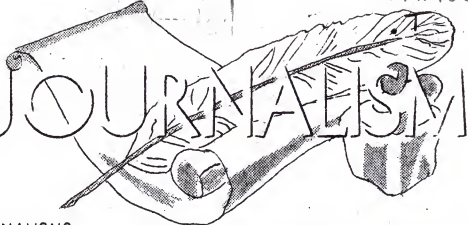
Within this enclosure lie 21 soldiers
Who were captured by the English in the War of 1812.
Died in hospital here awaiting exchange.
(So the inscription read)

Who were you? How did you live and die?
Did life mean much or little in its briefness?
What strange destiny tossed you upon these shores--
At last to bring you to rest in deep sleep
In this honored but almost forgotten place?

Yours was another day. And you were merely pawns
In war's grim game. You struggled with ancient problems,
And called it well and settled for all time.
Yet you lived; fought -- and died as other men.
We question you today: What cure can you suggest
For a destroying world of economic stress? A war torn world
Driven by a strange new race of men, blind and power mad?

Ah no, we cannot get beyond your quietness!
Now we must slip away to our own problems,
And leave you to your peace upon the quiet hill --
Guarded by Seven Elms.

This Is Amateur



#276

WHAT IS AMATEUR JOURNALISM?

Amateur Journalism is a hobby, consisting of four fields: writing, editing, publishing, and printing. The modifier 'amateur' signifies that the hobbyists write, edit, publish, and print for the fun of doing it; not that the quality of their work is below professional standards.

Some amateur journalists—ajays or ajayists—participate in all four fields of amateur journalism. Others merely write, publish, or print.

Of course each of these activities may be subdivided. If you write fiction, non-fiction, or poetry, you come under the heading of writer-ajayist. If you have a printing press, mimeograph, hectograph, or other type of machine, you may become a ajayist-printer.

"Amateur Journalism is the perfect hobby for the youth of literary and artistic bent. Whether you are an amateur printer possessed with a love for the 'magic touch of type on paper,' or whether you are an amateur writer whose pen will not stay rested—in amateur journalism you will find a happy outlet for your self-expression, a recreation that teaches while it entertains, and the enjoyable companionship of others like yourself." (from Prairie Wind.)

Ajay should not be confused with local literary societies, poets' or writers' clubs, since publishing a journal need not be a part of their activities.

WHAT IS AJAY'S HISTORY?



The first amateur publications of record are four issues of Student, produced by Oxford and Cambridge students in 1750.

So you can see ajay is no 'come lately' to the hobby field. It has numbered among its ranks many of the world's famous people. George Canning, later a

prime minister of England, published 50 issues of The Microcosm in 1786 and 1787. In more recent times, there are Thomas A. Edison, Charles Schribner, Cyrus H. K. Curtis, John Moody of Moody's Manual, John Wanamaker, Frank N. Doubleday, Rudyard Kipling, Cornelius Vanderbilt, Robert Louis Stevenson, Benjamin Franklin, and Tad Lincoln—all ajayists.

WHO ARE AJAYISTS?

Ajayists are a most cosmopolitan group. They are all ages; from 12 to 92; male and female. Some live in great cities; others on the farm. Some are students,



others salesmen, housewives, and others are professional journalists

in their working hours. Some are rich; some are poor. But all are ajayists.



WHAT ARE THE BENEFITS?

D. Z. Gourman of Seattle, an ajayist since about 1909, wrote recently:

"Amateur Journalism has done for me more than my five years in college. It is inspiring and conducive to self-development. It is educational. It brings out the individuality of the person, makes him a better writer, and clarifies ideas."

W. Emory Moore wrote this tribute to the 'Prince of Hobbies': "The educational and literary values of organized amateur journalism match those of almost any other endeavor....The criticism of fellow amateurs keeps one on his toes to improve...The product of his labors is permanent...To overlook the social side would be to overlook one of its most alluring phases....Efforts are considerable and comprise the arts of writing and editing as well as the craftsmanship demanded in putting the material into graphic form..."

An ajayist can hardly help but become at home with a pen or typewriter; a dupli-

#277

THIS IS A BARTLETT PAIR

TODAY'S GRANDMOTHER

5 JUL 29

1954

Your grandma in her younger day
Wore skirts that touched the floor,
With yards and yards of cloth to sway;
And petticoats galore.
The teen-age girls their hems let down,
To longer make their dresses,
So they would look like mother's gown;
And upward combed their tresses.

X-PN 4827

Now, grandma takes up all her hems
And makes her dresses shorter -
To keep her youthful; fashion stems
To look more like grand-daughter.
Old hair-dos now are thrown away -
At ancient customs frowning;
The "permanent" is here to stay -
Her coiffure, ringlets crowning.
In bobby-sox and shortened skirt,
She's up-to-date and stylish;
Still, no one reckons her a "flirt",
Or that she's growing childish.
A score of labors woo her skill
In action - youth renewing;
She tackles each with might and will -
Grandma is up and doing.

No more in rocking chair she sits,
With shawl about her shoulder,
Before the fireside as she knits,
Content with growing older.

(CONTINUED)

X-PN 4827
IT #278

THIS IS
A BARTLETT PAIR



THE OLD RAIL FENCE

Rustic and weather-beaten, across the field it rambles
With zig-zag stance of aging rails from knotty pine;
Its corners heaped with tumble-weed and brambles,
Attired with grape and morning-glory vine.

Long and faithfully the farmer's land it has protected;
Like shielding arms the criss-cross angles often held
Their wealth of furrowed acres, and rejected
Intruders from without, and mischief quelled.

All like companions since have passed from farm and village:
This generation looks upon it with disdain,
Unmindful of its worth to rugged tillage;
The last of old-time land-marks to remain.

—Maele Bartlett.

"So long as we are loved by others, I would almost
say we are indispensable; and no man is useless who has a
friend."

—Robert Louis Stevenson.

IR #279

-M. B.

1052

-M. B.

—Thomas Mann.

X-PN 4827

#280

THIS IS
A
BARTLETT PAIR
FOR
CHRISTMAS

1954

5 DEC 10
Copy-----1954



Macie Bartlett, Author-Editor,
839 North Eleventh Street, Milwaukee, Wisconsin, U.S.A.

HAVE YOU EVER LOVED?



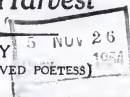
DO YOU
UNDERSTAND
HUMAN HUNGERS?

DO YOU
ADMIRE
NATURE?

IF YOUR ANSWER IS
"YES", THEN YOU WILL
GLOW TO THE
INDESCRIBABLE RAPTURE
OF

The Tempter's Harvest

BY
TRUDA MCCOY
(KENTUCKY'S OWN WELL-BELOVED POETESS)



THESE SOUL-PULSING POEMS ARE A LITERARY "MUST!"

One nationally-acclaimed editor, after reading this new book through for his fourth time, had this to say:

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"Certainly, no lover of love and the lovely can afford to deny himself the stimulating satisfaction to be acquired from possessing this latest volume by Truda McCoy."

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PN4827

#282

Then crownest the year with thy goodness.

Psalm 65:11



THIS MONTH

NOVEMBER - 1954

T N T

Vol. 1, No. 1
November 1954* A UNITED AMATEUR PRESS
ASSOCIATION PUBLICATION *Rita Reitel
1444 N. Astor
Milwaukee, Wis.

KICK-OFF CONTEST

TNT wants to have a full memo. We'd like all ajay members to send in their suggestions. We have only two rules: 1) The memo must fit the initials, TNT; 2) The memo must fit the fightin' spirit of TNT.

PRIZES for First and Second Best! DEADLINE January 31, 1955. Drop us a card with your name, address and title suggestions. Anything is welcome -- humorous, serious, slangy or even insulting (you can't insult us!). NUMBER of entries UNLIMITED!

WILFRIED, WE'RE AMAZED!

Yes, we were surprised to learn via VAPA COMMENTS in the October Bundle that THE BOYS HERALD had been criticized. The HERALD is the first paper we reach for when the Bundle arrives. It is interesting and unique. It is "professional amateur journalism", if there is such a term. Anyway, we heartily endorse Wilfried Myers' discussion concerning the sameness of publications, and we congratulate him on the fine job he does with THE BOYS HERALD.

FOR LOVE OR MONEY?

In the course of our life we have heard many emotional arguments by what we call the "Pink Cloud People" who are horrified at the idea of selling a hunk of fiction for 2¢ a word. "Oh, I wouldn't THINK of writing for the market!" That's their business. We wouldn't THINK of selling our careless watercolors and casual poems, which we do only for entertainment.

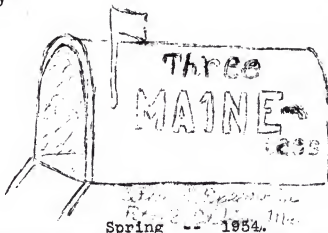
Yet we strenuously object to their sneering at writers who slant for the markets. To the Pink Cloud, there is something immoral about writing for an editor's requirements, and even in working hard to acquire good writing technique. "Only inspiration yields good stories," the argument runs. "And great literature will always be published."

We disagree completely. An "inspired" story is one cleverly handled by the author using techniques to balance the dramatic elements. Also, literature, great or otherwise, will not be published unless it has a plot, characterization, and professional technique -- ALL of which come only with years of practice.

To think hobby writing is a fine way to spend leisure, stimulate imagination and meet grand people. That's why we're doing it. But let's not kid ourselves into the "arty" mold of condemning the writer who earns his living that way. We do not criticize carpenters for making cabinets to order. Then let's not criticize professional writers who make stories to order. After all, they gotta eat too.

Beverley Bailey
P.O. Box C,
China, Maine

Eller Mountfort
52 High Street
Portland, Maine



A UNITED AMATEUR PRESS ASSOCIATION PUBLICATION.

WELCOME FOR SPRING

I opened wide the window as I saw spring coming,
Heard it go chattering along the brook-run,
Saw Mother Earth stretch and turn
Delighted to be awakened by her cool, clean child,
She gathered Spring into her arms.

by, Beverley L. Bailey

IMAGINATION CONTEST

DEADLINE FOR ENTRIES: MAY 31, '54

The following is a story that I have written to introduce you to a character. If you would care to take part in this contest (and I hope you will), write a story, not to exceed 500 words, about the woman that comes into the story in the next to last paragraph and send it to me. Please send your name, address and name of your within the mms, but sealed or clipped so that it remains anonymous until disclosure is necessary. Winning entry will be printed under my sponsor-ship in ODDS AND ENDS..with authors permission. Who is this woman, why is she unhappy, what is her destination? PLEASE DO ENTER. ** **

Charles Preston Butler glanced over the seats in the trans-Atlantic plane casually choosing his seat for the flight. He hesitated by the rear right, decided upon it, removed his hat and coat and placed them with his brief case in the rack over head. He enjoyed being a first-comer to a plane; gave him a feeling of proprietorship and he was inordinately proud, childishly proud, to be able to obtain a rear seat. It afforded him an unobstructed view of passengers and he considered this quite necessary to play "the game". "The game" had occupied him from New York to Lond and London to New York twice monthly for the past six months. He had never found it tiresome. Oh, some people were typical and nondescript, but usually on a trans flight he discovered five persons, at least, worthy of his flawless, so he thought, characterization. By characterizing them he gave background and plotted their future. He hadn't been stumped yet and this flight appeared to be no exception!

PN 4827

DEC 1 1955



TWO EMS

#285

Ninth Measure

November 1955

THANKSGIVING

Lying here on my desk, apparently unacknowledged, is such a stack of papers that I think this is the best way to say "Thank you" to all of these publishers. Every paper has been read thoroughly and appreciated.

Conversation Piece; United Amateur; Candlebeams; Cubicle 39; The Hoosier; Gator Growl (what a paper!) Just Our Type; Bayou Blossoms; The Junior Journalist; Boys Herald (several issues); Reflections and Refractions; Smoky Reflections; The Moving Thumb; Leaves (several issues); The Prairie Breeze; A Fragment; In Between; Silver Plume (a nice new one); The Brooklymite (an old friend); Proofread (Wow!); The Iowa Bulletin (from the blue grass center of the world); I'm Beat, Says Kermit; Irene's Items and Interesting Items (several issues); The United Alumnus (stupendous effort); The Yodler (several issues); The Patriot; Ding Dong; Forty Winks (I need them); Wave Your Banners, with Emma; The Gage Pin; NAPA, ISPA and You; The Magnet; The Poly-stich (several issues); Briar Hopper; San Francisco Evening Lamp (de luxe edition); A-Journalia (a Maurice Peach beauty); Seattle Amateur (comes so

X-PN 48 27

THIS IS MY SONG

5-00, 20

Copy

Sept-Oct.

1955

An UAPA Sheet

Volume I - No- 4

Edited by Ruth Cleaves Hazelton.

2562 Portage Road, Niagara Falls, Ontario, Canada

Hello Folks:-

Do you know, one could spend all one's time with UAPA work and find it fun; but alas, it just can't be done! You really are a grand group, all of you. I am glad to know the Convention went off so nicely. Maybe I'll make the next one, in NYC. So far, you are picking my towns!

THINGS I'VE LIKED in the Bundles: July: TNT, 'America's most neglected patriot' (Sylvia)...nice to know. WINDFALL, 'The Toy Bear' (Pross), lovely last line. EVANSVILLE ON PARADE, 'Dorothy's Page,' the Cinquains; very nice. GREEN MOUNTAIN CHEER, wonderful question at top of page, and I have to answer 'no.' I liked the legend of Davy Crockett. WHEELING IN THE NEWS, 'Health Insurance', Mooney. Good! ELLIS-SCNIAN ECHOES, 'The Way of It' (Ellis); as usual, Bill gives us info. interestingly. June: (I forgot to mention) CHATTERBOX, 'Ode to a Hot Dog', Thomas; makes me hungry. CHILD SECURITY, Summer 1955; wish I had known about that Book Contest before. CHICAGO MINIA-TURES, 'The Old Norwood', Spah; fine piece! August: SEATTLE AMATEUR, 'Environment for Survival', Whiting; good. ????, Evelyn Hamilton- why not call your paper after your fine poem, 'Happiness Hill'? OH LOOK - 'Mind-Life-Principle'- nice to chew over, and feel philosophical. Sure, I believe in God--and I often wonder why he bothered to make me...I make so many mistakes, and learn the hard way!

BEST PAPER, mimeographed, as to layout and general appearance: I liked (first choice) GREEN MOUNTAIN CHEER, Aug. 1955, (second) EVANSVILLE ON PARADE, Aug. 1955, (third) MESSENGER OF INSPIRATION, July 1955.

By the way, Eddie Daas tells me that he will 'give a book for the best review or comment on the Aug. Bundle.' Nice idea, Eddie Ruth.

5 JAN 24 1955 PN4827
Copy-----1955 #287

THIS IS MY SONG



A UAPA SHEET
VOL. 1 NO.1

JANUARY 1955

EDITED BY RUTH CLEAVES HAZELTON
2562 PORTAGE ROAD,
NIAGARA FALLS, ONTARIO, CAN.

Hello FOLKS:--

Gosh, what am I getting into? You have welcomed me, sent me Christmas cards, said nice things about me until I begin to think I may develop wings at any time (a bit sooty, of course).

"Thanks" is a mild word but to one and all I say it, "Thanks a Million"! And the BUNDLE! December! From THIS MAN SAYS I gather Secretary Daas had a hectic time. He and his helpers deserve a pat on the back!

what makes people go all out to help the other guy, or the other group? It's rather a wonderful thing; and if we have to move to the Moon on a Flying Saucer, it would be nice to have a few guys and gals like that along!

About my radio program, address BORDER LINES, CHVC, NIAGARA FALLS, ONTARIO, CANADA. (SEND YOUR VERSE.) Poets are always notified when their work is used.

I will use the following poems soon: Counted by Heart by Bonnie Elizabeth Parker; Rain Drops Bring Memories by Carolyn Osborn; A Bethlehem Road by Frances L. Swanson; Free Gifts by Mary Lavinia Silvia; The Old Fashioned Kitchen by Earl R. White and Choir Boy by Frances Lois Vaughn.

X-PN 4827#288

THIS IS MY SONG

.T
5 - AUG - 1
COPY July 1955
No. 3

An UAPA Sheet
Volume I

EDITED by Ruth Cleaves Hazelton
2562 Portage Road, Niagara Falls, Ontario, Canada

Hello Folks:

What I need is a book length space, to answer all your fine letters, to say my prettiest thanks for your Birthday cards, to say thanks for papers, books of verse and so many nice things! You are all very, very nice, and I DO appreciate it..your friendliness, and good companionship! If you have not received a personal reply, please take this to mean YOU!

To say I am busy is the understatement of the year!

Things I've liked..briefly--lovely line (One Tiny Candle, p.2, No. 21, poem, Atkinson "Returned Korean..").. "In youth I stood tiptoe upon a dream"..--the birthday card from the group! Messenger of Inspiration, May 1955, Dr. Thompson! Paula Nelson's poem Witchery (Windfall, May '55). Poem "Home Ties", by Bess F. Smith, The Joy Bearer, Feb.). "Elbow Room" A legend of Burgoyne, by F.L. Carver. BOY'S HERALD, Mar. '55. Good! Evansville on Parade, May, Dorothy's Page, poem "My neighbor's weeping Willow tree". Ellisonian Echoes, Mother's Day tributes! Oh Look! May. Nicely put. We ponder on the old questions, each generation trying to find the answers. We stand aside like gods, and explore ourselves! Life is interesting! Saw my Castle in Spain! (FROM THE HEART, p.c., Busch, March) I lost an umbrella like that, too..(p.4). UAPA COMMENTS No. 7--good ideas! (page 1). Mary Frame's Easter cover and poem! SHORT AND SWEET, music, Bach! April '55 ELLISONIAN ECHOES. My choice for best paper this month!.. SEATTLE AMATEUR June '55. Good paper, interesting! SS "Fish are like people"(Reitci) Good!



TNT

Rita Reitic, 1430 N. Cass St.,
Milwaukee 2, Wis.



Vol. 1, No. 4

A UNITED AMATEUR PRESS
ASSOCIATION PUBLICATION

February, 1955

TNT CONTEST ENDS

January 31 marked the end of our TNT Name Contest. Next month we'll publish the winning entries, together with the names of all people who submitted entries. Thanks to everyone who entered!

LET'S RECOGNIZE LAUGHTER

Like to laugh? Everyone enjoys a good chuckle, whether it's a joke, cartoon, humorous story or some other form. Chances are the first thing you turn to in the latest Saturday Evening Post is the Post Scripts page. Remember those serious discussions you've had with friends or club members? Remember also the aftermath, when the group turned to exchanging jokes or humorous incidents.

UAPA recognizes and encourages serious journalism by the annual Laureate Certificates in Fiction, Poetry, Editorial and other categories. HUMOR IS EQUALLY DESERVING OF SUCH RECOGNITION. However, there is not now a provision for awarding an annual Laureate Certificate for Humorous Verse.

Our membership includes people talented in humorous verse. Often others have written, urging the appearance of more rib-tickling poetry. Yet as an organization we have not done anything to stimulate production of these gems which perk up the Bundle.

President Irma Reitic, in February's issue of CHATTERBOX, announces details of five contests. One of these contests is for humorous verse. We hope everyone will enter this division. This contest gives us an excellent opportunity to establish a Laureate Certificate for Humorous Verse.

What can you do about it? Even if you don't enter the President's contest, you can write the Secretary, urging establishment of a Laureate Certificate for Humorous Verse. Let's recognize laughter!

A CHECKLIST FOR WRITERS

There's one thing we've learned about writing -- it's very hard work. We've evolved a checklist writers would benefit by using. This is true even for hobby writers, for we gain greater pleasure from a hobby well done than one carried on carelessly.

1. Don't write -- write, rewrite, and re-rewrite. It's amazing how going over your material repeatedly brings out all the weak

SAINT LOUIS UNITED AMATEURS HOLD CONTEST:

During the month of November, a contest suggested by Member Louis Gould with reference to the tasty turkey of course, THANKSGIVING, was won hands down by Lois McFall...who, by the way, has a paper in this BUNDLE. We print her winning entry herewith! And I might add, if you want to encourage all members everywhere to participate in the "papers"...please do write to any and all. The prize for this entry was a copy of THE CORDUROY PATCH.....

THANKSGIVING

By Lois McFall
7701 Vermont Avenue
Saint Louis, Missouri.

5-DEC-2-
COPY 1945

THANKSGIVING is a wonderful word.
Its meaning all over the world
Should be heard.

The pilgrims that landed...
The fight they went through
"Oh God, all their prayers
Have been answered by you".

For today we have more
To be thankful for.
We must pray for peace
And not fear war.

Though they are gone
And this modern era thrives
We will be grateful
The rest of our lives.

I respect each THANKSGIVING
With a heart that is true
And give thanks for that flag
Of the red, white and blue.

So, join in THANKSGIVING
Pay tribute and pray...
Tis a wonderful word.
Lead it not astray.

GUEST POETESS "OF THE MONTH"
MARION DOWNING.....
6236 Julian Avenue
Saint Louis, Missouri

X-PN4827

THE HOSPITAL

Darked and hushed in the night
Its looming walls compress
Amidst a maze of rooms and halls
Daily visitors: Life and Death.

Relentless, doctors struggle
To save humanity
By sweat of brow and sweat of
brain

Two souls may gape and wonder
As their mysterious paths are crossed
To one a life is given:
The other's life is lost.

They battle constantly
While machine-like in efficiency
But yielding human tender care
The whiteclad nurses circulate
A calm attentive air.

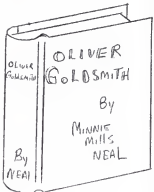
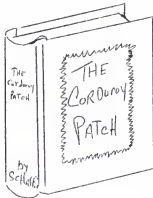
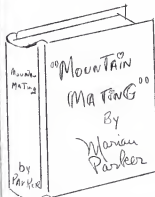
ON THE MATTER OF BOOKS:

As all of us know and are aware it is rather difficult to market such items as POETRY. However truth of the matter is...poetry belongs to all of us. So too, other writings...in the matter of prose. To this end and with no other thought in mind, let us remember, I HELP YOU AND YOU HELP ME.

DID YOU READ

200 PAGES OF POETRY

HAVE YOU READ



My thanks to MARTHA LOOMIS WILLIAMS. Also to MINNIE MILLS NEAL. We are so grateful too for your words, WESTWINDS FARM. Thanks to HELEN EFNIRE and you are to be commended for the fine work. Always so grateful to Eddie Daas who has been patient and understanding. Saint Louis UNITED AMATEURS thank you, LORRAINE GOOD FOR YOUR WORDS. To "SKIPPER" A GREAT BIG HI!...and keep on with your ever so fine "paper". THINGS COULD BE VERSE. Write a letter now!

X-PN 4827
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5 - FEB - 2

#291



THE UNITED AMATEUR

OFFICIAL ORGAN

United Amateur Press Association of America

Volume 54

FEBRUARY 1956

Number 1

Audio Journalism Knocks For Ajay Admittance— Problems Inevitably Loom

Apparently oblivious to the noise of the national high fidelity enthusiasm, visually-minded amateur journalists were rudely awakened by the introduction of audio equipment into the sacred precincts of the Madison day convention this summer. The opening address of welcome was delivered by the voice of Dr. Ralph Nafziger coming out of a tape recorder. Opening proceedings of the convention were then recorded by the same machine.

Already half a dozen tapes-by-mail clubs have sprung up over the world. The only interests in common these people have is their avocation of sound recording. Yet how fine would be the recording of poetry and short stories in the voice of the author, ajayists have suggested.

There is, they note, a special technique required for writing for vocal presentation. There is a challenge to creating an effective presentation for the ear, instead of the eye.

Problems attendant upon audio amateur journalism are headed by the lack of reproducing facilities. Tape recorders are still very rare; the cost of disc recording blanks is reasonable for round robin distribution, but the distribution to the United of A of even a twelve minute 45 rpm record might cost \$200.00, not to mention the agony of (To page 3)

President Offers Message For New Year, Reveals 22 New Official Appointments

Accompanying his announcement of twenty-two new appointments, President Larry Notman addressed the following message to the membership.

"Fellow UAPAA Members:

"Amateur journalists are a widely strung group of people with the same hobby, loosely held together by Uncle Sam's mail. Despite a strong interest in our hobby, the press of work and the lure of less demanding, less creative recreations can sometimes put off our best intentions. No one knows that better than I.

"Now, let's all take a fresh look at 1956 and see if we can find just a bit more time to write or print or mimeograph. Only through participation in our hobby can we enjoy it.

"So brush out the typewriter, ink up the press or mimeograph, and let's all have fun in '56!"

New Mailer Appointed

Tommy Jack Osterloh, Sulphur Springs, Arkansas, succeeds Walt C. Werner to the post of UAPAA Mailer. The new mailer requests publishers to mail their journals in time to reach him by the 5th of the month of publication.

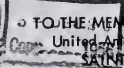
Kenneth Weiser is named as co-chairman of the Recruit and Welcome committee to serve under vice president Iris Tavernier. Also named (To page 3)



X-PN4827-T

"AND THEY SHALL LIGHT THE CANDLE"

#292



TO THE MEMORY OF NELLIE CRAWFORD
United Amateur Press Association
SAINT LOUIS POETESS

from her friend
Eddie Schaffer

TEEN GLEANS

X-PN 4827

Number Two

A UNITED AMATEUR PRESS ASSOCIATION PUBLICATION

5 - FEB 24

Copy 1956

E. Schmidt

Alice Julian

February 1956

Editor

4203 North Winchester Avenue
Chicago 13, Illinois

Associate Editor

2862 North 79th Street
Milwaukee 10, Wisconsin

LIGHT READING

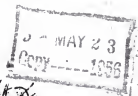
Home from college between terms, and a chance to relax, has led me to a lonesome book shelf...Here's to unrequired reading...just for today...

"The Parrot" by Walter Durante, which is among the short stories collected in the Pocket Book of O. Henry Prize Stories, I believe one of the best, and I would like to tell you about it...

This story takes place in Communist Russia right after World War I. The main character is Sergey McTavish, an orphan boy who is twelve years old, of Scottish parentage. Sergey had been mascot of a division in the Red Army, but had been caught stealing potatoes, and therefore lost his job. Walking towards town, he saw a hut and smelled food. When he knocked, a girl about twenty opened the door and invited him in. He accepted and had a bite to eat with the girl, her father and an old man. After the meal, he overheard the girl and her father talking about the Parrot Woman. He asked them the trouble and they told him. A young American who was a war prisoner had been sent to their town by the Soviets, to start a nail factory. He fell in love with the Russian girl, and they planned to get married. Now, his life was endangered. An old witch-like woman with an evil parrot was a friend of a high Russian official. This woman traveled over the countryside and judged men who were accused of being traitors. She judged them by means of her parrot. The accused would put his finger in the cage, and if the parrot bit it, he was guilty. If the parrot did not bite the accused, he was innocent. But the parrot always bit the finger, and the accused was always shot.

The Parrot Woman was to arrive the next day, and someone had to be chosen to go through this ordeal. The towns-people liked the American, but were going to submit him to trial, as it would be either the life of one of their own, or his. Sergey was asked to go to the trial and see if he could help. He saw the woman's face as she walked into the court-room, which was in an abandoned church. She reminded him of a beast that his father had told him about, and he recalled a certain charm used to subdue the beast. He rushed out, then back to the court-room, putting the charm into the hands of the American, instructing him to hold it as long as possible.

The parrot, strangely, refused to bite the finger of the accused when he went through the customary ordeal, and for the first time a person was acquitted at one of the trials. Upon the American's release, though he had finally dropped the charm, Sergey said, "Take a



TEEN-GLEENS

Alice Julian
Publisher
2803 North Winchester Avenue
Chicago 13, Illinois

Co-Publishers:
Mary Frame
3300 Austin Avenue
Waco, Texas
and
Irma Schmidt
2862 North 79th Street
Milwaukee 10, Wisconsin



May 1956

Number Three

A UNITED AMATEUR PRESS ASSOCIATION PUBLICATION

FOR FORM

There are nights that cause these eyes to pause among the ruins
seeking colors never fully assembled by the mind,
intangible being discovered only in disintegrated dreams
lying on the lips of undistinguished ghosts
whispering among themselves in shadows never classified.

There are times when I lie on the edge of inconceivable
among formlessness and the unsubstantial is a dream within
a dream fabricated from rustles of colors within a frame
that never quite objectified itself.

There are nights that sculpture inevitable dissolution
and little chips fall about me on the brown earth
dissolving in a rain and fog that never synthesizes
into a reality that finally solidifies. I find myself
becoming among the becoming and never quite conceived.

Ronald Voigt

CUBISTS

They will sliver the eyes to sandwiches
and knuckle the mind with fists of space.
Look, the figure struggles within its chinese puzzle
hanging suspended like

one times one in a vacuum.

The mind's eye hangs
on a cone's point and euclid's formulas weave
the chalk line of sanity to smooth down
the slide of the emotions into another's eyes.

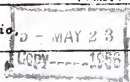
Ronald Voigt

An UAPA Sheet
Volume 2

This Is My Song

Spring-Summer 1956
Number 1

Edited by Ruth Cleaves Hazelton
2562 Portage Road, Niagara Falls, Ontario,
Canada



Hello Folks:

At last I get time to write to you. I fully intended to get out *THIS IS MY SONG* long before this, but I am so busy with *CLA* activities, and research for my new work, and so many things too numerous to mention, that I just can't find time to do some of the things I would like to do. My apologies! You have all been so nice. Thanks very much!

I have all the Bundles here, all mixed up, and will comment as I pick them up, so here goes-- things I've liked and wanted to speak of:

From *THE BEACON*, March 1956- 'What Was It?', Southern. I like this very much and have had similar experiences. From *WHO*, Feb. 56, re Dollie Jackson- glad to find another who writes because she loves to! That's the way to be a writer.. Hi, there, Dollie! From *ELLISONIAN ECHOES*, March 56, 'Diabolism' by Bill- I love this! Convention, NYC literature- makes me homesick! Hope I can make it. *JOYOUS EASTER GREETINGS*, Frame- lovely picture and very nice poem! *YOURS TRULY*, Mar. 56, 'Petriified Forests'- good! Nice to know new things. A *TREASURED VALENTINE*, Hazard- Odd, but I have a similar one, made by my son for me, when he was in kindergarten. I would not part with it! From *RHYMES FROM THE TASSEL TOWN TIMES*, Mar. 56, poem, 'The Zipper'- This is fun! And true... *ODDS AND ENDS*, Mar. 56, 'Who Says Crime Doesn't Pay?', Weiner- This is good and thought-provoking; an odd commentary on our so-called advanced civilization. *GREEN MOUNTAIN CHEER*, Mar. 56, re maple syrup- I certainly remember the Vermont maple syrup! Wonderful! *THE MAN SAYS*, Mar. 56, 'Do You Want Censorship?' My answer: No! Let the writing be free, and let the commentators be free to comment on the papers, in agreement or otherwise- in a friendly way! Why put a label on anyone? If we can't discuss things sanely, then we are not adults!

PATIENT OR IMPATIENT, Leggans, Mar. 56. I once crocheted a piannscarf of medallions- and so help me, I vowed I'd never, never do such work again, amen.. To crochet 'The Last Supper'! That is a lovely piece of work, and you got more out of it than just the work... congratulation! *EVANSVILLE ON PARADE*, Feb. 56 - my thanks to Dorothy for using my verse in such nice company! I love that poem, 'Winter' by DCS. Especially when I see so much snow, too darn much! *SCENES AND EPISODES*, Feb. 56- 'Sadistic Urge', Robertson- me too, Alex! *THE JERSEY JINGLE BELLS*, Jan-Feb. 56, re 'on the subject of men'- huh? I love one! I like one, some bore me, and I've learned not to know more than my escort, whoever he may be! Who? Whom? same thing... men are like us, funny and nice.. and the other way!

ENDS AND ODDS, Feb. 56- 'The G.I.s Return', Weiner, has the nicest true sentence in it. I quote: 'They (women) marry men because they love them; because of their friendly personality, their character, their kindness, their consideration and their determination to make good despite any handicap.' I think most of us have found out that a marriage based on any other reason that 'love' is no good, and the cause of much unhappiness! Yet when you have love, all else is added to your joy and material things are not of prime importance! Anyone agree? *GREEN MOUNTAIN CHEER*, Feb. 56- nice piece about old houses. We bought one once in Connecticut that was built in 1711, sold it six months later; the house was lovely, the area depressing--

YOURS TRULY, Feb. 56, an excellent piece 'Rhythm' by Luman Wesley Colton. Good reading, well written! I vote for it. *CHATTERBOX*, Feb. 56, re Oliver Goldsmith (Neal) here is an odd but true fact. My mother's aunt, a school teacher in Canada many years ago, knew and later corresponded with Oliver



By HELEN EBNIRE
ELLISONIAN ECHOES

There on a winter's evening,
With Christmas stars aglow,
A group of little children
Were standing in the snow.

Softly they were singing
With voices sweet and mild
About a silent, holy night,
And a mother with her Child.

There on a star-tint evening,
In the calm only Christmas can bring,
Through the voices of joyful children
I heard the angels sing.

THE SCARLET
THREAD
By FRANCIS
LOIS VAUGHN...

(WINDFALL)



1 My coat of life was woven
With a scarlet thread of joy;
And I wore my proud possession
Like a child plays with a toy.

2 For, in among the scarlet threads
Were woven threads of love,
That lifted me on magic wings
To soar the realms above!



HAPPY BIRTHDAY
WITH
VALENTINES TO ALL
SEE YOU IN
SAINT LOUIS 1957



5 - FEB 24
Copy 1956

with thanks to my many friends who
very kindly sent such lovely XMAS
cards and greetings from around the
circuit.... To serve you well is
my pledge. May this serve as a
reminder to you - YOU ARE NOT EVER
OUT OF MIND...though some maybe OUT
OF SIGHT....

| | |
|--------------------|-------------------|
| Thelma Allinder | Mina H. Crosby |
| Alice Julian | William S. Hughes |
| FRED E. BOITZ | Hulda Bowen |
| Betty Dyckman | Roger Courtney |
| Marge E. Baker | Ruth Leggans |
| Marie A. Ittner | Gladys Hemfrees |
| Richard Wilhelm | Nellie Crawford |
| Eva Downing | Francis L. Vaughn |
| Bonnie Parker | Beulah Woyd |
| Lydia Billington | Irene Helici |
| Arlene Parette | Mary Pershall |
| Addie Huddleston | P. T. Marty |
| THE BERTSKE'S | The Victor Bacons |
| Bea Dragin | Edwin M. Brooks |
| Maude Blackwell | Ann S. Westling |
| Kathleen Haley | Sidney Lipcott |
| Kathryn Bosale | Dot & Barb |
| Bill & Sally | Betty & Family |
| Harold Weisse | Mary Duggan |
| Minnie Mills Neal | Dorothy & Rose |
| The Kraessigs | John Hanley |
| Gustav Dotjen | Floyd Groves |
| Clara Ballard | Bill & Winnie |
| Patricia Connell | Kay Mann |
| The WETTMANS | Edna Lick |
| Ann & Helen | Dot & Vic |
| Alfred F. Gessel | Estelle Scharf |
| Maude Curtis | Mary Frame |
| Orella Halstead | Edward Daas |
| Chicago Miniatures | Helen Ebnire |

3 I hung my coat on Hatred's nail,
And caught the golden thread;
My golden dreams untravelling,
And my love lay cold and dead.

4 So closely woven with the gold,
The scarlet threads unwound;
Till, stripped of love and joy, my coat
Lay crumpled on the ground!

24'
26'

PAT -
DOT -
HAPPY
BIRTHDAY

CANDELEBRA

Eddie Schaffer
An artist seeking inspiration from over-
crowded mind,
Hope becomes, through deed, the aftermath
of despair;
While for a moment reflecting his emotions
of a kind...
Reconciled by God, yet, the artist, unaware!



5 - FEB 24
Copy-----1956

The
TASSELTOWN
RHYMER

#297

Cigarettes In Bed.

For the sake of fire prevention, may I call some folks' attention
To a certain thing which oft reacts to cause much of regret,
Though my word may be rejected by those who are affected,
As a danger too remote as goes the cigarette..
Just smoke them all you want to, but I'm here to tell you pronto
Of a mark I hold against them, not of number size or brand.
There remains that bad location, danger spots throughout the nation,
And at the bedside to combat it, I hereby take my stand.
"Safety first" was once a dandy in the slogan line, and handy;
Everywhere it was around us sounding warnings as we went;
And much good we got in going by the ways 'twould have us doing
To guide us from the pitfalls of health and accident.
Though it's now somewhat back-seated, those two words should be repeated
On placards or by any means where they'd be heard and read.
And on bedroom walls adorning I'd hang them with this warning
"Protect yourselves and others---don't smoke cigarettes in bed!"
Some maintain it's no risk taken, as they're always wide awake and
Even if they'd go to sleep they'd throw aside that weed,
And, backing up that argument, they say such time they've often spent,
That to relax in such a way is restfulness indeed.
To adopt some illustrating, I'll refute their point by stating
How that defeat in his last fight was told by old John L.
Only one excuse for losing did he have for all that bruising;
He said that once too often went the pitcher to the wall.
Time plenty is ere given to enjoy this whiff from heaven,
As it is called by some of those who scoff at what I've said.
But it goes with no excusing that the night was meant for snoring.;
And I say it with the warning --- don't smoke cigarette in bed!

* * * *

Gettysburg Address.

I have delved much in Lincoln's
And pondered all here said
By him, the greatest man of men,
Once as our nation's head,
Highlights I've counted by the
score,
But there is one I stress
That stands above all good in him ---
The Gettysburg address.
His voice in many lines was heard
To show us the true way,
Of how to live as freedom bids
Here in the U. S. A.
But all the good he ever did
Ere shines as light the less
When I compare it with that gem ---
The Gettysburg address.
I hold the ground as sacred now
And in all years to be,
Where friends and foes stood by
to hear,
But few to disagree.
To grasp the simple words he spoke,
For one I rise to bless
The man's big heart that felt its
truth ---
The Gettysburg address.
His "By the people" was a phrase
Which ere will hold my mind,
With also "For the people" there
To intrigue me in kind.
No sentence could he better speak,
Such views to so express;
Immortal, though, in full it stands---
The Gettysburg address.

Dog Worries.

Seth Bilkins old dog Cicero is
trying hard to die;
It's suicide he would commit,
His spirit to let fly.
To eat, he spurns big juicy steaks
And even quail on toast;
He bumped his head ten times last
night against a hitching post.
The trouble, Seth says, might be laid
to some he had himself,
Whose rise is told in circulars, now
on his kitchen shelf.
He passed them up, but Cicero was
stronger there, thinks Seth,
"New game laws caused it", he said,
They'd worry a dog to death.

A Cover Up.

The cobbler man did much today;
A pair of shoes he mended,
Alack, each shoe was sunk from
view
By patches so appended.
They'll hold the dogs of Tillie
Brown,
They look as though rebuilt.
Dogs in such shoes might sense a
snooze
Beneath a crazy quilt.

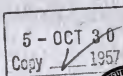
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*298



The United Amateur



Official Organ of The United Amateur Press Association.



Summer, 1957

5 - FEB - 1

#299

VOL. 1, WINTER EDITION

JAN. 1957

A UAPA PUBLICATION

Virginia A. Hahn
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Anne M. Mitchell
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Co-Publisher

Co-Publisher

Co-Publisher & Editor

That I may publish with the voice of thanksgiving, X-PN4827
And tell of all thy wondrous works. - Psalms 26:7. .T

Dear Friends of UAPA:

I wish to thank all those of you who were kind enough to remember my birthday in November. We also appreciate the congratulations and comments on our Fall Edition. I still think all the Bundle Papers are very interesting. It is hard to tell which one I like best as each one has so much to offer, and I am learning a lot by reading them.

Perhaps after I have had more experience, I shall feel more qualified to comment on some of your articles. If readers do not agree with any of my ideas which, at any time, I may publish, please feel free to comment on them.

Sincerely yours, Anne.

Snow Fall

The snow that began in the night
Fell gently all the day,
And over the wintry sleeping earth
An ermine carpet lay.

The furry depth of this blanket white
Seems to muffle all life's sounds,
And one is soothed by it's calming effect
For silence lay all around.

The trees and bushes take a fairy stance,
A beautiful pearly sight,
They look like Royalty, standing there
In their beautiful ermine white.

The blanket of snow spread far and wide
Like an expensive ermine gown;
But in the country, it looks more white
Than it does in any town.

The beauty of it no tongue can tell,
A Christmas card design,
The fresh fallen snow tugs at the heart
With it's beautiful classic lines.

-Winifred M. Nuzum

O Lord, make my soul fertile ground
to grasp and grow the "Precious Seed"
of Thy "Holy Word." Amen.

Anne Mitchell

Rare Gems

GOD'S Jewel of Infinite Love,
His Son, the WORD,
The PEARL, of Great Price.
The fondness of a Friend,
The solace of a Mother and
Father,
The smile of a baby.
Tell me! Need there be any
other?

- Anne Mitchell

War Eve

War clouds gather over dis-
tant lands
The sky aglow, reflecting mol-
ten steel,
Feverish hands forge
instruments of destruction.
I stand beneath these stars
tonight,
Stars that remained through
the ages,
Assuring us that God is in
His Heaven,
How many stood with me tonight
and prayed for Peace?

- Virginia A. Hahn

Jesus - the True Stone - the
shining Diamond. Uncut by human hands.
The Son of God - the Magnetic Ray, that draws
the soul and heart of Humanity unto God, the Father.

VOL. 1, SPRING EDITION

MARCH - 1957

A UAPA PUBLICATION

#300

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That I may publish with the voice of thanksgiving,
And tell of all Thy wondrous works. -Psalms 26:7.

Hello Fellow-Members of UAPA:

Where were so many of you these past two months? There were only ten of you in the January Bundle and we three certainly missed you. I am glad that winter is bowing out and spring is practically here. We've been hearing good things from a lot more of you members and if I named all of you I would not have room enough on this paper, so our heart-felt thanks go out to all of you. Virginia wishes to thank all those who were kind enough to send her birthday greetings. She appreciates it very much.

Sincerely yours, Anne.

SPRING

Spring is here! Spring is here!
Listen, listen, tune your ear:
Buds are bursting into bloom,
Sunshine brightens up the gloom.
Birds are singing, Robins winging
Straw and twigs, for nests they're
bringing.

Bullfrogs "chug" in roadside ponds,
Fairies wave their magic wand-
Bring forth blossoms sweet and fair
Sending fragrance thru the air.
Farmers plodding thru the field
Figure, what will be the yield;
As they turn the rich, black loam
Food will grow to feed the home.
Children scamper o'er the grass
Picking posies as they pass,
Take them home for Mom and Teacher-
Even on Sunday, some for Preacher.
Couples strolling in the Park
So in love, can't hear the Lark.
Housewives shining windows bright.
Cleaning house, things put to rights,
All the world so happily sings
Just because they know it's Spring.

- Winifred M. Nuzum

Spring Rebirth

Have you ever paused to listen
To the snap of growing things,
Reaching eagerly toward sun-
light,
In the days of early Spring?

A rebirthing of all nature,
Flowers blossom, robins sing
All content to pay their homage
To elusive welcome Spring.

- Virginia A. Hahn

Spring..a Gypsy

Somewhere..between winter's
blast
And Summer's scorching sun..
Lies Spring, a fallacious gypsy
Dancing in, ere Winter is done.
First she's here, then gone
somewhere
Lost in a blithe shower.
Just as quickly, she disappears
In the splendor of a flower.

- Virginia A. Hahn

I cross the threshold of
night into the day,
With love Divine, lighting
my way.
As I peer into the vast beyond
I forget the days of sorrow
that are gone

This humble soul, I give to
Him
Who, thru time and eternity
has ever been
The breath I breathe, my very
being,
God, the unseen, yet ever
seeing.

- Anne Mitchell

XXX The Trio XXX

July 1957

5 - AUG 15
Conv 87

#301

Vol. 1, Summer Edition

A UAPA Publication

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That I may publish with the voice of thanksgiving,
And tell of all Thy wondrous works. *Psalms 26:7.

X-FN4827

T

Hello Everybody: Here we are again. Summer is her and we have really had our share of heat while the Midwest got too much water. My sympathy goes out to those who lost loved ones and property.

Virginia spent a few days in the hospital this spring but is feeling better now. Winifred is not very well either and a very dear friend of hers is spending the summer with her, just to take care of her. She would like to hear from the lady (of UAPA) in N.Y. state who wrote her last year that she had 25 poems printed in Ideals. Winifred has lost her address and wants to hear from her. I wonder why the bundles are so small. I've not seen Paul Pross' paper for a long time and I miss it. Missed Miami Musings too and several others. I'm just getting used to the idea of expecting the Chicago Miniatures and the Green Mountain Cheer in every other Bundle.

Does everyone know that Alice Julian won the American Poets Peace award for 1956? Congratulations Alice, and thanks for the lovely note and verse you sent me. Eddy Schaffer has come up with a nice big magazine and he's really going places. Good luck Eddie. Our late sympathy goes out to Wheeling in The News, for the loss of a dear member. Mr. Deas, I hope you had a very happy birthday. Dr. Johnson, your booklet each month are sermons to me and very inspiring. Ellisonian Echoes is a beautiful masterpiece.

Rockford Writer's Guild, and Tasseltown Times are tops too. There are several more but I must save a little room as we are using one Guest poet from now on. We are starting a quarterly subscription paper this Fall. Rate is \$1.00 a year. Will accept Birthdays, short Biographies, and Hobbies of subscribers as well as poems. We have yet to decide on a name for it. Note my new address at the top. Sincerely yours, Anne M.

Heart Ease

A lace of misty green floats o'er
the land
Of wondrous silken hue,
And here and there, and in between
Are flowers of color too.
Such gay array delights the eye,
A boon to hearts despair:
It lifts the soul in realms of flight
To joys beyond compare.

---W. M. Nuzum

Who dares say, there is not "Thee",
Who dares deny what is true-
When I can feel "Thee" in me
And life is born again, anew.
I thank "Thee Jesus" for being "Thee"
And for shedding (Thy Precious Blood)
For such as me.

---A. Mitchell

Impatient Youth

Slow down, old world---
You whirl too fast for me.
I cannot live life fast enough.
I cannot crowd into the years
Between childhood and maturity,
Enough young love, nor speed---
Nor anything that means life
to me.

And so he died!
Racing youth, his car smashed
against a tree.
The world slowed down...and
stopped.
And so did he.

---V. A. Hahn

We Three, wish everyone a
very "HAPPY BIRTHDAY."

Vol. 1. Fall Edition

A UAPA Publication.

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Co-Publisher

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Co-Pub. & Editor

That I may publish with the voice of thanksgiving,
And tell of all thy wondrous works. - Psalm 26:7.

Hello Friends, and greetings from Virginia and Wynne in Ohio and myself, Anne, in Massachusetts. This is our first attempt to publish a paper and I do hope we can do as well as all the other editors in the UAPA Publications. All the editions I have read in the May, June, and July bundles are grand and all so interesting. We like you and hope you will like us too. Sincerely yours, Anne.

Season Magic

I happened to look around today
And saw that Autumn was on its' way-
The fields rich with goldenrod,
nodding heads,
The trees brushed with tinge of
yellow and reds.

In late summer daydreams, I seemed
to vacation
While Autumn dropped in without invitation.
Where, oh where has the summer gone?
So quickly it vanished, like night to dawn.

Virginia A. Hahn

Contentment

They sit there in the sunshine,
Two old men bent with years,
They are content to sit there-
For them, life holds no fears.

They sit in the sunshine
Beside the Poplar tree,
They need no word spoken
For they are friends, you see.

Winifred M. Nuzum

Read Acts 17:24.
God's Temple, not
made with hands.
A.M.

Night Glory

Moon of silver, in a sky of
Blue,
Stars of gold, in that heaven-
ly hue.
Misty wet diamonds, on the grass
Fairies nod as they pass.
The breath of God fills my soul
As all these miracles, I behold.

Anne Mitchell

O Mighty God, this whole
wide world is Thy Creation, Thy
Church. And all life is Thy con-
gregation. Thy Word is the Seed,
and Root of all Humanity. Keep
us always reverent and humble
before Thee seeking not our own
will, but Thine. Amen. A.M.

God's Care

How wonderful, God's loving care
Will shelter everyone
Who will His promises beware
And who His will have done.

How sweet the promises He gives
And keeps His word full well,
And each one who for Him lives,
In their heart He doth dwell.

Continued over-

An UAPA Sheet
Volume 3Winter-Spring 1957
Number 1Edited by Ruth Cleaves Hazelton
2562 Portage Road, Niagara Falls, Ontario, Canada

Hello Folks:

I have two mottoes on my desk- one says "Of course you can!" The other says, "Do one thing at a time!" -but, sometimes the possible is impossible, and I do ten things at a time, and get nothing much done... though somehow, a few things roll off the desk, and I am always busy. I have meant to get a paper out to you all for some months now, but good intentions are as far as I got. I am going to pick up the accumulated Bundle papers and letters and cards, and answer them as they come- to save time sorting things in this UAPA file, so here goes----

My thanks to Marge E. Baker for a lovely Christmas card, a picture of a wind-swept tree that I delight to look at-- *WINDFALL*, Pross, Mother's Day, May 1956; photo of worn hands, nice! I liked *THE LILAC DREAMER* (Pross, Jr.) very much; also *REQUIESCAT* by Spath, both these poems say something! Lovely, too, was "Smell, like flute sounded" by Voight--

Thanks for birthday card and nice note from Betty K. Dyckman. By all means phone me if you come to Buffalo, Betty; the number is *Niagara Falls, Ontario, ELgin 4-0550*. If I am not too tied up with CLA work, we'll have a chat. Thanks for nice words; much appreciated.

YOURS TRULY, May 1956, I liked *FEAR OF DEATH* by Meinders; it is so true and strikes the heart, as good poetry should. I like also the same author, *LOOK TO THE VALLEY*. - I have just torn up Vol. 5, No. 7 copy, October 1956, of *THE OLD OAKEN BUCKET*. I do not agree-- I liked part of the Travelogue Edition, *CROSBY CROONINGS*, Oct. '56, especially the notes on Mark Twain. So Jenny Lind sang in Virginia City? Is there any place she did not sing? She sang here, too, at the small village of Chippewa, just above the Falls!

In *GREEN MOUNTAIN CHEER*, Oct. '56, I liked the news, NYC Times reprint, about the D. C. Poetry Room- and congratulations on pub. of *THE YEAR OF THE HORSE* by Dutton- good work, Rita! Sensible advice on 'vanity publishing'- amen!

MESSENGER OF INSPIRATION, May '56, Editorial was fine! We all 'see through a glass darkly,' I think- and, when once in a while, we see clearly, it is like receiving a gift, and we are humbled, knowing how little we really 'see' and 'know'--

EVANSVILLE ON PARADE, May '56, (Dorothy's page, about 'her dog') I loved that sentence 'She was a stray who adopted us a number of years ago, by the simple process of loving us so much we couldn't spurn her..' No one could have put that better!

SPIRIT OF ST. LOUIS, May '56. I liked the items on Grant's cabin, and the Eugene Field Home in St. Louis. I have a framed Membership Certificate showing I am a member of the Eugene Field Society, an Honorary Member. I always liked his work.

ODDS & ENDS, May '56- I enjoyed the article 'Greetings From an Old Folks' Home' by Myrtle Rosalio Clarke. It is well written and shows a sane and sensible grasp of the facts of existence, and a keen and intelligent determination to remain an interesting personality. Congratulations to the author!

TEEN-GLEAMS, May '56, I liked the poems, *FOR FORM* and *CUBISTS* by Ronald Voight very much. They are thoughtful, modern, expressive, and contain poetic imagery that is fine.

GREEN MOUNTAIN CHEER, May '56, excellent comments on UAPA Papers.-- *JUST A BIRD IN A NETTED CAGE*, no date, by Georgine Alice Chamberlain- I liked the cheery letter, 'Hello, people, hello.' --*THE MAN SAYS*, Sept. '56, an excellent, newsy paper. --*CHICAGO MINIA-TURES*, Sept.-Oct. '56- 'Pictographs' by Julian, interesting and instructive; maybe we'll go back to them after a while, via the comics, and cease to read, if the trend continues. *GREEN MOUNTAIN CHEER*, Sept. '56, 'In God We Trust'- I liked this! Good comments, also--

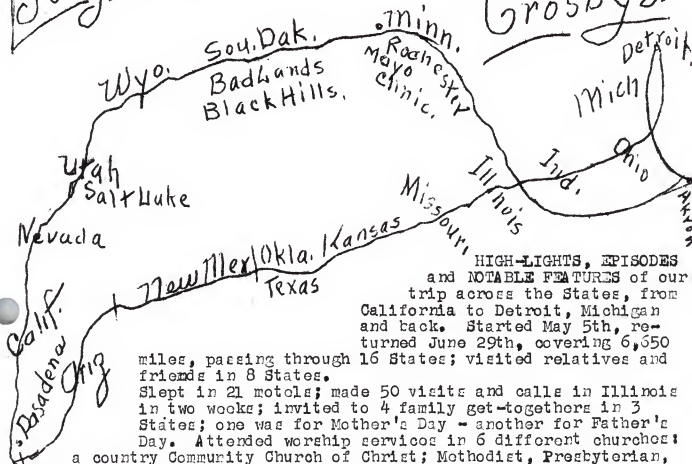
THE OLD OAKEN BUCKET, issues Sept. '56 and July '56. I just tore them up- 'nuff said! *RHYMES FROM THE TASSEL TOWN TIMES*, Sept. '56, that verse beginning 'When the atomic bomb hits us' was priceless! Thanks for the Christmas card photo from Eddie Schaffer-- Good!

Grosby
Groenings"
for July '57.

Trail of the Travelling Trio of Grosbys.

5 - SEP - 3
Copy _____ 1957

#364



HIGH-LIGHTS, EPISODES
and NOTABLE FEATURES of our
trip across the States, from
California to Detroit, Michigan
and back. Started May 5th, re-
turned June 29th, covering 6,350
miles; passing through 16 States; visited relatives and
friends in 8 States.

Slept in 21 motels; made 50 visits and calls in Illinois
in two weeks; invited to 4 family get-togethers in 3
States; one was for Mother's Day - another for Father's
Day. Attended worship services in 6 different churches:
a country Community Church of Christ; Methodist, Presbyterian,
Christian and Missionary Alliance, Lutheran and a Community Presby-
terian. It rained in every State except Utah and Nevada, but the
nearest we came to a hurricane was one that hit Springfield, Illinois,
a week or so after we left there.

We found many odd names along the way: Rosebud (town);
Hat Creek, Wounded Knee, Porcupine, Potato Creek; Dog Ear Lake, Bone-
steel; Shirt-tail Canyon; Mule Creek, Wagonhound Creek; Medicine Bow
(town); Burnt Fork (stream); Jay Ln, Snow Water Lake; Rabbit-hole,
Susie Creek, Maggie Creek, Jawbone Canyon; Blue-earth, Sleepy Eye
and Rifle. Many of these are Indian names; many others were named
for events which happened at the spot.

Arizona is notable, in any direction you travel. Our
trail wound up and up, to the mile-high city of Prescott; up and
around to Jerome, another mile-high town - once a flourishing mining
community, just three years ago; today a quiet Ghost-town.

North, through beautiful Oak Creek Canyon, then up and
around numberless curves which led to the straight road to Flagstaff,
a lumber town, only about 60 miles from Grand Canyon. From there,
we traveled east, across the State, all Indian country, where numerous
gift shops displayed Indian handicraft for sale. We reached the New
Mexican border, and soon came to the noted town of Gallup, where we
took a motel for the night.

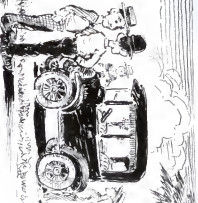
Phlat MARATHON RACE

A TRUE HISTORICAL STORY
IN CARTOONS AND WORDS

BY T. M. GRAYAN



THE MARATHON RACE-ANCIENT ORIGIN



THE MARATHON RACE-ANCIENT ORIGIN

Q. YES, WE ARE A CRAZY BUNCH.
A. TO HAVE ALL OUR MEMBERS
TAKEN AS TODAY'S CAN BE,
AND YOU CAN TAKE YOUR PICK.
BUT YOU'D BE HAPPY WHEN YOU BECOME
AN OLD CAR LUNATIC.

WE HAD TO GO TO OTHER THINGS
BELIEVE OR NOT, BUT WE
DIDN'T CONSIDER THEM AS
OUR CONVERSATION. SO, RETURNS
THE MIND WE CAN RESTORE
OF COURSE, BUT LOOK FOR MORE.

EVERY TIME WE DO ONE UP,
WE DO SO, SONG AND DANCE.
WHENEVER WE GET THE CHANCE
WE SHIN OUR VINCULUS CRASH DUB MALS
WE SHEDD OBT TO BEET AT NIGHT
AND RUIN ALL OUR CLOTHES.

THE CAR THAT WE ARE WORKING ON
SOMETIMES WE WEAR OLD COSTUMES,
AND PLAYS DON'T THINK WE'RE VAIN.
THEY DON'T THINK WE'RE VAIN.
EXCEPT THAT WE'RE INSANE WITH US

SOME DRESS IN FANCY OLD TIME CLOTHES,
THEY DRESS IN FANCY OLD TIME CLOTHES,
THEY DRESS IN FANCY OLD TIME CLOTHES,
THEY DRESS IN FANCY OLD TIME CLOTHES,
THEY DRESS IN FANCY OLD TIME CLOTHES,

WE HAD A MEETING ONCE A MONTH
TO CONJECT CRAZY SCHEMES
SOME FULL OF LAMANTINE DREAMS,
WE HAVE SICKNES, SNOWS AND TOWNS,
ANYTHING TO EASE THE STRAIN

ON OUR DOOR DRESSING HINDS,
WE PLANNED A TODAY STAGES
BUT WE SOON LARNED WE WERE LATE,
SO WE PICKED UP SPEED AT KEDDALL
SOME, AND WHIZZED RIGHT THROUGH PARSINE

WHEN WE DROVE ON THROUGH KEY LABO
AND KEENED REACHED ROCK HARBOR,
OUR CAR WAS BEING LIVING THINGS FOR
OUR LAINING. THERE WAS ALWAYS HERE!
WITH A MIGHTY SOUND OF SQUILING BRAKES

WE STOPPED, BUT INVENTED BLAKE
AND FILLED OUR "KINKER TUBES"
WITH THE VERY BEST OF EVERYTHING
THE MARATHON RACE CONTAINERS.
WE WERE ON OUR WAY AGAIN
AND OUR TROUBLES TOOK BEGAN.

ONE MODEL, I JUST GOT TOO HOT
WE ALL STOPPED BEHIND THE ROAD
AND RESTED ON THE SOO.
THEY WERE ALL THE CAR IN TOWN,
AND TOOK THE CAR IN TOWN.

THAT WAS A REASON FOR US ALL
A FEW MILES AROUND THE ROAD
THE BIRDS BEGAN TO SING
UNDER THE BEED OF A HONEY
THE WATER POND WAS FROZEN

BUT THE BET WAS RIGHT ALONG
AND I SAID A PRETTY SONG.
OUR GENERAL TROUBLE SHOOTER
HADN'T GAIN YOUR WORK'S WHILE
HE WASN'T TOWED IT WITH A SMILE

OUR SOON FIRED IT GOOD AS CAN
TRY TO STUMP THEM IF YOU CAN.
THE OPERATION NOTHIN' PREPARED
WELL, THEY JUST CAN'T BE BEAT.
SOME OF THE HANDED TRICKS OF ALL

THEY LIE ON THEIR BACKS IN GAVEL,
MOSQUITOES LIE UPON THE SMILE,
AND HOT OIL IN THEIR EYES.
KEY CLOUZY BEACH WAS CALLED AT LAST
EACH ONE OF US DID AS WE PLEASED

SOME OF US DID AS WE PLEASED
SOME OF US DID AS WE PLEASED
SOME OF US DID AS WE PLEASED
SOME OF US DID AS WE PLEASED
SOME OF US DID AS WE PLEASED

SOME WERE LOLLING IN THE SUN,
OTHERS WERE IN THE OLD HIDE-
-SOME ON THE SHADEY SIDE
THE FLEW TO THE PLAIN AND FANCY DIVING
THE FLEW TO THE PLAIN AND FANCY DIVING

AND TROUPOU AS THEY WENT IN A MIRROR
AND TROUPOU AS THEY WENT IN A MIRROR
AND TROUPOU AS THEY WENT IN A MIRROR
AND TROUPOU AS THEY WENT IN A MIRROR
AND TROUPOU AS THEY WENT IN A MIRROR

ALL IN OUR GARDEN ARE MIXERS
YET WE ALWAYS GO WHAT WE LIKE;
HE LOVES TO PRETEND TO GO FISHING
ONE LAYS HIS GLOVES WERE MUCH TOO HOT
SO THOSE GLOVES ARE MADE OFFACE

SOME RATED CARDS FOR PLEASURE,
SOME CHIEF FOR THE FRODO AND WATCH
SOME STAND AROUND AND LOOK
OTHERS WOULDNT TOUCH THE STUFF,
YOU CAN SEE THAT WE'RE ALL DIFFERENT.

THE BOARD WAS PARSINE WAS STYVISH,
THE STAYERS OF ANOTHER DAY,
OUR UNLIVEDS WERE ON THE ROAD,
THE PARADISES HARBOR TO THE DINING ROOM,
WE WERE JUST WHAT TO DO.

THE MANAGER WAS GETTING WORRIED
"IT LOOKS TO ME YOU'VE SPOKE
ANTHRELL BE NODING LEFT FOR LUNCH"
LUNE ORADOPS'S FANCY LIP AWAY.
THE TYPE OF LATS HE PROUDLY WORE.

MEETIN' THE DAYS OF OUR FLY
"IT'S A LONG WAY BACK WE'RE DRIVING SLOW"
THEN ONE DAY SAYS "THINK YOU'RE RIGHT"
BUT I HOPE YOU'LL WANT A MINUTE -
I'VE GOT TO PACK A FISH."

BEING FAR FROM HOME AND LOTS TO DO,
SO WE GOT RABBY-FISH AND ALL.
WE GOT LOST IN A CLOUD OF SMOKE,
WITH THE CAR THAT LEFT BEFORE,
WITH OUR CAR PRISON IN PAST TENSE.

ALL OF OUR CARS WERE RUNNING FINE -
WHAS SMOOTHLY AS COULD BE.
AND ITS IN A MODEL T,
YES YOU ARE RIGHT IT WAS THAT COUSE
WE HAD TO GO TO THE CAR THAT LEFT BEFORE.

WE HAD TO GO TO THE CAR THAT LEFT BEFORE
WE HAD TO GO TO THE CAR THAT LEFT BEFORE
WE HAD TO GO TO THE CAR THAT LEFT BEFORE
WE HAD TO GO TO THE CAR THAT LEFT BEFORE
WE HAD TO GO TO THE CAR THAT LEFT BEFORE

THE DRIVER OF A JUDON? SOME KINKOS:
BUT A TIS NEVER ALTHOUGH,
TILL IT IS HEARD FOR BIGGERS,
AND SAID "TILL, SEE YOU LATER"
HE DIDN'T GO FAR TILL HE HAD TO STOP

THE COLLAGE AND THE PARKING,
ALL HURLED SO THE POINTING -
ALL HURLED SO THE POINTING -
ALL HURLED SO THE POINTING -
ALL HURLED SO THE POINTING -



IN OVER 100 BOXES

THE MARATHON RACE #305
#305
#305



DOUBT IS THERE A TAKEN NEAR?

NATIVE OF COURSE THERE'S A
TAKENIER? - YOU'RE IN IT."



A PRE SURGERY CONSULTATION
DOCTORS THIS WILL BE
SERIOUS OPERATION - REMEMBER OUR OLD
OF HINDOCTERS - LET'S UNDO THE
MITY OF OUR PROFESSION -
BUT ON YOUR SCIENCE AND
BRING THE ANESTHETIC

COULD BE
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THE

BUCKEYE

6-7-1959 1247

VOL. 7, NOS. 2, 3
SEPT. - NOV., 1958

Oct. - Nov. 1959

306

An area of amateur journalism that is nearly always overlooked, and we fear intentionally so, is that of the inmates of our correctional institutions. The penal press issues some very fine publications and individuals in that category also turn out some high quality work. It is recognized that several have turned professional while within the walls of a public institution.

A limited number of persons have recognized the possibilities within this area of our American way of life and have done something concrete about encouraging prisoners to devote their talents to writing especially.

The Robert Lindner Foundation is sponsoring a competition for both men and women in imprisonment for creative work in the fields of music, science and literature.

This competition closes April 15, 1959 with a top prize of \$100, a second of \$50; a third of \$25 and four honorable mentions in each class of \$10.

In addition the contestants are promised that "the Foundation will endeavour to acquaint the public with these works." This is a project that indicates there is interest in stimulating creative work by those within our prison walls.

The editor of this publication has previously expressed an opinion that the amateur press associations might consider the handicapped and shut-ins and even penal inmates for associate memberships if the hobby of amateur journalism is going to anywhere reach all the areas in which it can oper-

Holiday  Greetings

#307



Udenlandske Teaterbilleder

fra middelalderen til det 18. århundrede
i danske samlinger

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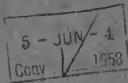
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#308



With the robin's first appearance
We feel the lure of spring
And, in the rain-freshened breezes,
Our hearts find joy and sing.



The men-folks grab up everything;
Their minds set on a scheme
To figure out some kind of sport
To match the weather's theme.



Housewives struggle with their
grim-task
Of cleaning winter-dirt;
Hoping that new clothes and make-up
Can make them sweet and pert.

The United Amateur

SPRING, 1958

Official Organ of The United Amateur Press Association

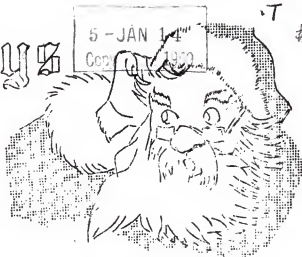
The Man Says

A UNITED AMATEUR PRESS ASSOCIATION
PUBLICATION

Edward F. Daas, Editor

545 North 19th Street
Milwaukee 3, Wisconsin

December 1958



CHRISTMAS SPIRIT

Christmas, how I love that cheerful holiday
That comes in the cold of winter's way.
It warms our hearts - thoughts of peace on earth.
I wish the Christmas spirit of happiness
Could last all year and continuously bless
Us with peace we feel as we celebrate Christ's birth.
Lillian L. Schrader

* * * * *

The 204th meeting of the Milwaukee Amateur Press Club was held Saturday evening, November 22nd at the home of Margaret Mitzenheim. Luckily, Margaret has plenty of room or she would have had to hang out the SRO sign for any late arrivals, as there were seventeen in attendance.

After the minutes of the previous meeting were read and greeting cards signed, the meeting got under way with an untitled story by Agnes Staudy. It was one of her animal series and dealt with the behavior of the Skunk Four Hundred at a social affair. Agnes has a wonderful imagination and the notes she gives her animal characters are most amusing.

Our hostess, Margaret, read a story which some of us had heard before. She had revised it a little and sent it to a publisher. It is called "The Time of Singing Birds" and is a beautiful story of how a small boy learns from his beloved grandfather as well as from his own observations that each Spring all nature comes alive again.

Irma Schmidt read her poem entitled "Christmas Eve". She liked the first verse but asked for help on the other verses, and our fine poetess Margaret Lohr offered some good suggestions and changes.

Bette Reitel likes to write limericks and read two of hers - one was about a girl named Laron and the other about a vacation spent horseback riding.

Irma Reitel told us about the sale of one of her son Jack Ritchie's stories to Good Housekeeping magazine, as well as the acceptance of another story for use on a Canadian TV station.

By this time, the buffet lunch was ready and our hostess had prepared a delicious tuna fish salad, hot buttered rolls and relishes. These were followed by her delicious home made cookies, cut in many different patterns and topped with a decoration, and all the hot coffee we wanted.

We discovered that although neither Louis Brechler nor Oscar Mitzenheim are prolific writers, they are very handy men with the coffee pot and saw that no one's

#310

The Little Echo^{X-PN4827}_T

Volume One October, 1959 Number One

I would like to introduce the **LITTLE ECHO** to you. This is the first issue and I am hoping that we will both see quite a few more United Amateur Press Association of America's bundles. My name is Edgar E. Olson, Jr., and I would like to make a special invitation to all members that comments and correspondence is welcomed.

Before I write any more about the **LITTLE ECHO**, I would like to thank all those kind people who wrote to me and welcomed me into the UAPAA. In the future I hope by trail and error we will arrive at more suitable column widths and page sizes, etc.

Meanwhile, I encourage all correspondence and comments. After all, this is how a paper betters itself and improves with time. Otherwise, I may loose my bold courage.

Your Editor

X - PN 4827

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5 - AUG 28

1959

#311

THE SCRIBBLER

Volume 1

April, 1959

Number 1

Ye olde daily grinde

All things work together for the good of those who believe. Every man experiences certain little annoyances, inadequacies, and drudgeries, but these do not mean his life should be considered worthless, for out of this dismal mire there does come an occasional burst of triumph, with its happiness and success, and the joy thereof is that much the sweeter.

Life has never been for anyone a constant flow of joy. If it were, the joy itself would become dull and boring. Anguish comes in various forms — boredom, sense of futility and frustration, hunger, fear, poverty and despair. Unfortunately, the world we live in constantly over-emphasizes competition and the importance of money, and when we succumb to such thinking in periods between our little successes, our dejected feelings are understandable. It is in times like these we must remember to have faith and hope, and rest in the belief that for those who believe, things do not happen by chance, and that out of each disappointment some good will come.

But look at the bright side a moment. With all its anguish and irritations, where can a man live and get so much with so little effort? Only eight hours a day — 220

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#312

5 -AUG 28

1959

THE SCRIBBLER

Volume 1

May-June, 1959

Number 2-3

One Man's Meat

To be content in whatever state we are—that is the secret of happiness—yes, and success,—with peace and contentment in the heart.

I remember many enjoyable hours I once spent on the shores of Lake Michigan in Chicago watching the sailboats gliding on the Lake. The white overstuffed pillow clouds floating overhead in a deep blue sky bore evidence of the cool brisk wind by which the boats were powered, and matched all too well the white sails on the Lake of blue.

But whereas the clouds went in one direction only—that determined by the wind—the sailboats moved to and fro at the will of the skipper, and I was simply fascinated by the uncanny ability of some of those boats to sail practically right into the wind.

Now the water was the same, the wind was the same, and the boats were the same — in that they were all sail-boats. Why then did some go with the wind, while some were able to sail almost right into it? The answer of course, lies in the set of the sails. If the wind did not blow the way the skipper wanted to go, he simply set

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5 -AUG 28

1959

THE SCRIBBLER

Volume 1

July, 1959

Number 4

The Dullest Man I Ever Knew

I walked across the room and sat down at the table in front of a window. It was early in the morning, and

I was alone — I thought — but then I noticed the man sitting opposite me. He was looking at me, and, as if we seemed to recognize each other at the same moment, with simultaneous movement of our lips, we said "Hello."

I remembered I had known this man a long time — all my life, in fact. I had great admiration for him. He was just the kind of person I had always wanted to be — a sort of ideal — jolly, good natured, intelligent, debonair — a regular lady killer — handsome, and immaculately dressed. What a man! Only last night, he had been the life of the party!

But this morning as I sat there looking at him, somehow I was disappointed. Instead of being jolly and good natured, he was just sitting there, with a scowl on his face. The smile and the care-free nonchalance were gone. I began to wonder what was so intelligent about him. He actually seemed pretty dull.

I looked closer. Actually, there were bags under his eyes, and the gray was creeping into his hair. I began to notice a tendency for an extra chin to show at times. How could I have ever thought he was debonair, or really handsome? His nose was too broad, and not enough chin.

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THE SCRIBBLER

Volume 1

August-September, 1959

Number 5-6

Strike Three!

Strike threeeee! Yer out!

The baseball season is at its height. We are nearing the home stretch. All eyes are focused on the leaders, as they battle for the League championships. Hardly a person in the land is not familiar with the bellowing voice of the umpire as he yells "Strike threeeee!"

One of the most important assets of a ball player is his ability to hit the ball safely. A good player with a batting average of, say .300, could play on most any team, or at least on some good team. To do this, he must hit safely three times out of every ten times at bat. During these ten times at bat, he may have sixty balls thrown to him — not counting extras which he may foul off — upon which he must make a decision. Is it a ball or strike? Shall I strike at it or not? And then his mind and body must be so well co-ordinated that if he strikes — he will get the bat at the proper place in the correct split second of time in order to hit the ball.

His judgment is not perfect. Eyesight, wind, light,



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5-DEC-7

THE SCRIBBLER

Volume 1 October-November, 1959 Number 7-8

Help For The Helpless

There is nothing we can do of our own accord. We had nothing to do with coming into this world. There is really little we can do about our entry into the next, and there is surprisingly little we can do about our life in the meantime.

Such ideas may be quite a surprise to many people. We like to think we are capable of coping with most any situation likely to arise in our lives. Such statements are likely to be a shock to our ego. It is like setting off a bomb under a person's self confidence. It blows a person's ideas of his own importance and abilities sky-high.

Much has been said, and many essays written on the importance of developing self-confidence, being self reliant, and being independent. Such attitudes are held up to be most desirable virtues to be cultivated and achieved as a part of our personality. They are considered traits of a good character.

Nothing could be farther from the truth. Many a person who has followed such advice has gotten started down the road to failure and ruin. Such false teaching under the guise of character building has been the cause of many a life filled with frustrations and disappointments.

To advocate developing one's self-confidence is just another way of saying "Be egotistical. Be proud of yourself." "Be self reliant" means to belittle the ability

"T I M E & T I D E"

5 - JAN 14
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Editors: MacLean and Nicholson
851 Seventh Street, Ocean City, N. J. X- PN4827

~~January 1959~~

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*316

Volume 1 January, 1959 Number 1

OUR SEASHORE HOME

Are you seeking a location for *The Home*, *Your Dream Home*, which you have happily looked forward to when, from the rush and turmoil of years, you may be able to enjoy in a way which brings you peace of mind, enjoyment and contentment? If so, here is the answer.

Visit the delightful resort town of Ocean City, New Jersey, not only for a beneficial vacation for visitors, but from a year round standpoint.

As an example: Bess and Bill Higgins lived in a small town in the western part of Pennsylvania. From the time they married they toiled diligently with their small store, a regular Country store, selling everything from needles and pins to the essential items in a home and on the farm. Through their loving understanding that in order to reap happiness it was necessary to give happiness, their little store rapidly expanded to the increased demands of a growing community.

Naturally as the business increased, the demand on them increased, hence there seemed a need on their part for a vacation. Now the question - where can we go to fully enjoy the nice things and yet not be wearied too much.

They had been reading of the seashore and an article recalled to their memory a description of one just to their liking. Oh yes, Bill said to his wife, it was Ocean City, New Jersey.

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"TIME & TIDE"

3-MAY.14
Copy 1959

Editor: Harriet Nicholson
851 Seventh Street, Ocean City, N. J.

#317

Volume 1 April, 1959 Number 3

Comments

A special Thank You to "Ellisonian Echoes" for "LARGENESS." Oh, for greater mental vision.

To Mrs. Lilian Whitaker, "ON WINGS OF FRIENDSHIP." Your article, "Reflexions" most inspiring. I, too, love a sunset and Love is truly the beautifier.

GREEN MOUNTAIN CHEER -- I love your state. "The winters may be long," like my home state of Maine. What wonderful springs you can look forward to! Thank you for your comments.

We are looking for good news on the health of the spark of U.A.P.A. "The Man," E. A. Daas -- our thoughts and prayers are with you.

AROUND THE WORLD WITH THE NICHOLSONS

Chapter 3

Our first trip outside of the city of Tokoyo was to Kamakura, the home of the famous Daibutsu or Great Buddha. We made the trip in a Chrysla driven by our guide. We had expressed the desire to see a Japanese home of the higher class, and our wish was granted when a young physician invited us to visit his home and gardens.

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Editor: Harriet Nicholson

851 Seventh Street, Ocean City, New Jersey

Volume 1

July, 1959

Number 7

-Comments-

June 7, my husband and I attended the Rotary International Convention in New York City. This is a wonderful experience. We heard wonderful speakers, among them were Nelson A. Rockefeller, Governor of New York, Kenneth Crawford, head of Newsweek, Washington Bureau, Pearl S. Buck, Nobel and Pulitzer Prize-Winning author, Dr. Marcus Bach, Professor of Religion, University of Iowa, Dag Hammarskjöld, Secretary-General of United Nations, Robert F. Wagner, Mayor of New York City, and Clifford A. Randall, President of Rotary International.

One of these speakers said, "It is nice to be important, but it is far more important to be nice."

May we, the members of U.A.P.A., apply and use The Four Way Test which has become such a vital code in the lives of the Rotarians.

(This "Test" reprinted, Page 6)

Printers: WRITER'S NOTES & QUOTES

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#319

T I M E

A N D

T I D E

Editor: Harriet Nicholson

Volume 1 August, 1959 Number 8
851 Seventh Street, Ocean City, New Jersey

-Comments-

Dear U. A. P. A. Members:

The Nicholsons attended their first U.A.P.A. Convention in Youngstown, Ohio, July 23 and 24. The details of those wonderful days will be reported to you. We say "Thank you" to each Official and every member present for the love and friendship extended to us. There was a genuine feeling of one united family and one felt proud to wear the badge and be counted.

Many of you missed this experience. Don't ever let it happen to you again. Begin now to prepare for 1960 when Ocean City, New Jersey, the home of Time and Tide, will spread out the red carpet for this outstanding group.

Writers live in a world of their own - a world of self-expression, idealism, thoughtful beauty and appreciation. They are untouched by selfishness, jealousy or monopoly. They follow the mandate of the Scripture "In honor preferring one another." (Con. page 6)

TIME & TI

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#320

T I M E

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T I D E

Editor: Harriet Nicholson
851 Seventh Street, Ocean City, New Jersey
Volume 1 September 1959 Number 9

-Comments-

Dear Members:

When September Time and Tide reaches you the Nicholsons will again be on the wing. We arrive in Manchester, England on the thirty-first of August. A short distance from here is my husband's birthplace and his home. From here, we will see by automobile the beautiful English countryside, visit its Cathedrals, its Museums, and for a few days enjoy the peace and beauty of its historic and cultural environs.

From London we will fly to Lisbon, Portugal. This, we are told, is one of the pleasantest cities in Europe. It is built like Rome, on seven hills, and the buildings are painted various shades. It prides itself of a most beautiful Moorish Castle of the tenth century.

On from Lisbon to Madrid and Barcelona. They tell us there is wonderful music and gaiety in Spain that is not duplicated anywhere else in the world. We look forward to Granada and the Alhambra and the many

(continued page 6)

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T I M E

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T I D E

Editor: Harriet Nicholson
851 Seventh Street, Ocean City, New Jersey
Volume 1 October, 1959 Number 10

-Comments-

Welcome New Members! Get busy! We want to meet you in the Bundle.

Keep planning for the 1960 convention in Ocean City, New Jersey. Mayor Smith is expecting you. Don't disappoint him!

Only nine more months. Keep saving those pennies, Maud; Atlanta, Georgia is a long walk!

Dear Martha: GREEN MOUNTAIN CHEER- sorry you did not get to the convention. Try again next year. We drove through your lovely state the middle of August, on our way home from York Harbor, Maine. What beauty!

Greetings to the two Irma's of THE CHATTER-BOX. You helped us live over the happy days at Youngstown. We add our congratulations to our new Vice-President Irma. It is a great joy to know you both.

CHICAGO MINIATURES: Thank you, Lorraine Good, for Stepping Stones- these four lines are precious: (con. on page 6)

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#322

This Nation Under God

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#323

THE QUEST

NAPA *** UAPA *** IPA ***** ZITA H. LeCOMPTE

VIBRATION FOR 1959

Each year has a different vibration, and when we know the Universal Vibration we can be in harmony with it and benefit thereby.

The present year of 1959 has a stabilizing vibration of "6", which brings out conscientiousness, responsibility, service, and development in the educational aspect of your work. This number "6" is arrived at by adding the 1959, which makes a total of 6, (1 plus 9, plus 5, plus 1 equals 6).

This refers to the Universal Vibration and not the personal. The "1" always stands erect as a leader, whereas the "5" is changeable, carefree, uncertain, entertaining, imaginative, and emotional; the "9" is inclusive, broadminded, good for group work, and should finish up whatever has been started previously, in preparation for something new and different. This year we have two "9s" which give us double strength; also, this is the last time we will see the "5" until 1965.

The "9" being of a higher octave, will be very helpful to anyone whose thoughts are of the creative and constructive type. They will not only help themselves progress but be of assistance to others seeking the truth.

All four digits in "1959" are odd numbers and therefore positive in nature.

The Mesa Delegate

P.O. Box #5121 Issue #1 June, 1959 Tucson, Arizona

THE DELEGATES' FORUM ...

THE DESERT: LAND OF CANYON
AND MESA

The Great Southwestern Desert, spreading as it does over hundreds of miles and six states, is actually composed of varying scenic wonders: petrified forests, vast canyon wonderlands, towering rocky mountains, seemingly endless miles of undulating sandy wastes. And dotting the arid expanses, the mesas rise, lone and intriguing.

This Editor is fascinated by the anomaly of the mesa. In the midst of barrenness and flat wastes, Nature places the mesa perhaps as a sentinel:

For the man whose mind seeks to survey all about him, a habitat "above the clouds" answers his need! And for the man whose mind seeks solitude, where should he build his citadel, save atop nature's own fortification -- the mesa?

Come then, to "La Ciudadela de la Mesa" ... whence THE MESA DELEGATE will come bi-monthly to join you in your far-away towns and cities!

ACCUMULATIONS

This Editor is an avowed accumulator of trivia. Folders and brochures and maps of any area, this hemisphere or the other! - are eagerly sought, indexed, and saved forevermore!

With two small children and a confining career, travel has become a temporary impossibility. Until such time as roaming again is possible, this Editor dreams ... plans ... and accumulates!

THE WELCOMING VOICES

A stranger knocked,
And was admitted;
His presence was allowed.
But in the midst
Of wiser minds,
His younger head was bowed.

I felt as he,
When I arrived
Into the journalists' forum;
But thanks to those
Whose welcomes rose --
I'll learn the roads to join them!

THE HAPPY HOBBYIST

In addition to our common avocation of amateur journalism, do not most of us enjoy one or more secondary fields of interest? Most assuredly we do!

In following issues, I'd like to share my reasons as to why I enjoy my own: Philately, Photography, the study of Architecture and Design, and the seeking-saving-and-sorting of Scenic Post Cards.

But at this time, I'd like to open these pages to all new friends in UAPA to account for themselves, hobbywise, by sending the MESA DELEGATE brief descriptive articles relating their own special interests.

Please do!

THE MESA DELEGATE: Published for the United Amateur Press Association by Dorothy Inglee Gallagher, P.O. Box #5121, Tucson, Arizona. Edited by instinct; Printed by mimeograph; Distributed by delusion.

THE MAN SAYS



A UNITED AMATEUR PRESS ASSOCIATION PUBLICATION

Edward F. Deas, Editor

545 North 19th Street, Milwaukee 3, Wisconsin

January
1959

HANDS THAT SERVE

God bless the helping hand
That serves in time of need,
Materializing love
And prayer with every deed.

We all must face distress;
And when it comes my way,
Then give me hands that serve,
But spare me lips that pray.

No need for lips to pray
When willing hands are near,
Why leave the work to God
If we can do it here?

-Ella Mae Forrest
* * * * *

ANOTHER VIEW

of our Christmas Party as seen by
Bertha Mason, Secretary of the
M. A. P. C.

The private dining room of the Towne Hotel was filled to capacity on the night of December 6th for our 205th meeting of the Milwaukee Amateur Press Club. Since this year's Christmas Party was held early in the holiday season, all were gay and untired (they had not yet started on the regular round of holiday festivities).

The menu which was delicious and well served put everyone in a happy frame of mind. There is nothing like food to give one that contented feeling!

As usual, at our Christmas parties, although papers were read, there were no criticisms or com-

ments made. This occasion was for pure enjoyment only.

Our exceptionally fine poetess, Margaret Lehr, read a group of her poems that were timely for the season. They were: "Christmas Eve", "Sparrow", "Lost Moment", "Winter Landscape" and "Christmas Adornment". She has a way with words that is outstanding. She weaves her magic pencil and the results are moods, Scenes, and memories that leave one deeply moved.

Sybil Masden's story was read by our guest of honor, Dion Henderson who came with his attractive and very charming wife. Her story was titled "That Tragic Look" and I think that Sybil was disappointed that we are not in the habit of making comments on papers at the Christmas party. However, I am sure she got the idea that we thought she had a fine story and had it well developed.

Kay Mann read an article "The Day Mrs. Wisconsin Cracked". It was about her sister Evelyn and it only proved that even though 1958 "Mrs. Wisconsin" is a model of composure and poise, she also has the weak spot just as we all have, she is all the more likeable for it.

Bette Reitel was persuaded to tell a very funny little story in a very heavy German accent concerning the family of Mouse Schmauzers who drank the beer barrel dry. Bette is henceforth official story teller for the M.A.P.C., as far as I am concerned.

To add to the variety of en-

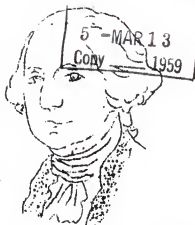
THE MAN SAYS

A UNITED AMATEUR PRESS ASSOCIATION PUBLICATION

Edward F. Daas, Editor

545 North 19th Street, Milwaukee 3, Wisconsin

February 1959



LESSON OF THE ROSE

Imperfection is not rare
So temper well your scorn,
For even God's most perfect rose,
Though hid, still bears a thorn.

Ella Mae Forrest

* * * * *

THE JANUARY MEETING

The 206th meeting of the Milwaukee Amateur Press Club was held January 24th at the home of Kay Mann.

Among the eighteen present, we were privileged to have Lerle Sherman as a visitor, and hope she enjoyed the meeting enough to become a regular at our meetings.

Since our Secretary, Bertha Mason was unable to attend, the minutes were read by Agnes Staudy. Although Bertha confines most of her writing to the writing of our minutes, we all agree that no one could write them as entertainingly, as she does.

The literary part of the evening began with Agnes Staudy reading a poem, and then a story. Since this "recorder" was not aware at the time that she was expected to write up the meeting, she failed to take any notes, and cannot recall the titles of poem or story. However, the poem was written from the viewpoint of a little girl, and everyone agreed that as such, it was well done.

Irma Reitel took her first timid step toward writing a new type of story, and came up with "The Smiling Man", a story dealing with a gunman, who enters a supermarket in the early morning hours, and terrorizes two employees while waiting for the manager to come and open the safe for him. One of the employees, however, outmaneuvers him, and the would be robber gets his come uppance at the end.

The criticism about the story centered around the point that the writer had not sufficiently conveyed the fact that the two employees were terrified.

Next, Evelyn Marbes, "Mrs. Wisconsin", who had come the long distance from Fond du Lac, read an article she hoped would be acceptable to the Milwaukee Journal Green Sheet Editor. It concerned the part her husband and family played in helping her achieve the title of "Mrs. Wisconsin". The comments were that the article was too short. It did not go into sufficient detail. Evelyn was also advised to write two versions of the article - the second one to be slanted toward a Target magazine.

And then came what most of us had been waiting for all evening. Margaret and Oscar Mitzenheim had brought colored slides, and all the equipment for showing them, of their recent European

5 -MAR 13
COPY 1959

THE MAN SAYS

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Edward F. Daas, Editor

545 North 19th Street, Milwaukee 3, Wisconsin

February 1959



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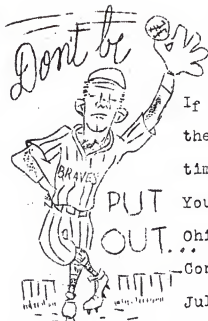
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THE MAN SAYS

MAY 1 1959

Copy 1959

Edward F. Daas, Editor

545 North 19th Street

Milwaukee 3

Wisconsin

April 1959

If you miss
the good
times at the
Youngstown
Ohio
Convention
July 23-25

SPRING TIME

Roses are red.
Violets -- Ka - choo,
For hay-fever victims
This season's taboo.
Katie Hallock

THE Y.M.C.A. MEETING

The 208th meeting of the Milwaukee Amateur Press Club was held on April 4th (the postponed March meeting) at the new Y. M. C. A.

After the minutes of the previous meeting had been read, Sharon Linskens read her first story for the club. It was a delightful story not titled as yet. She received a number of comments on how it could be improved in order to sell.

Jane Marquardt then read an article on the Irish in Erin, Wisconsin. She had written this in collaboration with Robert Higgins of Oconomowoc, a free lance photographer. This appeared in the Milwaukee Journal on Sunday, March 15th. It was well-written and we know that Jane worked hard to dig up so many interesting facts about the Irish settlement of Wisconsin.

She also read a poem entitled "Pick a Number". This was about her favorite grade - the first, where six year olds learn to read.

Mary Nelson read a filler type article entitled "Be a Friend to Children". There were several comments on this. Hope you sell it, Mary.

Anne Cornelius, a new member, then asked Jane to read a story she had written called "Somebody". It was a very charming story and ought to sell. Anne writes good poetry. Kay Mann read two of them, "A Word Picture" and "Just Thinking". Both were excellent. Oh, yes. There was one more called "River Bank Reflections". Keep up the good work, Anne.

Agnes Staudy's story, "Fascination Creek" was just, that, completely fascinating. Agnes has a wonderful gift of description of things and people that makes her stories come alive.

Irma Schmidt read her story called "Honesty Plus Policy" which on Liberatorator on with Irma Reitel.

It was decided to have our twelfth anniversary party on May 16th.
-Irma Schmidt

THE MAN SAYS
JUNE 1959

A UNITED AMATEUR PRESS ASSOCIATION PUBLICATION

Edward F. Daas, Editor

545 North 19th Street, Milwaukee 3, Wisconsin

OUR BIRTHDAY PARTY

The 210th meeting of the Milwaukee Amateur Press Club was celebrated with an anniversary dinner meeting in the Towne Room of the Towne Hotel.

The twenty-eight guests were a lively group, successful writers and those whose success will be forthcoming in the next mail; young hopefuls and old hopefuls; there were familiar faces and new faces. This variety plus a hearty dinner resulted in a stimulating never-to-be-forgotten evening.

Mr. Wade Mosby, a general assignment reporter for the Milwaukee Journal (who is also known for his short stories, "Death Rides the 5:15" and "The Bandit's Little Helper," appearing in THIS WEEK) and his charming wife occupied the seats reserved for our guests of honor.

The tasty dinner was enhanced by floral centerpieces created by Mary Nelson. The main dish was "Cordon Bleu", a Swiss innovation comprised of ham and Swiss cheese pressed into veal. Now we may all brag about having eaten a creation which won a Blue Ribbon at a Food Exposition.

After the dinner, the variety in the type of writing done by our members became apparent. Jane Marquardt read about a true experience with Southern hospitality called "When Elvis Sings".

Margaret Mohr read three love-ly poems; "Spring Sonnets", "When Bernice Bloom" and "Love Song". From the sublime we went to Bette Reitel whom we can always count on for a clever humorous bit. She amused us with "Sound Familiar?" The literary efforts were concluded on an inspirational note when Irma Reitel read "The Living Memorial", a true story about her grandmother in Hungary and what a rich blessing she was to her community.

The high point of the evening was the little talk by Mr. Mosby and we certainly appreciated his patience in answering our numerous questions. He was genuinely pleased to have been included in our gathering. He gave us some good pointers on short story writing and related the tale of how one of his stories went from the \$35.00 market to the \$850.00 market. His advice to us was not to be too proud of our first efforts. "Do the editor's work yourself, if you can," he said. "Pick out the flaws and don't be afraid to re-write. Writing requires an enormous amount of self-discipline."

This was truly a Happy Birthday dinner party.

-Jane Marquardt

UNFORTUNATELY
Men seldom look up to women,
(Unfortunately for us)
And if they do, it's likely
When they're seated on a bus.
Ella Mae Forrest

JULY

THE MAN SAYS

1959

NEWS

NEWS

A UNITED AMATEUR PRESS ASSOCIATION PUBLICATION

Edward F. Daas, Editor

545 North 19th Street, Milwaukee 3, Wisconsin

YOUR OFFICERS FOR THIS YEAR

President:
 Wilfried Myers
 First Vice-President:
 Irma Schmidt:
 Second Vice-President:
 Gertrude Van Kast
 Secretary:
 Edward F. Daas
 Treasurer:
 Grace M. Weitman
 Official Editor:
 Anthony Zoubek
 Chairman of the Executive
 Board: Paul E. Pross

1960 Convention City:
 Ocean City, N. J.

"STRENUOUS BUT NEVER DULL"

Of course, when returning from a convention, we always say it was "just wonderful". We conventioners mean it, too, for every convention has meant the one big week of the year when we have truly lived. I am at a loss for words (don't you dare laugh, Irma) trying to write about a most wonderful time at the convention. But I'll do my best and here goes.

The convention started for me on Sunday afternoon when Otto Anderson, Paul Pross and Irma called for me and we drove to Bette's. Here we met the Schmidts and later were served a chicken dinner

by Bette who is a good cook (very important to me!). We had a most enjoyable evening discussing our convention trip.

The next afternoon Irma, Otto, Paul and I saw "Anatomy of Murder" and enjoyed this well written and excellently acted play. Later we had a substantial dinner at Irma's (she's a good cook too--I'm only kidding, Irma). We planned to leave early the next day so we did not stay late.

Tuesday morning we left before noon. The weather was sunny and somewhat warm all during the week but seldom uncomfortably hot. We were going on the new turnpike which surrounds Chicago to avoid the heavy traffic there. After we had been riding about two hours, Otto suddenly asked, "Did you pack our suits?" Paul's reply, "No, I thought you had packed them." Followed a long discussion. Paul suggested that they buy new suits in Youngstown. But as you gals may not know, Men's ready made pants are always some six or seven inches too long and untrimmed. And I did not think it would be "quite proper" for them to appear at the convention in the Bermuda shorts they were wearing on the trip. Bermuda shorts at the banquet yet! So while the boys' elegant summer suits were back in the Reit's clothes closet back in Milwaukee, the boys drove back to nearer Chicago to get replacements at their apartment.

So we added another forty miles to our long auto trip and more time

 * THE MAN SAYS *
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A UNITED AMATEUR PRESS ASSOCIATION PUBLICATION

Edward F. Daas, Editor

545 North 19th Street, Milwaukee 3, Wisconsin

August 1959

AND SO FORTH

From THE VINDICATOR plant we went to the nearby radio station WTMJ. Here a very fine young man showed us around and explained and demonstrated how TV shows are made. While we were there an obliging engineer turned the camera on us. Horrors! One look at myself and I gave up all thought of going to Hollywood for a movie career. And a member had the nerve to say that I was photogenic! How far can you stretch flattery?

We returned to the hotel for dinner and to "pretty up". Bill Ellis and Ann Westling both had sick spells and had not shown up and we thought there would be a shortage of autos to take us to Warren, some eighteen miles away. But there were enough to take us there. When we got there Maud discovered that she had left her ticket in her OTHER purse at the hotel! Just like a woman. There was a long line at the ticket window and we were told to step aside until these were taken care of before the man could write a pass. So the ingenious Otto went into the theatre with Paul, came back with his stub and smuggled Maud into the theatre where the play had already started.

The Peckard Music Hall is a large modern air-conditioned and beautiful theatre. The Kenley

Players, a summer stock company with New York stars as guests, were playing "The Bells Are Ringing" with Anne Jeffreys and Robert Goulet as the visiting stars. The performance comparable to a Broadway production, the cast excellent and the music delightful. I liked the "Au-Cha-Cha" number especially. It was another enjoyable evening and I was about to say "Hats Off" to Eileen when I remembered that we men are not wearing them anymore!

On the way back to Youngstown the drivers got lost and we came back to the hotel at a late, or should I say early hour in the morning. I enjoyed the gleaming white of the Queen Anne Lace all along the roadside. We do not have them in Wisconsin, at least not in such profusion.

Friday morning new officers were elected with Wilfried Myers, Irma Schmidt, Gertrude Van Kest and Anthony Zoubek the winners. Another surprise was sprung on us when Raymond Schmidt rose and said he wanted to join! And it is said that lightning does not strike twice in the same place. A hearty welcome to Osborne and Ray! During the informal discussion which followed, Osborne invited the UAFA to hold its convention next year in Ocean City. With five of the seven members of the Executive Committee present, we accepted. (Continued on next)

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SEPTEMBER
1959

THE MAN SAYS



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Edward J. Daas EDITOR

545 North 19th Street, Milwaukee 3, Wisconsin

A UNITED AMATEUR PRESS ASSOCIATION PUBLICATION



IN CONCLUSION

Since I did not stay behind to see more of the Butler Art Gallery, I will leave it up to these "conegades" to tell you about the afternoon there. After the visit to the General Fireproofing Company our group visited the Stambaugh Auditorium where Paul Suter received us and introduced us to his daughter and to the Manager of the Auditorium. The latter explained the paintings, rooms, the history of the building and even played the organ for us. The Auditorium is owned by the Stambaugh Estate for which Paul is the Executive Manager. Paul has been ill for a long time and is on a strict diet but managed to attend much of the convention. I was sorry that I did not have the opportunity of getting him into a corner and chat about old times since he was an active member years ago.

In the evening we had our "Talent Night". There is much talent in UAPA but since there are so many "blushing violets" in the group we did not know beforehand just who would take part in the program. "The exception was the always co-operative Paul Pross whom I had 'booked' the year before. Talent night was inaugurated at the 1955 convention and is now a regular feature. The program opened with Olive Roberts singing her own composition "Sometimes" and followed it with "Down the Vale" by Frank Moir.

Paul Pross followed with reading his own monologue "Proud Son", well written and superbly acted, followed by "Bury the Dead" by James Shaw. Then an improvisation of "The Treasurer's Report" by Robert Penchley. The first two were of a serious nature and dramatic while in the latter he interpolated names of various members present, causing a lot of laughter.

Next Irma Schmidt sang "Ich liebe Dich" by Edward Grieg and "L'Amour-Toujours-L'Amour" by Rudolph Friml. Attending her first convention Harriet Nicholson gave a short talk on her childhood days with America's great poet, Edna St. Vincent Millay and then gave a fine reading of Millay's poem "Renaissance". A rare treat indeed. Bill Ellis closed the program with the reading of one of his poems.

Louis Gould spoke at length about the financial condition of the United's Treasury which began a general discussion. The consensus was that since this was not a business session and the convention had adjourned that morning, nothing could be done. It was suggested that he would bring this matter up at the next convention. However, it was interesting to see that so many members took part in the discussion. It was gratifying too, seeing the great interest Osborne Nicholson, so new a member in our midst, showed during the convention.

Saturday at noon we were the guests of our generous Treasurer, Grace M. Weitman, at the Memorial

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* THE MAN SAYS *
*

A UNITED AMATEUR PRESS ASSOCIATION PUBLICATION

Edward F. Cass, Editor

545 North 19th Street, Milwaukee 3, Wisconsin

November 1959

A LITTLE ABOUT LYRINDING

Now that I have finished (?) my ravings about the wonderful Youngstown Convention, I will come down to earth and talk about a number of things which have and are happening in the UAPA. Many members are so complacent, they sit back and say, "Let Eddie do it." They seem to forget that the United is THEIR association and not mine. Then there are some who say, "What will become of the UAPA or the MAPC when Eddie isn't with us anymore?"

I believe that everyone at the last convention had a most enjoyable time. But how many of them have written about it in such a manner as to lure the absentees to go to the Ocean City Convention? There are no two persons who think alike or receive the identical impressions of people or things. Then why not write about them? And there is no better place to tell about these impressions than in the UAPA papers.

It is, too, an easy method of getting into the writing game. Take Olive Gilbert's contributions in this month's Bundle. A new member, she became enthusiastic immediately but insisted that she couldn't write. All she knew was how to cook. Then surprised and delighted me with

her first attempt and I am sure you will enjoy reading about her and her friend Cecelia. Let us have a lot more of your letters Olive, and I hope they will inspire others to follow your example. Don't you enjoy Martha and Nina's papers more since they devote space in their papers to comments on the amateur press and members.

The United is known as the friendliest of the various Ajay organizations. Let us keep it so. Friends are the most valuable possessions a man can own. They are not easily gained nor can they be purchased; you must earn them. Sometimes a little deed or attention will gain you a friend for life. I never pity a person who tells me he or she has no friends, because such people think only of themselves.

There is no better place to make friends than in Ajay but it is up to the member to gain new friends by their own actions. During the past two years we've admitted many new members, thirty-two of them since the last Convention. To how many of them have YOU written a letter or a card of welcome? We have many new members who have printed or mimeographed a paper for the Bundle. To how many of these have you given encouragement to continue their publications? Think it over!

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#334

The Stroller

Editor: Ellen C. Mountfort

Winter Address: The Hotel Eastland, Portland, Maine

A UNITED AMATEUR PRESS ASSOCIATION PUBLICATION

A little history, please, about how this paper came into existence. I have belonged to the UAPA for almost one dozen years and have added very little in the way of writing as any member of long standing should do. Yet if a member of only twelve years would be considered in that category, I do not know. Of course as time has gone on, I have felt that I should at least try to do something. Good, very bad or just indifferent, I should make the effort.

Of course, there has always been a plan that I have wished to try out and, I believe, that everyone who wishes to write at all, has a very definite pattern in mind. Years ago when I came to this city, I became interested in a column in one of the local papers written, as I later learned, by a man known to the public only as The Stroller. His writing was more or less in the style of O. O. McIntyre in his wanderings about New York. But The Stroller's time was long before this period I feel certain, for I am really dipping into the past. At that time it seems that we did not have very many outstanding columnists and I am not certain that this writer was considered one. However, he did write very well indeed and the people of the state followed his column from day to day with a great deal of interest and pleasure.

X-PN4827

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#335

The Hillbilly

"From the Hills of East Tennessee"

Maryville, Tenn.

Autumn, 1960

Number 3

Remembering---

THE beautiful pastel coloring of the country side with the approach of the Autumn season. Wild geese honking overhead as they wing their way southward, the smell of burned leaves in the cool, crisp air and the happy shout of boys and girls on their way to the old country school.

We remember the cold, frosty mornings when brother, J. R. and I hiked down across the frosty covered plains to check the traps we had set along the creek for muskrat. We remember the many hours we spent, trapping, hunting and collecting all the knowledge of woodcraft that we stored away in our minds for future use.

We remember the cornbread mother cooked in, the old dutch oven along with the cool sweet milk, the pots of beans and the old fashioned stacked-fruitcake. And we can't ever forget the old dutch oven with the baked sweet potatoes and the many times the baked 'possum. Also the old dutch oven full of fried rabbit. Dad worked hard to pile up wood for the old fire place and tried to find tough hickory logs for the "back sticks." These "back sticks" burned into red hot coals that were piled on top of the old dutch oven to cook the corn bread, potatoes, rabbit, and 'possum.

Remembering makes our heart ache and we would like to go back down the years and live Autumn over again with Dad, Mom, brothers and sister.

MAY 12 1960

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#336



THE SCRIBBLER

Volume 2

March-April, 1960

Number 3-4

Our Great American Way of Life

Part I

The greatest threat to the American Way of Life is the American Way of Life. A German exchange student, now a senior in an Indiana High School, has sounded the keynote warning to all America. He says, quote: "Dangerous communists do not shoot guns. The ones to be feared most are the intellectuals."

All communists are not in Russia or China. We have many right here in good old U.S.A. They do not call themselves communists, and indeed they are not, as we apply the term to Russians. They would insist they are first class, patriotic American citizens, and few would say they are not. They are loud in proclaiming the right to freedom of speech, freedom of worship, and other freedoms as an integral part of the American Way of Life, and they insist on exercising those rights. Yet in reality they are the most dangerous of all — termites of our own society — boring from within. They do not need to infiltrate. They are born into it. And the things they say and do are just as subversive as any Russian communist could think up.

The easiest way to ruin a person—and the hardest thing to fight—is by subversive gossip,—which is to say, information that is mostly a big lie, but with just enough truth to flavor it—making it seem authentic and credu-

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THE PENDULUM

of Time and the Arts

Arthur W. Muller, Editor ..
79-66 77 Av. Glendale 27, N.Y.

Supplement for the
United Amateur Press Assn.

Nov.

Dec. 1960

Vol. IV

To U A P A members:

The editor of THE PENDULUM extends to all the best of wishes for a Blessed Christmas.

I also want to thank your past president, Wilfreid Myers, for the Presidential Citation certificate I received in recognition of my contribution to the 1960 bundle.

I hope my little publication has pleased you during this year. Plans are already formulated for a greater variety of interesting articles in 1961.

An opportunity to receive my complete 20 page issue, published bi-monthly, is available. A one year subscription is given for accepted short essays when published in THE PENDULUM, or you may become a subscriber at \$1.50 per year.

The essay contest on The Greatest of the Fine Arts, recently sponsored by this magazine, proved so successful, that beginning next year, it is planned to have one or two other writers' contests for prizes.

The best of success to you all in your writing accomplishments.

Sincerely, Your Editor-Member,

Arthur W. Muller

U. A.

THE WYMAN ELEMENT

P. A.

November's sheet is No. 6,
The poems, not a pair,
Though one is serious, you'll find
The other's light as air.

CCP 50 DEC 1961

by Olive B. Malloch, 1046 Luvin Way, San Carlos, California

Thanksgiving

November is the time of year
When lovely "Thank You" lines appear,
I'd like to write the lofty kind,
But I don't have that kind of mind,
So simple words will have to do,
Dear Lord, when I am thanking You.
For health, the wealth of family,
A large one, and so close to me,
For my small house, the fireplace, too,
Good books and music, I thank You.
For my nice job and my dear friends,
The garden work that never ends,
For nothings that take up my time,
The satisfaction when words rhyme,
For all these things that fill my cup,
I thank You, dear Lord, for up

A Word or Two

The phone had rung and rung again,
"Please answer it," said Sue.
"There's no one who'd be calling me,
It's probably for you."

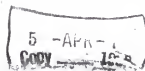
But when I held it to my ear,
"Hello," is what I heard,
"If Sue's not busy, please tell her
That Margie'd like a word."

Now from the time she said, "hello,"
Until the phone was dropped
Into its cradle, Sue talked on,
In fact, she never stopped

Except to take a deeper breath
To start her off again.
If Margie ever said a word,
I'm sure I don't know when.

Sue smiled at me on her return,
And then I must have gawked,
Because she said, and meant it, too,
"My, how that woman talked."

COPY OF THE ORIGINAL



AND WOULD THE BEST OF MOTHER ON
 AGAIN THAT WHEN IT WOULD NOW AGO FORGOTTEN
 UNTIL THE DAYS GENTLE UP AND THEN BEHOLD
 THE MOTHER LIES DOWN IN TOWN'S LIKE OF OLD.

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George E. Baker
 George E. Baker

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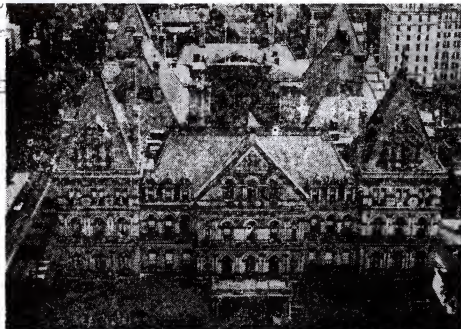
THE ALBANIAN

X-PN4827



#340

The State Capitol, Albany, N. Y.
BUILT IN 1863 AT A COST OF \$14,928,773.00



VOLUME 1

APRIL 1950

No. 1

EDITORIAL

As we feel an unaccountable aversion to pulling, we shall not imitate the conduct of some of our brethren of the quill in making a multitude of fine promises which can never be performed. We arrogate to ourselves no extraordinary genius of uncommon literary acquirements; nor shall we attempt to make amends for lack of abilities by adding to our name a long list of titles. We shall endeavor to "satisfy our readers;" but we shall never attempt to attain that object of serving up "a small select dish" of vulgar and profane jests and tales. Those who prefer such fare, therefore, seek it in another quarter.

A PRIZE will be awarded to the A. J. who can name the author of the above AD. item writing. ED.

The brevity of this paper is not to be sneered upon since it is the beginning of a long line to follow. If we can get a few co-operative writers who will help with a little time and with the cost of the publication, we are sure to have a good paper. To encourage the continuation of this paper we would like to hear from YOU, and any help you can give to make this a better publication will be greatly appreciated. ED.

WE BELIEVE in covering all phases of journalism, poetry, photography, and the short story. We will have a little of all of these

THE OLD ALBANY PRESS CLUB- This is the opportunity for those who have the urge to get their work into print. A group of amateur journalists will meet soon in Albany with one common goal in mind. Some like to write, some like to print, others want to do press photography, or be a constructive critic. There is no barrier, non-sectarian, non-profit. The club will be affiliated with the national United Amateur Press Association, which started in 1895. It's HQ will be in New York State's Capital City, Albany. For information call or write the Editors, and learn more about the Prince ofobbies. You'll receive a professional-type member press card besides other privileges not obtainable otherwise.

A. J. GARDNER; Noticed in recent bumbles was a new column publication dealing in hobbies. It was a pleasure to see something new and different. Several local members have other hobbies besides A. J. Two collect OLD postcards of Albany, Schenectady, and Troy. The older the better. Another has a collection of cameras, real old and new, and he sells more. Others have some for sale or swap. Lets hear from you on your ideas of a hobby column. Write, H. GARDNER

I HAVE PICTURES TO TRADE-- I want pictures of your home-town and are willing to trade local pictures in and around Albany for YOURS. Write Dave Olena. Schenectady, N. Y.

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THE MAN SAYS

A UNITED AMATEUR PRESS ASSOCIATION PUBLICATION

Edward F. Daas, Editor

545 North 19th Street

Milwaukee 3, Wisconsin

February 1960

THIS AND THAT

While 1959 had so many pleasant surprises and unlooked for advances in U.A.P.A. progress, the New Year had a bad start when the Nicholsons resigned and cancelled their invitation for the 1960 convention. They resigned for "personal reasons" and I am wondering whether one of our members was the cause. We have not had any "troublemakers" in the UAFA for over five years and if any member should start anything they will soon find out that they are not welcome, for ours is a friendly association and it must remain so.

I have been in club work for over half a century and have gone "overboard" for many new members in the UAFA and other organizations. I certainly did not the Nicholsons who made such a wonderful impressions on all of us at the Youngstown convention. I do not retract any of the many nice things I said about them and I hope they will reconsider their resignations and be with us at the New York convention.

Unofficial: The 1960 convention will be held in New York July 14-16th. When I wrote Grace Weltman of the resignations, she offered to attend to the details of the convention in New York and invited the delegates to her Memorial Luncheon on Saturday and an all-day picnic at her summer home on Long Beach. I have not

heard from President Myers confirming this nor who the Mailer will be after the March Bundle.

I am not physically able to do the work connected with the mailing of the monthly Bundles and did so in the past because there seemed to be no one else who wanted the job. We now have had an offer and will announce the name of the new Mailer in the March Bundle. I enjoy the work of the Secretary but on account of the time and work taken up with the mailing I have not been able to take care properly of the correspondence connected with the Secretary. Now that I have resigned as President of the MAPC and the Mailer, I will be able to attend to the many letters I receive.

It is time to make nominations for officers to be chosen next July. Officers to be nominated are a President, First and Second Vice-Presidents and Official Editor. Also the 1961 Convention City. Do not make nominations in haste. Select members who have been active during the year. The various sections of the country should be represented, too. It is not necessary to make nominations for all the offices but make at least one so that there will be competition. Sometimes a very inactive member makes an active official. Responsibility often spurs a member on to greater achievements.

THE MAN SAYS

A UNITED AMATEUR PRESS ASSOCIATION PUBLICATION

Edward F. Daas, Editor

545 North 19th Street, Milwaukee 3, Wisconsin

March 1960

THIS AND THAT

This year we not only had a White Christmas but a White Winter which lasted until the Spring thaw. Here we had the snow piled up to seven feet at the curbs, so I was surprised to see that Chicago had so little on its streets when I went there on March 4th to attend a performance by The Lone Performer, Paul Pross. Irma and Betty Reitz had preceded me by a few hours and the show was on before I reached 840 Argyle. Paul gave a fine reading of two pieces and was joined in a third by a young lady in a play "A Letter from Main Street" which had been written by himself. I liked this best of the three. It was a dialogue between a mother and son in which the mother was reading a letter she was writing to her son and his reaction to the letter as he spoke his thoughts about her.

The interpretation of the roles was excellent but I believe that a screen between the two actors would have given the illusion of distance between the two. In another play Otto Anderson and Miss Hottel gave a fine performance of "The Menu" by Alice Gerstenberg. I would like to see Paul and Otto in a dialogue at the New York Convention. Coffee and cake (which Otto had baked!) was served and the guests lingered until after midnight so there was little A.J. talk until all had left.

Sunday the boys took us to a swanky restaurant where we lingered long over a very delicious brunch. Otto always manages to find interesting eating places and this one was no exception. We enjoyed the fine food and the cozy atmosphere in this place. But we had to be on our way. Irma and Betty were taken to the Greyhound station for a Milwaukee bus and I to the La Salle street station for a train to Tinley Park.

Just as soon as the taxi stopped at the Alonso residence Pable, Masa and little Edward were at the open door to greet me. And then for a week I was the most pampered person in the world. Edward who is two years old spoke only a few one-syllable words when George and I were there at Christmas but after we left he really began to talk and learn the Abs's. I went there for a much needed rest and I thought I would write a few letters but the little boy had other thoughts and he kept me busy all the time and when he took his afternoon naps I was too lazy to get out my stationery.

I did not call Gertrude Swisher until Saturday night. She sounded most friendly on the phone and immediately invited me to have dinner with

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THE MAN SAYS

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A UNITED AMATEUR PRESS ASSOCIATION PUBLICATION

Edward F. Deas, Editor

545 North 19th Street, Milwaukee 3, Wisconsin

April 1960

CONVENTION PLANS

Arrangements for the annual Convention of the U. A. P. A. are nearing completion and Grace Weiteman is busily engaged in getting the program under way. Convention dates are July 14th-17th and the Manger-Vanderbilt Hotel will be the convention headquarters.

The hotel is located on Park Avenue at 34th Street, conveniently located near the Grand Central and Pennsylvania Stations. Subway, buses and shopping districts are within a short distance. The room rates are:

| | | | | |
|---------|---|----|-------|---------|
| Singles | - | \$ | 7.00 | per day |
| Doubles | - | | 12.00 | " " |
| Twins | - | | 14.00 | " " |

Rates are subject to 5% New York City Room Tax. The meeting and dining rooms are air-conditioned as are over 80% of the guest rooms.

The proposed program includes a visit to the new 250 acre Freedom Land in the Bronx. 80 acres have been transformed into a recognizable reproduction of the shape and topography of the United States, built at a cost of over \$65,000,000, sturdy enough to last fifty years. You'll be able to see some of the historical areas on guided tours on wagons, stage-coaches, boats and cars. There'll be 37 rides all told, too many to take in one day.

Places to be shown are Little Old New York, The Chicago Fire, San Francisco's Chinatown, Santa Fe Trail with its Pony Express, Combat Scenes of the Civil War (you'll be right in the midst of a battle), Mardi Gras at New Orleans, and many others too numerous to mention at this time. Over 2,000 actors and attendants will be dressed in the costumes of the place and time. Freedom Land open on June 15th and will be open every day until the end of October.

Don't you want to be among the first of your friends to see this wondrous spectacle and brag about it to your neighbors? Extend your New York visit and you will probably go to see it a second or even a third time!

There will be a Harbor Boat trip. If you have once made this trip before you will enjoy every minute of it. This trip is one of the "musts" on every tourist's schedule. I have made this trip twice; once on a sunny day and another time on a rainy day. I enjoyed both and recommend this to everyone. It is not only an interesting experience but restful and an opportunity of becoming acquainted with new members.

There will be a "Talent Night" and if you have anything to offer in this line, please do not be a "blushing riolet" but let

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 * THE MAN SAYS *
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A UNITED AMATEUR PRESS ASSOCIATION PUBLICATION

Edward F. Daas, Publisher

545 North 19th Street, Milwaukee 3, Wisconsin

May 1960

CONVENTION PROGRAM

July 13th 8 P.M. An informal get-together in the lobby of the Manger-Vanderbilt Hotel.

July 14th 10 A. M. Business Session

2 P. M. Visit to Freedom Land U. .

8 P. M. Guided tours through the Rockefeller Center and the RCA Bulding *

*)-There is so much to see at Freedom Land U. S. A. that it is planned to have dinner there and spend the evening there. This major sightseeing attraction opens June 19th. Definite announcement will be made next Month.

July 15th 10 A. M. Business Session.

2 P. M. Harbor Boat Trip.

8 P. M. Home Talent show at the Hotel

July 16th 11:30 A. M. Memorial Luncheon

6:30 P. M. Annual Banquet.

The afternoon will be kept open for group plans.
 Theatre, sightseeing, shopping or just resting.

July 17th 10:00 A. M. An all day social as the guests of the Weitmans at their summer home on Long Beach.

This will give you an idea of what is in store for those who will come to the New York Convention. There may be some minor changes and details of transportation to these places from the hotel. There will be a New York Guide in this or next month's Bundle. In the June Bundle there will be a folder from the New York Convention Bureau which will list ALL the attractions in New York. Members from the following States have written me they are planning to attend. These are from Maine, Massachusetts, New York, New Jersey, Virginia, Florida, Georgia, Missouri, Washington, Wisconsin, Illinois, Ohio, West Virginia, Pennsylvania and one from Canada. All we need to make this Convention a big success is a large attendance. Will YOU help make it so? If you are planning to come, will you please let me know. Remember we have to make arrangements for transportation and reservations in advance.

 * THE MAN SAYS *
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A UNITED AMATEUR PRESS ASSOCIATION PUBLICATION

Edward F. Daes, Editor

545 North 19th Street, Milwaukee 3, Wisconsin

November 1960

THIS AND THAT

A new membership list was enclosed in the November Bundle. Please destroy your old list or mark it void. ^{Make changes of} addresses as they are reported monthly and add the names of the new members. By doing this you can keep your list just as up to date as mine. If you should misplace or lose it, advise me and another will be sent to you. If there is an error in your name or address, please advise me at once so that it may be corrected on my records. And if you have a change of address, you will avoid wasting postage and extra work by advising me promptly.

If you are sending a paper for the Bundle mark it "Educational Material" and you will save on your postage bill. The same applies to manuscripts sent to an agent or publisher.

The negligible amount donated to the Mailing Fund last August created a financial problem. However, many members came to the rescue with their generous contributions and we are once more out of the "red". It must be remembered that the increase in postal rates, donations are most needed and welcome. It should be remembered also that donations are listed in the month in which they are received. If your donation is not listed advise me at once so that the error may be corrected in a subsequent report. Renewals are listed up to mail-

ing time. So if your renewal is listed in the secretarial report and not your donation, the latter will appear in the following report.

Thanks to the members who have sent in names of prospective members. Bundles with a letter explaining the objects of the UAPA have been sent them. However, since the holidays are not conducive to recruiting results, some will be held over until January when larger editions of the papers will be printed and a Bundle will be sent to each address sent in. Have you any names of prospects?

The Milwaukee Amateur Press Club meets on the fourth Thursday of each month in the Conference Room on the first floor of the Milwaukee Public Library. Meetings begin promptly at 7:30 P.M. and adjourn at 9:30 P.M. The meetings are open to the public. Members read their papers and receive constructive friendly criticism.

And it is not too early to plan to attend the annual convention July 22-22 in the Hamilton Hotel in Chicago. And if you have something to give at the Home Talent program, please do not be a "blushing violet" and wait until the program is under way. This has been done annually for years so let this one be a bit different and advise Paul Pross in advance. Let him know if you are coming so that he can make plans for your comfort and enjoyment.

The 224th meeting of the Milwaukee Amateur Press Club was held August 25th at the home of Myrah and Herbert Lawrance. This was to have been our initial meeting at the club-rooms of the Milwaukee Press Club, whose representative had invited us to hold our meetings in their quarters. Through some misunderstanding, there was no one there and the door was locked for the night, according to the elevator man. Graciously Myrah Lawrance invited us to her home.

After greeting cards were signed and the minutes had been read, the readings got under way with a short poem called "Evolution of Jack" by Myrah Lawrance. It was the answer to "What is Jack Paar really like?"

It was announced that Mabel Gould had received a Presidential Citation for UAFA President, Paul E. Pross, as well as a card of appreciation for her work in Christian teaching with a Junior group in West Allis. Both of these recognitions are well deserved.

Myrah Lawrance read a story in synopsis form about a sophisticated girl who agrees to a marriage on a platonic basis. Her former boy friend turns up and she finds she still loves him. From there she gets into some involved situations because her husband's old girl friend turns up and demands that he continue giving her money, just as he had before his marriage. This only proves the old adage that "the course of love does not run smoothly".

Mary Nelson read a story which had brought her 136th place in the 1960 Writers Digest writing contest. She called it "One Orange for One Little Boy". It was well written and told of a little boy with an extra orange and how he finally decided to give it to a little girl who had none, thus proving how being unselfish brought joy to another as well as a good feeling in his own heart.

Agnes Staudy's short-short was called "Six O'Clock Sharp". Were all members as industrious as Agnes about writing, the club would soon be the most active in the Association. She has a boundless imagination and knows how to write dialogue so that it is believable.

Mabel Gould wrote a sort of reminiscent paper about the days when club members were assigned a subject to write on and the fun it was hearing what each one would come up with, on the same subject.

Sharon Linskens read her story called "Count Ten and Blackmail". A girl whose room-mate had been badly injured, found a list of names the room-mate had been blackmailing, and since there was no money available for the expensive operation the room-mate needed for a complete recovery, she decided to try her room-mate's plan. When she had enough money she intended presenting it to the hospital as coming from a relative, anonymously. However, she was unable to follow through with it and called the people together and tore up the list of names, etc. Comments were that rather than have her carry out the blackmailing plan, she should find the book of names, together with a roll of money which had been obtained from the people listed, and this would solve her dilemma of how to help her room-mate without committing a crime herself.

During the evening our hosts served refreshing ice-cream sodas which were thoroughly enjoyed. Although only eight members turned up for the meeting, we had a full schedule of readings as well as comments by members. A vote of thanks to the Larance's for inviting us to their home for the meeting.

Bertha Mason, Secretary

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**TOWARD THE MARK
OF HIS HIGH CALLING!**

#347



A
U.A.P.A.
PUBLICATION



Sincerely
yours,

*Kathryn
Feating*

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**TOWARD THE MARK
OF HIS HIGH CALLING!**



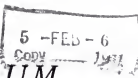
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U.A.P.A.
PUBLICATION



Sincerely
yours,

*Kathryn
Feating*

X-PN4827
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TUSCULUM

#349



PUBLISHED BY HANS A. HOFFMANN
880 GLEN DRIVE, SAN LEANDRO, CALIFORNIA
NUMBER THIRTY FEBRUARY, 1961

THE GREAT LONELINESS

Dr. Klara Roman of the New School for Social Research of New York in her book on "Handwriting, a Key to Personality" states that American writing, though informal, is not very individualistic. It may be assumed that this is the hidden reason that in the European common market republics peaceful labor relations are attributable to the general personnel selection made by handwritten letters of application and their analyses, while here the old system of questionnaires and interviews is still generally observed with resulting far different labor relations.

The writer discovered the fact of locally lacking individuality and multiplicity of character indicators when he had occasion to analyze ten handwriting specimens from different supervisors in the service of a United States Steel Corporation's local subsidiary which all turned out practically alike.

In search of a vaster and more varied field for confirmation of this discovery an invitation was extended to the membership at large of the American Association of Retired Persons (AARP) in Washington, D.C. to have its handwriting individually analyzed free of charge as a public service by this writer. As a result 1991 analyses went

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**TOWARD THE MARK
OF HIS HIGH CALLING!**

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#350



A
U. A. P. A.
PUBLICATION

BY:
KATHRYN KEATING

GLENNVIEW GOSPEL PRESS

4208 Mildred Street

Wayne, Michigan

X-PN4827

MAR 3 1961

#351

THE PENDULUM

of Time and the Arts

Jan-Feb. 1961

Vol. IV No. 33

Arthur W. Muller, Editor

Supplement for the
United Amateur Press Assn.WHICH IS THE GREATEST
OF THE FINE ARTS?By Hazel Inez Frazee
(Chicago, Ill.)

For the nonce, my steed is quiet, nibbling clover- the four-leaved variety. Saddle-sore and weary, I shall lie here in prosaic shade where the road forks, pondering an answer to your question. Greatest of the Fine Arts to whom, friend; mankind, or to one individual in particular? Being averse to pronouncements on mass likes and abhorrences; convinced that the only valid judgement stems from active participation, or conversely, the spectator responsibility of knowledgeable awareness, I shall proceed by the jog-along detour marked "Personal".

Had this question been posed when Spring and I knew the fire burned green in both of us, I might-yes undoubtedly- would have named Painting, (my chosen field), the greatest, the most rewarding of all the Fine Arts. Line, plastic form and color were its allied techniques, challenges with which my creative potential wrestled daily. Color was a hunger then; a gnawing need now, and one which cannot be slaked to the fullest by either brown bread, or the rich autumnal drama. Human needs are myriad.

Perhaps, at some time on a wintry evening, one of a crowd quitting the Star-shine of a loop marquee for down-to-earth reality, at that time, I might have chosen the theater as my answer: the stage, with its gamut of greats ranging from Houdini to Escudero; from Gertrude Lawrence to Coward. But- as a runner-up, Music could not then, have been ruled out entirely.

THE MINUTE MAID

A Milwaukee Amateur Press Club Publication

Bertha Mason, Retiring Secretary Agnes Staudy, Secretary
 1810 West Wisconsin Avenue, 3623 East Munkwitz Avenue,
 Milwaukee 3, Wisconsin Cudahy, Wisconsin

X-PN482

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The 230th meeting of the Milwaukee Amateur Press Club was held Thursday, March 23, 1961, in the Conference Room of the Milwaukee Public Library. In the absence of our President, Irma Reitci, the meeting was conducted by Bertha Mason and began 21 7:30 P.M. Several guests were introduced: Marcelle A. Schoeneman, Kathryn Ramsay and Willard Kohn. All joined the club that evening.

After greeting cards and birthday wishes were signed, the meeting got under way with a story by Agnes Staudy. She called it "The Boy-ll Understand" and it dealt with dialogue between a man and wife, while in the process of his searching among the many boxes packed for moving for a gavel with which he must preside over a meeting that evening. Agnes as usual, wrote some very humorous dialogue and the story was very entertaining.

Mabel Gould read an essay on "The Drops of Alcohol". It was prompted by ads for various beverages in their colorful containers. She compared the fermented power of liquor to that of electricity and steam.

Sharon Linskens' story was called "Second Chance" and told of a school teacher's experience with Jimmy, who was a child with an emotional problem. He was also the son of her former sweetheart and her best friend with the story told partly in flashback. This story evoked a great deal of discussion and it was felt that she had several stories rather than one; also that there was some detail and explanatory remarks than would be necessary. It was suggested the story be re-written in much shorter length and using one of the segments of it as her theme.

Myrah Lawrance read us the comments and criticism received by her writing instructor, Al Nelson, on her article "Elderly Ladies In Our Home", which had been read at one of our previous meetings, and was much enjoyed by all.

One of our guests, Marcelle Schoeneman, read a story called "Christmas Again" and told of a woman's grief over the death of her baby, which prevented her from celebrating Christmas. She sees a woman put a living baby in an outdoor creche and walk away. She takes the baby home, feeds it and takes care of it. Her husband suggests she call the police, which she does. Instead of placing the baby in an institution, she is permitted to return it to its own mother, who had since repented of her act and wanted her baby back. This mother gives the clothes belonging to her dead son to this poor woman, thus permitting her grief over her own child's death to take its rightful place in her life. This story also provoked discussion and we hope the comments will be of some help to our new member.

All in all, the meeting was a very good one and there was a lot of lively discussion from everyone, which made up somewhat for the small attendance.

Bertha Mason, Secretary

(The above was belatedly read at the October meeting.)

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Year of our World 195,000,037

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We need a world language! It would have to be a secondary language—an auxiliary to the native tongue. Many people picture a world language as one that would dominate the native tongue and eventually crowd it out entirely. That would be most unfortunate! For every language has a charm and distinction of its own. And this should be preserved one hundred percent! I guess we would have had a world language in common use long ago if it were't for the elite who control our destiny (or have up to now) For under our present arrangement—speaking several languages—is a definite high status symbol.

The elite—having no need to waste their time in making a living—can focus their time on several languages. It gives them the exclusiveness they crave.

But true progress always benefits everybody—even those who oppose it for selfish reasons. For no matter how elite one is—it is almost impossible—even for the wealthy—to learn all the world's tongues. In fact they would stand to benefit most. For traveling is one of the most expensive of diversions! And they wouldn't have to beat their brains in cramming many tongues in their craniums.

There are advocates of several world languages, but Esperanto is well in the lead. The advocates of Esperanto are not for rigidity—and they want to make changes that will benefit the most people. The U.N. should get together on this! It should be a condition of holding membership—that each nation teach this world tongue. Once an agreement were reached—the first big job would be to train teachers in large Esperanto teachers' colleges where teachers from all the countries entered—would enter for training. Each country should employ only teachers who could teach this language (along with their own)—as

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**TOWARD THE MARK
OF HIS HIGH CALLING !**



A
U.A.P.A.
PUBLICATION



Sincerely
yours,

*Kathryn
Keating*

MAR 21 1962

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#355

**TOWARD THE MARK
OF HIS HIGH CALLING!**



A
U.A.P.A.
PUBLICATION



Sincerely
yours,

*Kathryn
Keating*

TIME & TIDE POSTSCRIPT



VOLUME I

U. A. P. A.

FEBRUARY 1962

#356

TOGETHER

Good morning Friend, what troubles you?
Your footsteps seem so slow.
Are you afraid to tread the path
Where you today must go?

Give me your hand and I will walk
Beside you up the hill.
I've been this way before, you see,
I know how hard the grill.

Don't watch your feet! Keep head aloft!
Let's sing a song or two,
Your journey will not seem so long;
With a happy heart in you.

Keep looking up and you will see,
The top soon come to view.
And all the way, a happy day,
Because I walked with you.

WINTER

Winter is here, the trees have lost their beauty,
The skies seem gray, a mist encircles all;
But somewhere up among those barren branches,
The little bird sings out its morning call.

You listen, and you try to get the message,
Somehow the skies take on a brighter hue;
You catch the song of Spring, in that glad calling,
You know that note of hope, was sung for you.

THE UNITED AMATEUR PRESS ASSOCIATION PUBLICATION
WHEELING IN THE NEWS
THE SIXTIETH ISSUE
JANUARY-FEBRUARY, 1962

MAR 2 1962
PN 4827
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DET

#357

Eva R. Hartley
120 Washington Ave.
Wheeling, W. Va.

Ann S. Wiestling
1110 National Road
Wheeling, W. Va.

TREES

My apologies to our readers, I find this is our sixtieth issue. I had made a mistake in the count. Does any one have a longer record?

Carolyn Heck, my poems were sent for the Anthology. Hope you have them o.k. The plans for the coming Convention are wonderful. Good luck!

Thanks for all the lovely Christmas Greetings. All were deeply appreciated.

The January Bundle is here and I am delighted with the new publications. Please keep them coming year after year, that is so pleasing when they are as good as the ones I read. Our Editors just keep on writing, trusting, that we do some good and have a few interested readers.

Harriet Nicholson, we enjoyed your paper. Will we see you in Alabama?

I tried to choose the best poem in LONE-STAR SCRIPTS! I was puzzled. They were all so well written.

Sophie Walbert's SYCAMORE contains STILL THEIR TAPERS BURN, which I liked very much. Come Again next month.

M L Branch has really stepped out with his new publication and I note the name of the printer! Well done!

Let's send a "thank you" to Clyde Stanley for his NEW YEAR GARDENING. I read it on the way to work. It is quite worth while. It pays to write something of interest when we write!

Wish Dr. Thompson and his guests could see my scrap book, they would feel at home with all the clippings from his Journal. In December: WHERE CHRISTMAS BEGINS by Grace Bush, and THE DIFFERENCE by Wilma Adams Busch, and many others.

Hi! Nina Crosby, M. Butman, F. Fry, Pearl Hall, L. Cuff, Marjorie Smith and many others.

Last but not least, sorry to hear our Paul Pross is not well. We are hoping he is better by this time.

We have WINTER here - deep snow and temperature hovering around zero part of the time.

We extend our sympathies to Volma who recently lost her husband. She had sent in her column previously. E R H

The trees have always served man well
As shelter, clothes and feed;
They furnish lavish palaces
And huts however rude.

From trees were formed first plows, and tools,
And fuel for pleasant ease;
Sawn wood made wheels and sleds, then ships
To help explore the seas.

That day man flew at Kitty Hawk
The wood of trees was there;
It, held together by bits of wire,
Sustained him through the air.

The trees have aided everyplace,
On land and air and sea,
From Arctic to Antarctic wastes -
It runs through history.

So why, today, when homes are built
In any new addition
The first thing done is strip the land,
Complete their abolition?

And every tree that might give shade
And beauty to their plan
Is bulldozed from the barren earth
By ever-zealous man.

Have we outgrown the trees at last
In dreams to reach the moon?
Must people live in sheltering rocks - -
Quite bomb-proof and immune?

Immune from radiation's blast,
Immune from April rain,
Immune from sight of stars at dark
And all man might attain?

Give us the dew and sun-warmed air.
Give us the forest breeze,
And give us, please, O Lord, I pray,
The friendly near-by trees.

Late as it is, thanks for all Christmas and New Year greetings and notes.

ASW

AT LONG LAST

By OLIVE ROBERTS

9508 East 13th Street

Independence, Missouri

Dear Ladies and Gentlemen:

I have promised a paper for the bundle so long that now I must compose one or not show my face at the convention. Since I want to attend the convention above all things, I will now send this note to you.

Sunday of the Memorial Day week end, my husband, Guy, decided to trade cars. He had leg surgery last November, poor fellow, and feels that he could drive better if he had an automatic shift. Though we have never had one before, it sounded like a logical conclusion to me.

We have a gay young minister who likes to get his work done early so we went to church at 9 am, if you please, having had breakfast at 7.

"Since we are out and dressed, " Guy said, "Let's just go right now and see about a new car."

"What about dinner, " I ask.

(Believe it or not, Grace M. Weitman, I was thinking even then of the wonderful chicken salad that I had at your expense at the convention in Chicago last year.)

Guy said, "We can stop some place and eat later."

That sounded ok to me.

We climbed into our old Rambler, driving to the place where they sell the new Rambler. There we looked and talked and drove and contracted, until at length it was 3 pm, and our decision was made. We bought another Rambler, named Rebel.

Mentally kissing our old car goodbye we climbed into the baby blue one that was the choice of my red haired husband.

AND THE RAINS CAME

Suppose we had done the right thing in choosing a REBEL?

Because it had been a beautiful day we carried no wraps. At the Cafe the parking lot was some distance away, so we were generously sprinkled as we entered. Wouldn't you know it, the air conditioner was conditioning the weather for 98 degrees and the day had turned into a sixty-niner.